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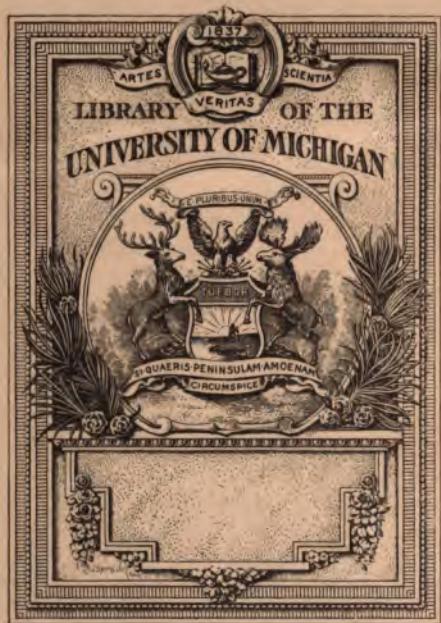
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Life of
Baroness

von Marenholtz

Bülow





Baroness Von Marenholtz-Bülow



The LIFE of
THE
BARONESS
Von Marenholtz-Bülow

112664

BY HER NIECE
BARONESS VON BÜLOW-Wendhausen

Vol. II

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TEACHING OF FRÖBEL'S METHOD

MY aunt possessed a most marvellous gift of teaching. I believe that few who had once been fortunate enough to attend her lectures or lessons will ever forget them. In her beautiful, pure, Hannoverian German, with a voice bright and clear, which struck the ear most sympathetically and agreeably, she delivered her instruction concerning the nature of the child. However deep her thought, her delivery was always most simple, and always clear, logical, convincing, *enchanting*. How many times have I been assured by pupils from far and near, that my aunt's lectures not only inspired them for everything great, good and beautiful, but that they were so far prevailed upon by these lectures as to remain faithful for ever to the hard profession of teaching, and this with an unconquerable enthusiasm.

Some extracts from letters written to me by earlier pupils after my aunt's death, may follow here:—

Berlin. "It is a great grief to me that it is not granted me to be able to show the last honour to my beloved mistress, who will never be forgotten. I have often hoped to be able to greet her once more in life. It has not been fulfilled. So I must content myself with the recollections of the lessons which her inspiring and stimulating mode of delivery have made some of the most elevating which I have ever experienced. I shall never forget the spell of her pure and noble personality and I shall never again meet any who will give themselves up so self-sacrificingly for the sake

of their cause, and understood how to work so powerfully and persuasively on others."—Frau Professor Anna Pappenheim, *née* Schneider.

Berlin. "Those, who, like myself, have not only been pupils of the so highly gifted woman, but have also known of her noble work throughout wide circles, are alone able to judge of the loss which her death is. How well she understood how to persuade and inspire her pupils, so that a noble fire for the Fröbel ideas consumed them, and they could not imagine to themselves a higher, more beautiful, and more truly womanly profession than that of a Kindergarten. This legacy has been left us by the great and noble lady, as well as the keen desire to work on in her spirit."—Anna Schäfer.

Berlin. "The news has moved me most painfully. Have I not always thought of my mistress with the most sincere gratefulness and thankful veneration, and counted myself fortunate to have once been one of her pupils. *The warm enthusiasm which I still have after twenty-five years' work in the profession, I owe to the ideal views which the beloved and well-deserving woman taught us by word and by her writings, and which has always been the object of my life to carry out.*"—Anna Zehrfeld. Head of the Fichte Kindergarten.

Athens. "I myself have felt through my own experience, how persuasive and animating the words of the noble woman were, *since these always operated as an electric current*, communicating new life and new strength to all who came in contact with her. I also was thus animated by the unparalleled lady, and what I have accomplished in my small sphere of activity, is wholly her work. And thus I feel from personal reasons the deepest grief at her loss, as I feel myself truly indebted to this my intellectual mother, who came to meet me so kindly and encouragingly; and I feel really

guilty not to have stood at her side to the end, and not to have always communicated to her what she so much wished to know—how I continue to work for the spread of the Fröbel Cause in the East.”—Katharina Lascaridi.

But for myself, to whom it was granted to attend not only very many of my aunt's lectures, but also all her lessons in the Fröbelstiftung on the earliest education of the child on the lines of Fröbel's “Mother and Cosset Songs,” these are not only a splendid and elevating recollection—they are hours which will not be forgotten, hours the remembrance of which lives in the heart till the end, and which inspire. My aunt herself pronounces judgment on her activity as teacher in Berlin, in “Labour,” page 220. “The instruction delivered by me for eight years in the Fröbel doctrine, according to the plan drawn up by me, had really to create the same anew in its application to the Kindergarten, and had to weld Fröbel's idea into a whole for this purpose, as Fröbel's writings *do not contain* the purport of his teaching as delivered by him to his Marienthal pupils in the last years before his death, and *do not comprise the ideas in question as a whole*. *If I have done something for the 'Cause,' I think I have been of more use to the same by this work, than by my other activity.* The writing and publishing of these improvised lectures *will be, I hope, allowed me before my death. In the zeal and sympathy of the pupils and listeners, which often rose to enthusiasm, I believe I see the proof that I have found the right form of communicating the instruction.*”

Dr. Conrad Beyer, of Stuttgart, writes in Paul Schramm's “Deutscher Schulwart,” Volume VI. 1857, page 264, in a biography of Baroness von Marenholtz-Bülow:—

“To her fame let it be said, that, up till now, she is the only person who has *further thought out, and put into execution independently*, Fröbel's great thought, and who



ciples, and threatened thereby not only to produce the greatest confusion, but absolutely to destroy the noble essence of that which they pretended to represent. In order to parade to some extent with literary pretensions also, that little band purloined its theoretical wisdom for the most part word for word, without declaring the source, from the works of Fröbel and his worthy representative, Frau Baronin von Marenholtz-Bülow. They falsify the historical course of events with an audacity really inconceivable in our day of public criticism, and mix truth and error in general with a weakness bordering on naïveté. With all the greater satisfaction we are able to refer accordingly to these literary productions which bear the stamp of scientific earnestness and noble becomingness. . . .”

But my aunt expresses herself on this point in her noble and reserved manner, in a letter to Karl Schmidt, which she quotes in “Labour:” “You always repeat the words ‘*relentless pushing forward*,’ and do not reflect that this is impossible for a woman. Since we live in a world which is ruled by authorities, and these authorities are of the male sex, we require the latter as an *avantgarde*, if we little people wish to advance. This *avantgarde* is absolutely lacking to me here, and I am working indefatigably but vainly to enroll it. This was much easier to achieve abroad, as, in many civilized countries, the word of the women also is heard and valued—far more at least than in our Fatherland. I understand to the full now, Fröbel’s so oft-repeated exclamation: ‘Only *one* person, who serves the idea with me absolutely and impersonally—then everything is possible!’ A hundred times over, I repeat to myself this exclamation. In you it seems as if I should find an echo now. I cannot conquer my great indignation that so few only give themselves objectively to the Cause in their thoughts, sink themselves in their object, and rid themselves of all the useless leaden



dogs of personal interests. For this reason I so often have to offend these people. . . ."

It could not fail but that these spurious representatives of the Cause, who naturally proved themselves to be a great hindrance to the recognition of the method, saw in my aunt an obstacle to their personal objects—mostly directed to pecuniary gain, and that they now turned on her their whole animosity. In the same way it could not fail but that some of these people pushed themselves in to the Berlin Association, and there worked their will. In every association representing one definite idea, the real work, the organization, the drawing up of the plans of instruction, if such be required—in short the *mental work*—falls on single individuals who are familiar with the idea, and the majority of the members know and understand little of the matter, and moreover have not the time or inclination to occupy themselves more closely with the same. This majority will only fill the meetings. Thus it happens, only too easily, that the troublesome opposition can destroy by vote in a single meeting that which the above-mentioned mental work has carefully planned, and not only constantly hinders the same in its activity, but prevents all actual progress.

The same experience was felt in the Berlin Association founded by my aunt. She says in "Labour," page 245:— "The growing prosperity of the Association for the Education of the Family and of the People was hindered by many an inconsistent and contradictory element. The members with influential names, who had assisted the first establishment by the same, withdrew their direct sympathy, and even their names, more and more, and, for want of time, could not be indirectly active. But the universal selfishness, envy, thirst of ruling, vanity, intrigue, etc., which began to show themselves, especially stood in the way of the progress of the good cause, and the hitherto good understanding of its repre-

sentatives. The fact which again and again repeats itself, namely, that what is good and of public benefit is always in the minority and is wrecked by the opposition of egoistic endeavour on the part of the majority, repeated itself here also."

WORK IN BERLIN

My aunt lived in Berlin for many years on the Jempehofer Ufer. The apartment possessed the advantage that one could look out over an avenue of green trees and over a canal. My aunt told me how she had watched the children of the people on the barges, loaded with apples and vegetables, which navigated this canal. It had interested her to see how disdainfully these same children treated the apples which other children are so greedy after. They were not to be induced to eat them. In my aunt's dining-room the pupils assembled for her lectures. From there they cast curious yet respectful glances into the sanctuary of her "blue drawing-room." Fröbel's colossal bust stood there behind the writing-table with its many papers and letters, and amongst these a veiled picture. Once a pupil dared to raise this veil. She disclosed a beautiful and peaceful portrait taken after death. How little my aunt communicated to others about her own affairs, how little the pupils, even those whom she knew well, knew of them, can be seen from the fact that not one of them had a suspicion that this interesting portrait was that of my aunt's son, who had died so young. I myself, in answer to their questions, communicated this fact later to faithful pupils of that time, such as Frl. Föllner, Frl. Berduschek Frl. Kähne and Anna Lortzing.

On the relationship between my aunt and her Berlin pupils, a recollection of Frau Ida Vogler, *née* Seele, a teacher for long years at the Berlin Seminary for Kindergartens, and

much valued by my aunt as a teacher of kindergartners, gives us the key:—

“ The sad news of the death of the Frau Baronin von Marenholtz was a doubly hard and painful blow to me, as being absolutely unexpected. For years I had had the good fortune and the happiness to be closely connected with her and to be under her kind motherly protection. Years and distances lie indeed between that beautiful time and that of the present pain, but, in thoughtful recollection, the picture of the beloved lady, who has passed away, stands truly and vividly before my soul. In the year 1860, I received, through Diesterweg, the first letter from Frau von Marenholtz asking me if I felt inclined to undertake the direction of the first Berlin kindergarten which, after the abrogation of Raumer’s prohibition, was to be established by the Association of Women for the Furtherance of the Fröbel Kindergarten. Before this time, I had not had the honour of seeing Frau von Marenholtz, although I knew her name from Fröbel, and, by what had been written, imagined to myself as the ‘ Frau Baronin’ a lady who, concerning the Fröbel cause, believed the possible of the impossible, and who never allowed herself to be shaken, even by the smallest error, in her beautiful faith.

“ We know how much she was able to accomplish by her indestructible belief in the truth and importance of the Fröbel ideas, and how much her enthusiasm still led her to attempt. This now remains as a beautiful legacy to her many deeply-sorrowing pupils for them to achieve and to attain.”

“ Long before 1860, even in the year 1849, after his visit to Fröbel at Liebenstein, Diesterweg writes in the ‘ Festgeschenk’ (a small Xmas book, published and drawn up by the Berlin Teachers’ Association), somewhat as follows:— ‘ It could not fail but that a different opinion of Friedrich Fröbel’s institution should gradually spread among the visi-

tors at Liebenstein.' (Fröbel had been called an old 'original,' who jumped round the meadows with small children, and Diesterweg and Fröbel had been nicknamed 'Eisele and Beisele.') 'In the first days,' continues Diesterweg, 'I only found one lady regularly at Fröbel's house and at his lectures, supporting the 'Cause.' I may not name her, her modesty forbids it, but I carry the memory of this splendid woman, who devoted her great mental gifts to noble purposes, in most *grateful*, and *most humble recollection*. Gradually several mothers joined, and they began to allow their children, brought with them to Liebenstein, to take part in the games and occupations of the peasant children. There one had the joy of seeing well-dressed children side by side with the poorly-clad, without distinction, and of seeing them united in the indoor occupations as well as in the outdoor games. It was a *Volkskindergarten* on a small scale. If he, who suggested and led this, was an 'original' —Pestalozzi and Socrates were 'originals' also.'

"Now the lady unnamed by Diesterweg, *Frau von Marenholtz, belongs to history, and her restless, richly-blessed activity in the service of the Fröbel cause, is known all over the world and is universally honoured, and she will remain so for all times.* When I recall the time in which Frau von Marenholtz lived and worked in Berlin, I can call to memory many a beautiful elevating hour. She next introduced me to Diesterweg, the friend and counsellor of the Berlin teaching-world, and Pestalozzi's great pupil, and I learnt to know him and his charming family. Addressing himself to Frau von Marenholtz, I hear from him the question: "Have you already eaten your way through Fröbel's 'Education of Man?'" Now we can be seen walking through the Thiergarten, and Frau von Marenholtz is telling me how much trouble she had taken, how she had used all her influence to have the prohibition removed, and how dif-

ficult it had been, during the period of that prohibition, to preserve in its integrity the Association of Women, and to make possible the first kindergarten and my appointment. She invites me to dinner on the three Easter holidays, and I do not go, as I do not receive the letters, they being addressed to the Königstrasse instead of to the New Königstrasse.

“ Now I hear of the *enthusiasm of the pupils at the Seminary, when Frau von Marenholtz explains the ‘Mother and Cosset Songs.’* I hear of their gratitude when she provides good situations for the pupils, and supports those who are in want with advice and substantial help. Now she brings many strangers to my kindergarten, among others the Grand Princess, Helen of Russia. The neighbourhood believes that the foreign lady is the Queen, and all rush to see our kindergarten. Little Gustav knows how to get to the lacqueys, and these take the little lad on to the box and play and joke with him, and then he relates at home how the king picked him up and kissed him. But within the kindergarten the gracious and kindly Grand Princess has explained and elucidated much to her, and Frau Baronin whispers to me from time to time:—“ Do not forget the ‘Law of Opposites’ and the ‘Connection.’

“ The meetings of the board were also interesting to see; how Frau Baronin was able to make the various spirits submissive, and to attract other and greater ones to the field of knowledge. We heard Virchow, Gneist, Director August, Augustein, Pappenheim, Löwenstein, Thomas, Massmann, Berthold Auerbach, Franz von Holzendorf, and others.

“ From time to time, Frau Baronin gave lectures, in Arnim’s Hotel, on the Fröbel means of occupation. I was then allowed to accompany her, and illustrate the games with ball, cylinder, and cube. In her apartment also, friends of Fröbel met, and others who wished to become so, and list-

ened to the instruction of the Frau Baronin, *who at the same time always insisted on playing the part of the charming generous hostess.* Children's festivals and festivities were arranged by her in order to promote the Fröbel cause. Herr Prof. Virschow once delivered the inauguration speech on the opening of a kindergarten in the Thiergarten quarter. At the little festivities of the pedagogic "Kränzchen" also, Frau Baronin liked to be present. She rejoiced in the merriment of the young people, listened to their pretty songs, looked on at their acting and tableaux-vivants, finally mixed an excellent "bowl" for us, and gave us a surprise in the shape of a quantity of crackers and cakes. The pupils of the Seminary were allowed to bring their brothers on such occasions, so that there might be just a few dances. Frau Baronin also liked to be present at the examinations in the kindergarten, and caused many a heart-beating in those who were to be examined.

"I trust that I may be excused for mentioning one other kindness of the late Frau Baronin as it concerns my own person and my own life. It was to her, first of all, that I was indebted for the happiness and the joy of living here in our beautiful Berlin, as well as the still greater happiness of having made the acquaintance of so many delightful, vigorous, and highly-honoured people connected with the Fröbelverein. My work in Berlin was my greatest happiness. On my marriage, which provided me with a large family of my own and true and able husband, who was also a friend of Fröbel, and whose name has a good reputation on the field of education and instruction, Frau von Marenholtz had a bust of Fröbel made for me, as a remembrance of the most happy day of my whole life, and also encouraged the Seminary to present me with a copy of the *Madonna della Sedia*, which Fröbel loved so much. If I have recalled these changing pictures, we have at least

recognized thereby how much the Fröbel cause owes to the great lady who has passed away, how much we all, who call ourselves Fröbel's friends, have lost in her; and our sorrow is a just one. Peace to her noble soul, rest to the weary wanderer on earth, and honour at all times to her memory; and may these lines be a modest floweret of grateful remembrance.

"About her family life, and about her *earlier life*, Frau von Marenholtz *has never spoken to me*. One thing I know, that she belonged to a refined, noble family in Brunswick, and at the Brunswick court took the position of a lady-in-waiting and that her beauty was of a fine and delicate nature. After her marriage, and in her marriage, she seems to have experienced much sorrow and heart-burning, principally on the death of her only son. *No enemy has ever tried to cast even the appearance of a stain on her life.*"

Very seldom did my aunt allow herself the time to spend some hours with her friends, as Hermann Grimm writes to me, "to rest." Her friend Varnhagen von Ense died in 1858, and Bettina von Arnim followed him shortly afterwards, but my aunt liked to stay in the house of Bettina's youngest daughter, Gisela, wife of the renowned Professor Hermann Grimm. She often stayed with the families of Hans von Bülow, whose daughter Blandine was my aunt's godchild, and of Frau Isa von Bojanowsky, *née* von Bülow. She also used to visit her friends the Councillor Gneist, Professor Virschow, the pastor Thomas, Frau Dr. Lindner, Professor Joachim, and the faithful old Diesterweg. Diesterweg and his wife died both on the same day from cholera. My aunt, suspecting nothing, was going to visit them, and found, even on entering the house, an atmosphere of alarm. She heard of Diesterweg and his wife's sudden death, and she herself fell ill with a somewhat severe attack of cholera.

In spite of all the work which overburdened my aunt during those long years at Berlin, she felt nevertheless a great isolation. *The fervent longing for a heart which would quite understand her, and which would be all her own*, was a real pain to her in many a solitary evening-hour, and in many a sleepless night, which she had to pass alone in spiritual and physical suffering. After the marriage of her good maids, Dorette and Dorchen, who had been with her for many years, she probably often lacked even necessary care and attention.

My aunt always spent the summer months away from Berlin, generally in travelling, partly in the interest of the "Cause," partly for the purpose of taking Baths for the sake of her health, always very poor. Carlsbad was even at that time quite indispensable to her. Several times she stayed at Landeck, at Ragatz, and other Baths. In Cöthen, she consulted the homœopathist Dr. Lutze several times. Here she met the celebrated phrenologist Dr. Scheve, who examined her phrenologically.

In his "Phrenological Travelling Sketches," Cöthen, 1863, he writes about this acquaintanceship. P. H. Schettler, page 168:

"I found in Cöthen Frau Baronin von Marenholtz whom I had met in Berlin in 1851, and who, since that time, has become known in wider circles through her active work on behalf of the Fröbel kindergarten. *She was the most remarkable woman I have ever met.* The brain is large on the whole, the upper forehead forms a powerful arch, Aktial and Opposital, Idealital and Miraculital—Compartial and Causalital.

"All these senses, with many others, are very strong. In a peculiar degree are united in her, energy, imagination, and talent, making her capable of achieving what is most extraordinary. She recognized the whole significance of Fröbel's theory of education for our time, the undeniable

defects of which cannot be remedied, save by a better education of the coming generation. She made the furtherance and extension of this doctrine her life's problem. . . ."

My aunt visited also many dear friends, such as the Princess Pless from Pless, Countess Schlippenbach, and Countess Krakow at her estate in Schlesien. At other times she joined her family and visited her relations. She visited her brother Albert at Krems on the Danube. She joined her children and grandchildren in Switzerland and other places, and visited them at Schwülper.

Her two stepsons, Wilhelm and Gebhard, had meanwhile married. Wilhelm's wife was the very beautiful Marie von Bornstädt; they lived at Schwülper and their two children, Mariechen and Gebhardt, were among my aunt's favourites. Gebhardt had married the still very young and charming Gertrud, Baroness von Hammerstein. They lived at Hannover (he as councillor to the forest board) in the house in "der Lange Laube." His four children, Adeline, Willi, Albrecht, and Else, were afterwards a great delight to my aunt. In 1859, she again stayed at Schwülper, and the wife of the steward, Frau Müller, says on this point: "When I saw her Ladyship again, here in Schwülper, in 1859, she was very much aged. Her own son, Alfred, Baron von Marenholz (I think he was a lieutenant) had already died. Her Ladyship was still in the deepest mourning. She had insisted on nursing her only son to the end—a just desire of a truly loving mother. I also had the honour of a visit from her, which was an endless joy to me. She always liked children, and so she at once took our little Siegfried, put him beside her on the sofa, and told him of the 'white horse' and other things of the same sort.

"She thought also of her own husband, saying: 'Ah! my poor husband, he is now nearly blind.' Her Ladyship made a visit here for some weeks at the Baroness von Maren-

holtz's. Baroness Marie von Marenholtz once said to me also, possibly two years later: 'Oh, Mama is so good, she gives away even her last gloves.' You see, dear Fräulein, nothing but love and goodness—I cannot tell you of anything else. Later you yourself got to know her and to admire her. . . ."

In 1862, my aunt had the great sorrow of losing her eldest step-son Wilhelm, in the prime of manhood; and in 1864, the youngest step-daughter, Marie, followed him, after a long illness. These were all very painful and sad occurrences.

In the many letters of the daughters can be read the loving relationship existing between the Mama and the daughters. Sometimes, on account of the excess of work, my aunt could not often write to her dear ones, *but her heart was always with them*. She longed for news of them, and again and again the daughters looked to Mama for help and counsel in many a trouble. For instance, the daughter Marie writes: "Mama of my heart. Advise, help me, I beg you. Tell me if I should send off the enclosed letter as it is. To gain time, please send it to the post direct from Cöthen. Again, I implore you, Mama of my heart, to answer me at once."

On the 1st of February, 1865, Uncle Marenholtz died from a disease of the brain which had been slowly undermining his health for years, and which had caused blindness some time before.

His daughter Marie writes to my aunt many years before his sad death:—"His life is really only a miserable vegetation. To Pauline and myself he is angelic. *All the earlier occurrences are blotted out.*"

In 1866, in that so disastrous year for Hannover and all those belonging to the Hannoverian royal house, my aunt, though she suffered deeply in true sympathy for her own people, was nevertheless able to greet the unification of Germany with joy, as her mind was too large and too free from

prejudice, and she was, above all, too German, to think otherwise. In the *Gedankenbücher*, May, 1866, we read:—

“ How small is the number of Germans who are developed to *full national consciousness*. As an *intellectual idea* the understanding exists among the cultivated, but it has not become flesh and blood in them, so to say. Where mere *self-consciousness* predominates so universally and degenerates into the most cross egoism, national feeling as a general instinct can be awakened, through danger or any other momentary excitement, and through the electricity of the atmosphere, but *this is not national consciousness* in the full sense. The whole misery of the Germans lies in this, and redemption from this evil can only come through state intervention for the purpose of an education which shall lead to *nationality* (by the education of the growing generation).

“ In consequence of the dismemberment of the country for long centuries, no nation has so many obstacles to overcome in order to rise to national consciousness and thereby to the *unity* of the nation, as the Germans.

“ Thus it may be hoped that this nation, more than other nations, will reach this object in the fullest degree, since difficulties overcome, strengthen and promote force and moral consciousness. . . . If it be asked how many of the Germans are ripe for the consciousness of the *Idea of Humanity*, compared with other nations, the result would be in their favour; but the ‘Idea’ only is in their *minds*; in deeds and actions there are only single individuals who have grasped the ‘Idea’ in a definite and active sense. Before the masses can arrive at it, they must have experienced *national consciousness*. This is the work of innumerable centuries, for, up to now, the fate of those who have reached the Ideas of Humanity, is to be crucified and misjudged. *Poor humanity!* The present war will lead to a further advance

being made towards the Germans becoming a nation. *One* step at the price of how many wounds! Poor people!

“As we individuals are made pure, innocent, and once more as children, by pain and strife, the units among the people also require such a purifying fire in order to free them from the sins of the past. The misery of the Germans is due not only to political egoism and to the larger sins of the Cabinet, but also to the egoism of the races among the people. Hence both must atone and wash away the stain of sin. For the sins of the people—*blood* has still to flow in the material sense of the word. The masses are not yet sufficiently spiritualized to bleed in the spirit only, as the hearts of those single individuals who inhabit higher regions upon earth. Thus *war* is always the watchword where the sin of the people, in their internal and external relations, is to be atoned. Their responsible leaders are indeed the most guilty and should bleed first. . . . The transformation of Europe for the extension of the Idea of Humanity, through alliances of nations in the higher sense, will in turn only proceed through the egoism of the mighty who devour the impotent, and not through the recognition of, and devotion to, the idea of the general good. The noblest motives always wished to bring universal ideas to realization, immediately before great historical events. Only God, and the bearers, chosen by Him, bring ideas into the world and execute them with the help of instruments who fight blindly for their *own* advantage alone.”

It was at this time, 1868, that I saw my aunt, for the first time, on the occasion of a visit which she paid us at my grandfather's house in Mecklenburg—(She was my Godmother, and I was called Bertha after her).

It was only a very short peep at her, lasting but a few days, but the recollection of it engraved itself indelibly upon

my soul. I see her before me clearly—the still so elastic, graceful figure, in her black Moirée-antique dress; the black, lace veil over her brown hair, no longer young, and the features showing even then the traces of sorrow and of the great exertions of her life's work. But how beautiful she was with this expression, which so wonderfully spiritualized the features. *One look, one word, one kiss from her sufficed to bind me to her forever with a truly idealizing love.* I remember how one morning, when we were looking up at her windows with longing glances, she appeared and nodded to us to come up to her. We found her wrapped in a long white dressing-gown. She knelt down before us, pressed my little sister Pauline and me closely to her heart, and wept over us poor little fatherless and motherless orphans, whispering to us words of love all the while. She went for a walk with us, and ran and jumped about with us, to the horror of my old grandfather, who used to walk with us hand-in-hand.

I remember how, at her encouragement, we once even looked for late violets on the bank of the moat. Walking on the grass was not allowed, and the inspector, who lived on the further bank, appeared there scolding and even threatening us with his fist. We were much alarmed and resolved to keep silence about this terrible occurrence, and dreaded meeting the inspector afterwards, for fear that he would recognize us, but my aunt laughed at us and teased us. I saw her at a formal dinner-party, given in her honour, overflowing with spirits, delighting everybody—and I remember how she always returned just before dinner, in the greatest hurry, quite heated, from her visits at the Rostock school-director's and councillor's—for this visit also was used by her to win souls for her sacred cause. And when she left us again, my child's heart was filled with a great pain at the separation, which made me wander round for days restlessly and with a sort

of wounded feeling. I opened the cupboard in which were kept the things she had brought up, and from which a faint scent of patchouli was exhaled; the latter to my aunt's great disgust had somehow got into her trunks, and was called by us "Tante Bertha perfume." I literally intoxicated myself with this scent—otherwise so odious to me. Did not it seem to me, as if I was breathing in part of her?

When she then sent us her portrait, I used for a long time secretly to lay stolen flowers every morning before it, and by this idealizing love for her, I nearly aroused the jealousy of our faithful and loving aunt, Tante Cornelia, who watched over our childhood. *The longing for this loving and unique being remained with me always.* I had no suspicion then how soon fate was to lead me once more to her, to unite us inseparably in this life.

GRADUALLY by reason of all the adversities which had befallen my aunt in Berlin, the determination to leave that city had ripened within her. She expresses herself on this point: "With every willingness to take upon one's self, for the sake of what is endeavoured, all the struggles and sorrows connected with the same, there are nevertheless things against which a woman cannot fight and which it would be vain to attempt to oppose. To such belong the struggle against *meanness of feeling*. . . . Only the conviction that the aim proposed by me would be impossible to reach under such circumstances, even if I had to set the ruling hostile elements at defiance,—could bring me to the conclusion, the most painful to me of all, of giving up the direction of the work begun, and of attempting the execution of my designs in some other way. . . .

"On those who provoked this determination on my part the accusation of inconsistency, which has been raised against

me, in some quarters, recoils; *the fact being that I could not have had a more difficult task laid upon me in the service of the 'Cause,' than to be obliged to desert that which had been gained by the sweat of my brow. I went away with the consciousness of having first introduced in Berlin, a thing important and rich in blessing for the future, and of having worked there for this object, many years of my life. Instead of thanks I have experienced ungratefulness; and this is due to single individuals only, who would have been condemned by all nobler people, had I broken my self-imposed silence."*

The "real" Privy Councillor, Professor Dr. Hermann Gimme writes to me about my aunt and her sufferings in Berlin:—

"What we loved in her was the indefatigable and pure will which inspired her. Her noble and refined standpoint was so high above the people with whom she had to deal, that she herself possessed no weapons against them. I do not know the struggle which she fought here down to its minutest details, and I have forgotten what little I did know. I only record here the general impression which remained with me, namely, *that she was drained in the most ignoble manner*, but that she herself partly bears the blame, because she was too trusting."

After my aunt's death, the council of the "Lette-Verein" at Berlin, with its president, Frau Anna Schepeler Lette writes:—

"It was given to the undersigned board of the 'Lette Verein,' as well as to the members of the Association for the Education of Women and those of the Industrial Association, to meet the revered lady on the field of mutual activity and human endeavour and to be allowed to work with her. *The remembrance of this common work, of her exceptional personality and of her kindly disposition, will remain to the*

undersigned members of the Board, an ever dear and memorable one."

A confusion of names which caused the greatest unpleasantness to my aunt, contributed largely to her determination to quit Berlin. There was a woman living there who conducted a domestic agency office under the name of Frau von Marenholtz. If my aunt had called herself by all her titles in Berlin, this confusion with the possessor of the bureau would never have been possible. This woman was for years the housekeeper in the house of my aunt's husband's younger step-brother, and it seems as if on his death-bed, after a fall from a horse, he had allowed himself to be married to her on account of a daughter. As they had neglected to obtain the permission of the head of the family, my aunt's husband would not recognize this marriage, and declined to give any assistance beyond a competency for the daughter. The woman moved to Berlin and founded the domestic agency office, and the attention of my aunt, who had heard little or nothing of the unpleasant affair, was first called to the matter, when this particularly unpleasant and even mortifying confusion of names took place. When asked to conduct the agency at least under another name, due indemnification being offered, the answer was received that it was *precisely the name and the confusion with my aunt, which brought in a ten times greater return. It will be easily understood how my aunt, and she especially, must have suffered from this most annoying confusion.* This confusion even followed her to Dresden, for, in the first years of her residence there, inquiries for servants constantly arrived. My aunt used to excite herself so greatly over these letters, that, finally, in order to spare her the annoyance, I was obliged to put such correspondence quietly aside and answer it myself. (Even at that time I had to read all her letters to her.)

Even on the death of this woman, this confusion of names

did not cease, as her daughters carried on the agency, under the name "von Marenholtz." At last, in 1881, the head of the family felt himself obliged to insert the following announcement in the Berlin and Dresden newspapers: (Separate copy from the number 320 of the Dresden "Anzeiger" on the 16th Nov. 1881)—"In order to obviate certain mistakes which have occurred, it is hereby made known that no present member of the Baronial von Marenholtz family stands in any way connected with the so-called 'Von Marenholtz agency office,' in Berlin, Königgrätzen Strasse 29, which is conducted by Frl. Charlotte Witte,—and especially the wife of the real Privy Councillor, Baroness von Marenholtz, *née* von Bülow, from Hannover, at present in Dresden, Wiemer Strasse 13, whose kind assistance to those Kindergärtners, educated by the 'Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein,' founded by her, has given rise to frequent confusion with the above-mentioned von Marenholtz agency office.

"Moreover, as it happens that unjustified persons have adopted the name of our family, attention is hereby drawn to the penal code of the German Empire, of 360, No. 8, under the provisions of which a justifiable prosecution of such persons will be unrelentingly instituted.

"Dieckhorst Manor in Hannover, Nov. 8, 1881.

"The head of the Baronial von Marenholtz family.

"Representative—Moritz, Baron von Marenholtz."

This step was at least of some use, and when my aunt's grandsons became of age shortly afterwards, they took prompt measures to remove the name of von Marenholtz from the sign-board of the office, and thus this most disagreeable affair, *under which my aunt suffered far more than can be imagined*, came at last to an end. But it was characteristic that the proprietress of that office, in order to receive a larger sum in compensation, dared to address herself to my aunt with the miserable request that she would speak

a good word for her to her grandsons, and, as a motive for this application, wrote that "her goodness of heart was as well known as her generous disposition. She was convinced that my aunt would not leave her to perish in misery." Just as characteristic was it, that a few days later, my aunt told me to answer the application, which I had wished to leave unanswered and to inform the woman that she would ask her grandsons to make every possible compensation. To prevent this confusion of names, my aunt had already in the last years of her residence in Berlin, always called herself von Marenholtz-Bülow.

In the early summer of 1875, on the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian War, my aunt hastily dispersed her household in order to leave Berlin. Passenger trains were no longer running, but, through the kindness of a railway official, she succeeded in getting away from Berlin, sitting on her own boxes in a luggage van. She only revisited Berlin some years later, on passing through, accompanied by me.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE ALLGEMEINE ERZIEHUNGS VEREIN.

My aunt writes the following in her book "Labour" in connection with this undertaking:—"In obedience to the invitation to represent Fröbel's Method of Education in the pedagogic section of the Congress of Philosophers, which is to take place at Frankfurt, a. M., in October, 1869, the opportunity offered itself to me here also, not only of interesting a number of men of science in our educational cause, *but also of bringing into discussion the foundation of an Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein and of preparing the way for participation in the same. . . .*"

But the long-cherished wish to create, beyond the "Association for Education in the Family and of the People," founded by me in Berlin in 1863, an "Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein," as the center of educational reform, was to remain unfulfilled. . . . In spite of all my efforts, I did not succeed in forming a society of like-thinking people, who might have been able to represent the principal side of the "Cause" by their complete understanding of Fröbel's ideas, in order to counteract the prevailing misrepresentation of his method as well as its abuse by those advocates of the "Cause" who work for their own ends. . . . Thus it came about that, on giving up my work in Berlin, in the early summer of 1870, I tried to induce the friends, mentioned below, and others besides, to assist in the plan of establishing

an "Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein." I did some travelling for this purpose, the result of which was to interest Prof. Röder and Prof. Schliephacke in the Association, which had already been joined by von Fichte, von Leonhardi and others. "In the winter months of 1870-71," says my aunt, "I made use of my stay in Dresden by means of lectures in my apartment, attended for the most part by teachers, to win new friends for the Fröbel educational method, who joined the Association later."

In February, 1870, an Appeal drawn up by my aunt for the establishment of an "Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein," was sent out from Dresden and ran as follows:

"Invitation to participate in an 'Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein.'

"The restoration of peace calls for the solution of a new problem, no less important than the glorious but sanguinary deeds of warfare. The exaltation of the nation in external matters demands a corresponding exaltation from within, in order that the power and independence which have been gained, shall be maintained and in no wise abused. Roughness and ignorance, however, always abuse the power and freedom granted to them, as conclusively illustrated by the history of the day. The civilizing efforts of the present day find their greatest obstacles in the existing chasm which separates the highly-educated from the rough masses. The preponderance of material and realistic interests threatens to drive away the higher and ideal qualities of human society from the position unworthy of them, whilst the prescribing factors—State, Church and School—oppose them more and more contradictingly and conflictingly; and instead of harmoniously working one with the other, they have to engage in ever new struggles.

"A higher grade of *universal education* is more and more recognized as one of the principal means of remedying these

imperfections. Meanwhile, it is still far from clear in what manner this object is most appropriately to be reached. From many a side too much is expected from the *reorganization of the school*—principally the national school—already set on foot in various directions, too much at least if the remedy is to come of itself.

“ Education, even the best, is still unable to form a whole man. Nevertheless it must not be overlooked, that, since Pestalozzi, the work of the school has made most important progress by the improvement of the methods of instruction, and that instruction is far superior to other educational influences. The short term of instruction allowed to the national school hardly permits the introduction of any increase in the number of the branches of learning otherwise so much to be desired.

“ The recent provisions made for the further education of those who are prevented by their position in life from seeing to their own education *themselves* (by means of instruction and lectures in associations for workmen and craftsmen, by educational associations for different objects, by libraries for the people, and such like), only exist in single cases and require to be multiplied. But that also would not suffice to accomplish that which is expected, for there is lacking to the great majority of grown-up pupils the necessary degree of preparatory education, in order to draw from this anything but an incoherent appearance of knowledge, which in most cases produces empty assumption rather than a higher degree of culture. Without that, the acquisition of some amount of knowledge and some degree of capacity does not lead to real intellectual training. But beyond the ignorance of the uncultivated masses, there is still an empty and spurious knowledge and mis-education to be combatted in the higher classes, in order to stem the growing tendency to irreligion, and to preserve moral strength of conscience to a

higher degree. It is the question of effecting a universal regeneration as the basis of that renovation demanded by our epoch, and in which, moreover, the enhanced claims of practical life will receive consideration.

"Every new grade of culture lays new claims on man, and, thereby, on the education of man. At every fresh paragraph in the history of development, the deficiencies and one-sidedness of the past stand out more distinctly and emphasize the contradictions between the claims of a progressive culture and the claims of original human nature—which claims are to be equalized.

"On the educational field also, such a disunion is now to be obviated. Abuses and old-fashioned methods of procedure are to be swept away, and something better and more in conformity with the times, is to be placed in their stead.

"A more thorough reform in this connection, presupposes a deeper recognition of human nature itself, and demands a *new beginning*. The power of education proves itself in the men to be—not in the men who have become, whom it but too often helplessly confronts. Only in the *bosom of the family*, as the first form of human association, and the point of departure for all civilization, is the right beginning to be made. The pride of the German people, namely that of being protectors of the domestic hearth and priests within the sanctuary of the family, threatens to become extinct and requires vivification. Parental love has to fulfil new and higher duties in order to bring up a race healthy in soul and body. Blind natural impulse does not suffice for that purpose. *Conscious* action has to take its place. The chief share in the solution of this problem falls to the *mothers*, as the first educators of the human race. Without the due consideration of this, their natural calling, the education of womanhood does not fulfil its purpose, and will not find a satisfactory solution to the woman-question, now so generally

discussed. But increased facility for bread-winning, aesthetic education, and a sounder knowledge, might well be combined with greater capacity for the management of the household and the general educational calling of womanhood. In any case, her highest calling must be considered to be that which goes most exhaustively into the 'Whole'—and this calling must indisputably be her Educational Influence. This educating influence of women needs not to be limited to childhood and youth exclusively; rather has it to exercise a general civilizing influence on all sides, and, above all, it must awaken religious life.

"The problem how to achieve the universal cultivation of the people in conformity with the times, as well as the education of the younger generation, is one of the most difficult of the present works of culture, and *demands* the participation of all *powers*. *Education must become an affair of the people in order really to achieve its object*. State officials, schools, pulpits, lecturer's chairs, and the educated of all classes, principally the women—all have to work for this object. Philosophy, natural science, and, above all, pathology and physiology, have to extend a hand to pedagogics, in order to carry the recognition of human nature throughout the whole of its development, from the heights of science to the level of real life, and to show it, in real life, the ways towards its ennoblement. The existing defects in the nature of education are to be exposed, the good which exists is to be maintained, the extremes of radical innovation are to be prevented, the existing methods and means are to be proved, and new ones are to be invented—all for the purpose of producing a self-reasoning spirit, a morally religious feeling, strength of character and energy combined with physical health and strength in a higher degree.

"Anthropology, the youngest of our sciences, has, up to

the present, solved but very imperfectly the riddle of the child's nature; but without this knowledge, an education in conformity with nature, and worthy of man is impossible.

"*Pestalozzi*, the real reformer of the *nature of education* of modern times, left gaps, the filling up of which is urgently demanded by the present generation. These gaps are principally to be found in those sides of education, which are only partially accessible to the immediate influence of the school, principally in reference to the development of heart and character.

"For the development of character, *action and deeds* are required—for which even childhood is to be prepared, in order to be capable of responding to the demands of the life of to-day. For this purpose, preparations must be set on foot by which an *educating life of reality*, offering opportunity for individual observation, self-experience, and independent action, is to be procured for childhood and youth, without exposing them to the present dangers of demoralization in actual life. The separation between intellectual and practical activity, between learning and performing—so unnatural to childhood—and the preponderance of the first at an age when physical development is to be specially considered, must come to an end. School, as well as family education, requires a supplement of *practical* activity as a preparation for the work of real life, and in order to stimulate moral power to action by exertion and by the fulfilment of duties suitable to the age. Knowledge for the first age in life must be won by the *things and facts of reality*, instead of by mere 'word-information,' and by premature instruction. The way is to be laid for individual original thought and sound knowledge by having to do with the objects themselves, and a real creative activity for those later fundamental creations in which our day is so deficient, is to be

developed by free creation after original ideas and inventions. The child is led to the recognition of the *Spirit of God* in creation, and prepared for an ideal and religious view of the world, by a correct and early introduction to nature and by occupations with the things of nature. For this education of man as a creative being, the education for deeds and actions, and, at the same time, for a higher, ideal, and religious view of the world, a new foundation and base has been laid by *Friedrich Fröbel, the reformer of the character of education of the present day*, the significance of which is not yet recognized to its full extent.

“ Fröbel’s educational method, which up till now has only been applied to the earliest age of childhood, and to that but very imperfectly, *could not verify itself yet* to the full degree. It requires further development and application to all ages, as well as a full understanding and complete application of its methodic theory, *such as at present do not exist*. Then only, when this is reached, will it be able to bring forth the promised *result*. For this object, as for the general reforms indicated, special preparations are to be set on foot, and, above all, proper teachers are to be trained.

“ This improvement in the real character of education, the solicitude for the progress of general education, the re-organization of the school up to the University, the demands, always more imperative for more independence of the school, and for the determination of the community itself in reference to the nature of instruction and education—the solution of all these questions, so important for the general progress, demands no less than the authorization of common consent, than the solution of political questions and the defence of the Fatherland.

“ The next problem is to spread more generally the right insight into, and clear judgment of, the educational question.

Only after this is reached, can the participation of the community in the public nature of education be regarded as justifiable, and then only will the necessary fence be erected against the perversities, more and more apparent, of our day.

“The Association offers (though at first in a limited way only), means and opportunities to private initiative to help in the work, and facilitate the first attempts made towards this object still in part so far from us, although in the interest of the cause itself *a limitation of the proposed scheme is at first contemplated.*

“To promote the above mentioned objects, the foundation of an *Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein* was proposed even last year by a number of people of the same mind (through the assistance of women), and connecting links for participation in these endeavours, and for the formation of *local associations* have been made in and beyond Germany.

“As such an Association for the improvement of schools and of instruction in its various grades up to the University, could, up till now, only work *indirectly*; and as steps have already been taken in various quarters to secure the education of the people by means of public libraries and other institutions where adults can continue their education; the initial work of an ‘Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein’ will be to secure a new beginning for the educational task of the present day corresponding to the demands of the age. It must, above all, consider this in reference to its object, which is to improve *family education* and enable the *women to fulfil their educational calling*. For this reason the opportunity which offers itself for far-reaching activity must not be left unused.

“All those who are in accordance with this enterprise and wish to give their support to it, are hereby requested to communicate with the undersigned, as soon as possible.”

PROPOSALS FOR THE ORGANIZATION OF THE ASSOCIATION.

The Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein shall be a migratory assembly, meeting in different places determined by vote, and, first of all, in Germany.

1. *Object*.—To make education and its improvement an affairs of the people.

2. *Means for the attainment of this object*:

I. Education by branch associations in towns and villages (with special participation of the parents and teachers), the *first* object of which is to work for the improvement of family education. And, moreover, *a*. By educational institutions for the continuation of the education of the female sex with special consideration of *their general educational calling* (according to the new groundwork offered by Fröbel);

b. Reform of *instruction* in the interest of the physical and mental health of the children (above all of the girls), having regard also to their future educational calling (for which purpose the upper classes in the school are to be used), and at the same time application of the acquired knowledge and faculties (for bread-winning also) combined with the practical exercise and occupation of the Kindergarten;

c. Increase in the number of *Kindergartens* (principally of *Volks Kindergartens*), and their organic connection with the schools;

d. Arrangement of supervised *playgrounds* for the children and youth of both sexes, or so-called "school and youth gardens," as a continuation of the Kindergarten;

e. Attention to suitable *literature* for children, and the spread of the same, for which purpose the existing libraries for the people and those still to be founded might be made use of,

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II. The training of proper *teachers* of both sexes for the above-mentioned objects ; hence the establishment, first of all, of a *normal institution* according to the principles accepted as a model by the Association.

III. *The foundation of a special publication* for the Association, which beyond the immediate practical work begun in the interest of education, shall elucidate the same on all sides, and treat, in a supplementary paper, of the physical care of children and hygiene in general. This, moreover, in such a way that its contents shall be also within the reach of the mothers of the working classes, among whom the supplement is to be distributed free of cost, if possible.

IV. The arrangement of lectures on educational subjects.
(Also by traveling lecturers.)

V. The members of the local association are, as such, members of the central association, and can claim its support; nevertheless they elect their local board and act independently with absolute freedom.

The further particulars concerning the foregoing proposals, and their possible alteration ; the mode of raising the necessary funds ; and drawing up of the statutes of the Association ; are reserved for a Consulting Meeting.

February, 1871.—PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE: B. von Marenholtz-Bülow; Countess M. von Hessenstein; Professor von Fichte, Stuttgart; Professor von Leonhardi, Prague; Professor and Privy Councillor, Theodore Schliephacke, Heidelberg; Professor Röder, Heidelberg; Dr. P. Hohlfeld, Dresden; Director B. Marquardt, Dresden; Director Schrader, Brunswick.

BRANCH ASSOCIATIONS

THE Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein was constituted, and its statutes issued in May, 1871, by a meeting convened in Dresden, with the participation of members from various parts of Germany—from Munich *officially*—and under the presidency of Prof. von Leonhardi. Prof. von Fichte was elected *Honorary President* of the Association, and the provisional committee was chosen from the Council under the presidency of the Director of Railways Schrader.

My aunt writes: “The participation of men of science in different spheres, among whom the well-known university professors, von Fichte, von Leonhardi, Schliephacker, Ahrends (Liepzig), Bornimann (Schulrath), Kockel (Director of the Seminary), Dr. Hohlfeld (Dresden) and many others, justified the hope of a favorable development of the Association and its aims.”

The following is given concerning the *history* of the “Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein.”

After the first constituting assembly, in May, 1871, held in Dresden, the next annual meeting of the Association took place in *Dresden* in the autumn of the year 1872, under the presidency of the Director of Railways Schrader, Berlin. The second annual meeting was held in *Cassel* in the autumn of 1873, the third in *Brunswick*, Whitsuntide, 1874. (Meanwhile the association which had been originally formed as a migratory assembly, had established itself definitely at Dresden, and had obtained there legal rights.) In 1875,

in *Dresden*, the fourth annual meeting took place, under the presidency of Stadtrath Heulner, the then President of the Association. The fifth annual meeting summoned the members to *Wiesbaden*, and here my aunt gave a lecture on "The games and occupations of the children in the *Kinder-garten*."

The branch associations which joined the Head Association increased in number. In 1877, we read in my aunt's "Gesammelte Beiträge" the grand total of twenty-three names, including many Lodges:—

BRANCH ASSOCIATIONS AND CORPORATIVE MEMBERS.

Erziehungs Verein at Dresden; Erziehungs Verein at Cassel; Erziehungs Verein at Florence; Pädagogischer Verein at Plauen; Fröbel Verein at Hamburg; Verein zur Förderung Fröbelscher Grundsätze zu Hamburg. Erster Dresdner Frauenbildungs Verein at Dresden; Verein für Volks Kindergärten at Leipzig; Erziehungs Verein for Brunswick; Fröbelkränzchen at Weimar; Loge zu den 3 Schwertern at Dresden; Loge zum Goldenen Apfel at Dresden; Loge zu den erhernen Säulen at Dresden; Loge Johannes der Evangelist at Darmstadt; Loge Verschwisterung der Menschheit at Glauchau; Loge Verbrüderung at Oedenburg; Loge Lessing zu den 3 Ringen at Greiz; Reussischer Bezirksverband der Gesellschaft für Verbreitung von Volksbildung at Griez; Loge zum Wiedererbauter tempel der Bruderliebe at Worms; Loge Friedrich Wilhelm zur Gekrönten Gerechtigkeit in Berlin; Erziehungs Verein at Manchester; Fröbel Verein in London; Frauen Verein at Blasewitz.

The Board of the Association was formed out of the "Weitere" and "Engere" Vorstand. The "Weitere Vorstrand" consists, beyond the "Engere Vorstand", of all

the representatives of the branch associations, and all such persons as are attached to the "Engere Vorstand" for specific reasons. (Commissions.) The "Engere Vorstand" conducts the affairs of the Association through its members.

The activity of the "Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein" was specially great in the first ten years of its existence. In addition to the necessary intercourse and correspondence with the branch associations and foreign members, the Association founded the first Volkskindergartens in Dresden. (Eight Volks Kindergartens with twelve subdivisions, two schoolgardens, and the Fröbelstiftung, in 1873, a training institute for Kindergartners and nursery maids.)

A "Korrespondenzblatt," edited by Dr. P. Hohlfeld, was the means of communication with the branch associations in the first two years, and, in 1873, this was replaced by the organ of the Association, "Die Erziehung der Gegenwart in neuer Folge" ("The education of the present day in a fresh sequel"), edited by Director W. Schröter.

Pamphlets, distributed among the mothers of the people were the means of spreading instruction concerning the physical and hygienic care of the child. (The late member of the Board, Louis Deitrich, did specially good work with the pamphlets.)

Monthly lectures treated different branches of pedagogics in an instructive manner, and an annual series of scientific lectures attracted large audiences, particularly in the winter months. *The district associations of the town of Dresden* were asked to adopt the Volkskindergartens in their districts, and acceded to this wish of the Association. *The town of Dresden* supported the Volkskindergartens by yearly contributions. (I shall return later to the affairs of the Association). *That my aunt had to organize all these different institutions, and that the lion's share of the work, principally*

of the mental work, fell to her lot, hardly requires to be told. She cherished great hopes for this vast creation of her mind, and expressed herself in the following way in the "Gesammelte Beiträge," page 77:—

"The complete execution of the idea which called the 'Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein' into life, will lead at some future time to the establishment, in every place, of an association of men and women within its community, providing the necessary arrangements for improvement in the nature of education within, as well as outside of the family. In such a way, education will become in truth an affair of the community, and, in co-operation with the government officials for school and education, achieve the object in view, namely the right education of the people, in conformity with the times.

"This object, on which the prosperity of the state largely depends, can never be reached by either of these two factors *alone*. It can only be achieved when the public officials form an *immediate link, between the family, the community and the government*; whereby all educational influences will be guided by the same principles, and have the same object in view."

If this object lies still in the far future, a first step towards its later attainment has at least been made with the foundation of the Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein. (For further information concerning the Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein, see my aunt's works: "Labour and The New Education", page 245, and the "Gesammelte Beiträge", page 67.)

Three years after the foundation of the Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein, Prof. von Leonhardi writes in his periodical, the "Neue Zeit" 1874—No. 9, page 227:—

"The chief merit with regard to the Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein in respect to the impulse which led to its

foundation and organization belongs to Frau Baronin von Marenholtz-Bülow. To her also is due the establishment of training institutes for Kindergartners, and lately also the foundation of institutions for the continuation of women's education.

"This woman, as practical as she is clear-sighted and enthusiastic, and, despite physical weakness, always unweariedly active, has worked for the present prosperity of the Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein by all that she has done for the propagation of Fröbel's doctrine and Kindergartens, in different countries, for a long series of years,* and with such far-reaching success; as well as for the training of Kindergartners, with which she occupied herself, as is well known, for twelve years in Berlin."

At page 240, he continues:—"The greatest activity for the growth and prosperity of our Association, as well as, in the first instance, for the foundation of the same, was displayed by Frau von Marenholtz-Bülow. She is in the happy position of being able to devote her whole time to this task, and does it, notwithstanding great physical suffering, with admirable perseverance."

In the summer of 1870, that memorable time of general and indescribable agitation of hearts, the time that called forth innumerable tears, whilst Germany's army was engraving Germany's renown indelibly into history—though at the cost of so much precious blood—my aunt was still working on quietly on this side of the Rhine, at Heidelberg, Stuttgart, and other places. With her old scholarly friends, she worked for *the cause of peace and unity*, which, by the "regeneration of mankind", as Leonhardi used to say, was to bring to this humanity, though possibly in after-times

* Even during Fröbel's lifetime, my aunt had made a public appeal through the papers for the establishment of educational association.

only, that "peace on earth", which is promised to us as our most precious gospel.

This peace has been hoped for at all times, by noble people and by hearts beating for humanity—that peace which only proceeds from the "inward perfect satisfaction" of the individual—and therewith also of the whole of humanity.

My aunt and her friends were *convinced* that the great pioneer Friedrich Fröbel had found this way in truth and that now, in order to tread the same securely, all those who understand, all who are cultivated, all who think and all who, in any way, work for the happiness of mankind, must *unite* for this purpose. "The unit is like a drop in the sea"; my aunt says: "but the billows of the ocean are formed from the drops." "Gather men together to an alliance for mankind", cries Leonhardi inspired. And then, when the Franco-Prussian peace was being rung in from all the steeples throughout Germany, and amidst the sublime feelings of the "accomplished fact", this little group of thinkers, my aunt at their head, stepped forward with their summons:—"The restoration of peace calls for the *solution of new problems*." Prof. von Leonhardi describes this summons as a masterpiece of the exposition of the object and aims of our Association and of its foundation,—comprehensive, clear, and *touching each point*. With believing hearts they hoped that this seed would bring forth a thousandfold fruit, which, again shedding new seed, would gradually cover the whole field of human education.

The work of the necessary tilling of the soil again fell principally on my aunt. In the winter of 1871, we again find her in Dresden in full work.

LIFE AND WORK IN DRESDEN

ON the 8th of February, on a particularly cold evening, I arrived for the first time at Dresden, at my aunt's. A fatiguing night-journey by post, during which we were saved from freezing only by the thick furs of three wine merchants, who entirely filled the carriage. I traveled for the second time in my life in a railway train, accompanied by a Mecklenburg maid, crying loudly with toothache. I still remember my delight at the brightly illuminated banks of the Elbe and the Augustus bridge. Feverishly I held nine marks in my hand in readiness, as in Berlin, a rough drosky-driver, second class, driving us from the post to the station, had demanded three thalers, threatening to deposit us otherwise, with all our luggage, in the deep snow. I was agreeably surprised by the modesty of the Dresden drosky-driver. My aunt lived this winter in a "chambregarni", Struveste 16, (now No. 40) the corner of the quiet Lindengasse.

Trembling with cold, I arrived at the house. When I climbed up the stairs, I already began to weep partly out of sorrow—for my heart was still bleeding with anguish at the death of my beloved and only sister Pauline—and partly for longing delight to see again her whom I admired and loved. When the door opened, I saw my aunt in her room—moving to and fro from the tea-table, in her own peculiarly quick manner. Then she appeared on the threshold—ah! she was just the same as I had always carried her beautiful image in my soul, but more fresh and more youthful than at Meck-

lenburg. She had grown a little stouter, and had regained all the wonderfully brilliant, and, at the same time, delicate colouring of her youth which had been so much admired earlier. With beaming eyes she stretched out her arms to me. I hurried to her, entangled myself hopelessly in my fur, which was much too long for me, tripped over the carpet, and literally sank at her feet—a half frozen, sobbing little bundle. She lifted me up and pressed me to her heart; and in these two places, at her feet and on her heart, I could now always rest.

Of all the impressions which this first winter with my aunt left on me, not one is so deeply engraved on my memory as her first explanation of the Fröbel method, at which I was present. My aunt gave lectures every week in her drawing-room to which everybody was welcome who wished to interest themselves in the Fröbel cause. A fairly numerous and mixed society of ladies and gentlemen used to attend them. In the middle of the room, the Fröbel materials were spread out on a large table. On that day, my aunt told me to look after the audience and to serve them with beer and sandwiches, and thereby surprised me considerably. "Must they have beer?" I murmured. My aunt explained to me, how most of these people were occupied with their professions up till the hour of the lecture, and therefore had no time to take their usual supper. She felt herself therefore obliged to see after them a little, for they could not be expected to follow her explanations if their strength was quite exhausted. This sounded very humane and considerate, and, accustomed to hospitality, I found this quite natural. But I had never had anything to do with beer before in my life. In my northern home, beer was then used very little, and not at all in our house, and the man-servant had to manage the food. My aunt thought it quite self-evident, that, in the interest of the "Cause" every service should be

readily performed, and she could not at all understand my astonishment. But then she laid both hands on my shoulders, looked at me with indescribable kindness, and said: "If one will serve in a common cause one must not be haughty. The servants disturb so much, you will do it much more quietly." That I now had to serve the good "Cause" was quite obvious to her. She obtained the co-operation of *most people through her own conviction that every well-educated person was bound to work for the common good, as far as he or she was able*. *She never tried to force people to work for the "Cause"*, but she regarded every co-operation by day and by night as quite natural. And I too offered my services with fiery eagerness, and promised to serve out every quantum of beer and bread and butter required, and, from that day, it was my duty to look after the members of the association—"Vereinsleute", as I christened them in the lump. My second duty was to arrange the Fröbel table. I called it, "Fröbelei," and Countess Krackow called it the "System." The first duty was far more to my taste than the second, which, on account of the clumsiness of most of the people, gave me a good deal of work.

For instance, there was that box full of bits of straw and paper and beads for smaller children. After every lecture, I found the contents strewn on the floor, however carefully I had hidden it away in the middle of the table. The cubes of the four building gifts were always mixed up and had to be rearranged. To my then still quite unpracticed fingers, it was difficult to cut with the necessary accuracy the squares of paper for folding and cutting out. I trembled for the moment, when my aunt would take one of the little papers with a quick movement, to fold it in the proper way for demonstration, and then say, looking full at me:—"Those squares are unfortunately not quite evenly cut." And yet in her heavenly goodness, she was never

cross about it, and always remained kind and patient, and when I asked sadly:—"Are they again not right?" she stroked me and only said: "Not quite my *Putt*" (chicken.)

Leaning against the open door near my table with its bottles of beer and troubled with the nervous fear lest one of them might maliciously go off behind me, I listened to my aunt's words. She sat alone on a little blue covered sofa. Above her hung the only picture in this apartment (papered and furnished with cornflower blue), a Murillo Madonna, floating up to Heaven, and known as the "Madonna of the Moon."

In my mind, I compared the inspiration in the expression of those two pictures before me, the one painted and the other living, both touching in their way, and yet sprung from the same Divine spark.

In my aunt's inspiration lay something so wonderful that it can hardly be described. One must have seen and felt it for one's self. It could hardly be said in what this fascination lay, but it overwhelmed everyone. Her mode of speaking was most characteristic and unique in its way. She never prepared her lectures. Simply, without exaltation, ostentation or pathos, she spoke about this or that side of the "Idea" or the "Method" which the audience wished to have explained. The words flowed from her lips freely and spontaneously and although in the course of her lecture, it used to happen that she passed from one subject to the other, so as to make her meaning clear, she always returned in the logical train of thought, to the point from which she had started. She was always ready to answer any objections that might be raised, but always within the limits of perfect quiet and modesty and always convincingly. She sat, her hands in her lap, the left hand often resting involuntarily on her heart as if she felt a pain there, her body a little bent forward, her eyes open wide but noticing things

around her sharply, and, even in the most animated talk, reading the thoughts of her audience in their faces and her whole appearance breathed the deep conviction which filled her. A gentle light seemed to shine round her, and involuntarily we thought of a shining star. It was so touching to see her; she was so wholly the picture of pure, noble, tender womanliness. Her own conviction, her enthusiasm, *of the absolute truth and justice of Fröbel's doctrine, had quite penetrated her whole being, and had long become natural and self-evident.*

This firm conviction she communicated to her listeners. It was that, I must repeat it again and again, which was fascinating—overwhelming.

I myself was quite overwhelmed. I do not think I could have repeated that evening all that I had heard, but I had the feeling that I could strike down everybody who wanted to contradict. This feeling of burning indignation against everyone who dared to be impudent enough to doubt, often filled me later—at times even with real anger, which is otherwise quite foreign to me. Other pupils told me that they had felt in the same way.

When in the course of the first year, I penetrated deeper into Fröbel's Theory of Education, it would have been nevertheless very difficult to me to put it into words, and to give a detailed account of it, but at the first word of *contradiction*, I rose, at least inwardly (on occasions also with words), with a fulminating speech for the defence. It always seemed as if the words were whispered to me by some one—and it could not have been wrong as my aunt used to listen to my fiery outbreaks, smiling. Fröbel's ideas are so natural and have sprung from such pure unfalsified human thought, and they are so logical in their sequence, that they must appear quite natural even to an undeveloped child of nature such as I was then—if such child be at all capable of

right thought. Consequently the simplest people, the most unlearned women, often understood the method quite well, and far better than many a learned schoolman, lost in the depths of his own dry artificial knowledge. All that we had at first only *felt* dimly to be right, suddenly awoke to full consciousness within us through the impulse of excited indignation, and I think that this is the best proof of the truth of Fröbel's doctrine and of its conformity to nature. Nearly all of those present at the lecture listened with breathless attention—among them the dear faces of Countess Krackow and Countess Hoffmannsegg; Stradtrath Hubaer and other guests. To the constant attendants belonged at that time also Miss Malwince Kuntz, Dr. Paul Hohlfeld, and Director Schröter and many others, who all devoted their powers to the Association.

The whole work of that winter was taken up with the "Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein." To me fell the legible copying, twelve times over, of the "Appeal," "The Restoration of Peace," etc. My aunt had to see a number of persons to gain them over to the Association. She received many letters and had never time to rest. It was very seldom that I was allowed to accompany her on her visits which used to last a very long time. When she returned home,—often very much later than I had expected—so animated, so full of satisfaction and hope for her work, so interested by talking to people important to the "Cause" and whom she had won over to it, and when she was so sorry for having kept me waiting for my dinner, and distressed at my anxiety on account of her having stayed out so late—oh! how willingly would I have waited for days, only to be allowed to serve her in anything!

Our life, in spite of the many people with whom we came in contact, was quiet enough in itself. My aunt used to remain in her bedroom, invisible to all, until three o'clock, and

only received towards the evening. To early visitors, the servants used to say: "The Frau Baronin is still in her bath!" At least Countess Krackow used to say when she came in the morning, "Oh! I know, little Bertha, the dear Marenholz is still in her bath!!" My aunt's bedroom was a sanctuary into which no one dared to penetrate; at least I was then too modest and too shy to do so. My aunt used to rest a long time in the morning, working in bed and during her toilette, and answering the letters of her numerous correspondents. The first and second breakfasts were brought to her room, and these she enjoyed piecemeal, sometimes, perhaps forgot completely. Long years of living alone and absolute freedom with regard to meals—which always had to give way to work, must have considerably injured her health. A great overtaxing of all powers, in spite of her great energy, naturally took place sometimes, and it was surely a proof of the extraordinary strength of her constitution, that she was able to bear this life for so many years, without contracting any real harm by it. Gradually I tried to look after her also in this respect. At first it was a little irksome to her, but gradually, out of love for me she was induced to think of her mealtime as well as of her work for the "Cause." When, in the first years, I sometimes used to remind her of them, she used to say with a slight tone of impatience: "Please eat away, child." But soon, unobserving her, I learnt *to feel* the right moment when she *could* be disturbed; and, with a kind bright look and always with a smile, she did what I asked her. Long before three o'clock, I used to wait at the door of my room, longing for her appearance, and how delightful was the moment, when her door opened quickly and softly and she appeared, generally a quantity of already written letters in her hand. Then she came to me, put her arms round me, and kissed me, and I was much too shy to tell her how much I had longed for this

moment all the morning and had counted the minutes till she came.

I was then rather jealous of Fröbel, and as I could not yet understand the whole importance of his doctrine, I was inclined, as Alfred, before me, to call him "a good old man"; but why should my aunt take up with him so much?

I remember a little anecdote that amused my aunt very much, and which she used to tell years afterwards with pleasure. For the first time after my arrival, I was allowed to look for something on her writing table, and found a picture of Fröbel's colossal bust, which was then still at Berlin, and which I did not know. The photograph was badly managed, and one did not see that it was taken from a bust. It was the unclothed Fröbel, and I was very shocked, and my aunt laughed very much over it and at me, and always remembered my horror with delight. Generally before dinner, we used to go for a walk in the Park Anlagen, close by. We often had to rest as my aunt suffered then from sciatica, and could neither stand nor walk very long. But she always wanted to walk very quickly and only out of consideration for me, she slackened her pace. She used to take my arm and say: "Now let us go a little quickly for once!" and I ran along at her side as well as I could. But soon she slackened her pace, and sometimes we had to stop, as she had to lean against the wall of a house for rest. We dined at half-past three. Then my aunt rested a little, and from six o'clock she was ready to receive visitors. Everyone interested in the Fröbel method was welcome but her friends and acquaintances also were gladly received for a cup of tea at six o'clock, and a simple supper at half past eight. Very occasionally we went to splendid concerts, or to the theater, but my aunt was always ready to hear interesting lectures of any sort.

The greatest variety of people appeared in my aunt's blue

drawing-room. There was always animated talk going on, usually about "learned things," as I called them, and, without my aunt's indescribable forethought and care, this quite unaccustomed and incessant mental stimulus, would have been almost too much for me. But, in all her work, she always had time to think of me, to care for me, and to save me from overexertion, for I was then very delicate, and quite bowed down with sorrow at my bitter loss, and only my aunt's love helped me through this time and preserved my life.

Many hours in the night, she sat by my bedside looking after me, and nursing me, and *she comforted me as no one else even understood how to comfort, because she, in her unselfishness knew so well how to put herself in touch with the feelings and thoughts of others.* As Countess Hahn-Hahn had said in former days: "she understood everything." The feeling of being safe in her heart was so beautiful; but I now fear, with great sorrow, that I sometimes misused her goodness, and tired her unduly, for then I was doubtless a very spoiled child.

Death has removed many of those who were collected round my aunt at that time; but those who still remember it will never forget her beautiful picture on those evenings.

Perhaps they will also remember how I used to sit at my aunt's feet on a footstool, and lean against her knee, and how she stroked my hair from time to time, lovingly and softly. Even in the most animated conversation, she never forgot her child. She liked me to make a little remark or joke now and then, and to express my opinions openly. When I gradually regained my natural merriness, cheerful laughter was heard in our house. Both my aunt and Countess Krackow loved the Mecklenburg humour. This art of seeing harmless *joy in the little things of life*, as well as the gift of noticing the comic side always, had not come so near my

aunt before, but the old Mecklenburg blood which also flowed in her veins, now awakened, and I love to think that in the last period of her life she certainly laughed more than in the sixty years before. Her laughter was always more of a smile, and in any case very soft, as Fröbel said, "turned to an A, the laughing vowel of *great natures*."

She never interrupted other people in their pleasures, as she always understood the leading thoughts even in "silly things," as she used to say. Sometimes it happened when I stormed into her room, quite carried away by some impression, perhaps imitating somebody, or saying or declaiming something, she used to ask me, at first quite astonished: "Have you gone mad?"—But she understood at once and laughed with me, or said smiling: "You foolish child!" Most weird figures came to us sometimes. Then I saw her amusement, and how, though she of course always remained polite and kind, she smiled in high glee, but very softly—that gentle smile, *peculiar to her and which I have never seen elsewhere*. She listened to the people, noticed them, and used to say to me afterwards, the funny aspect not having escaped her: "Did you notice——? It amused me so, and made me smile even to think how it must have amused you." But all real mockery was naturally quite foreign to her.

The mode of life of this first winter was continued throughout all the later years, even whilst traveling. We sought to keep to it as much as possible, even in places where it would have been much more profitable and pleasant to have conformed to the customary habits of the place. As my aunt was accustomed to sleep late in the morning, we used to go to bed very late. After our guests had left, I often had to read to her for long hours. Then she used to lie on the *chaise longue* and comb her hair, so as to sleep better, and I have often admired her powers of endurance,

and how she could do this for hours without stopping, even without resting her arm once.

In those late hours, I used to read all that appeared to *me* to be of interest in the papers. But soon I learnt to pick out the political news interesting to *her*. On other evenings, when we were alone, we read scientific books of all sorts, and after supper only novels. She listened for hours and suffered even less interesting things to be read. On my remarking: "Is it not very stupid to you?" she answered: "Yes, it is not very interesting, but let us see what comes next." However she always followed the thread of the story. Sometimes when I was thoroughly annoyed at what was stupid and queer, I used to make my comments on the story—and this she liked and laughed so heartily over, that I stopped in the middle of reading to kiss and tease her. She put up with this also, but then she said: "But now we will read on a little, and see what happens." I only remember her once declining to continue the story and that was about some "candle snuffers". It was so hopelessly dull that years afterwards she still spoke with indignation and horror of the bore of a story about those "candle snuffers." In touching narratives and scenes of separation and death, I usually melted into tears, and my aunt wept just as heartily with me as she had laughed. Then we lay in each other's arms, but she was the first to pull herself together, and said: "Do not weep so, my Putt."

Thus we went through together nearly the whole belles-lettres of the last twenty years in Germany, and I learned, by her refined taste, to form mine.

THE first months of the winter of 1870 brought much that was interesting, exciting, elevating and distressing, fresh from the seat of war. Then for the first time I noticed clearly that my aunt, although she took such pride in the

acquisition the Germans had made, still, with a certain sorrow, used to say sometimes: "Oh, those poor French, and poor France," and that she felt the honour shown to her brother-in-law, Leopold, Count Puyssegne, who, on account of his great courage, had been led by the people into Tours, on a white horse decorated with flowers. Everyone had so persuaded himself at that time into a hatred of the enemy and the enemy's country; and the deep grudge felt against France, for the many injuries occasioned by the war, was so universal, that, in spite of our acquisitions, the hearts of men were so embittered, that even the good, and otherwise just, wholly forgot the sympathetic fellow-feeling due to the unfortunate French people. We nearly all had to suffer, but they suffered just as we, and more so, owing to the humiliation which they had experienced. Perhaps even a thousandfold more, by reason of the passionate nature of the French character. The whole nation could not be made responsible for what the French government had drawn on itself and on us.

But there were even educated people among the Germans of that time who were ashamed to know French, who spoke of excluding the French language from the schools, who avoided every French word with ostentation, and who would have refused, with indignation, to read a French book. In the circles in which I had lived till then, with the highflown and passionate Mecklenburg patriotism, all these exaggerated ideas were fairly well represented. Therefore I at first regarded my aunt's expressions almost in the light of an astonishing discord. How deeply those feelings against France and the French had taken root in the German temperament, I recognized in after years, when I saw the astonished disapprobation of a Dresden bourgeois family, who only kept silence out of respect for the awe-inspiring woman of importance, who spoke with delight and en-

thusiasm of the charming family life in France, with which she had become acquainted. Even at that time I felt vexed at the narrow-minded injustice of those people, *for I well knew that hardly one of all our acquaintances had felt the glory of the Germans more deeply and with more joy and emotion than my aunt, in whom the love for the fatherland was as strong as for every thing good, noble, beautiful, and great in this world.* But it was precisely the largeness of her feeling, that did not allow her to give way to this narrow-minded injustice, and to the repression of all true human love, so that she could not forget all the love and goodness and all that was beautiful and great with which she had come in contact among the French, although they were now her political enemies. *In this also she thought as a true German woman*—nobly and large mindedly—knowing well that human feeling should stand above national feeling. It was a great grief to her when her friends in France now became silent—as Professor Michelet—who was so embittered by the humiliation of France, that he appeared to be angry even with her.

WE had the opportunity of seeing the entry of the returning troops, one after the other, in different places in Germany. At first, of course, the entry into Dresden. I have seen more enthusiasm here later on other patriotic occasions. I, and my Mecklenburg maid, felt rather disappointed at being in Dresden when more exciting reports reached us from our home. The maid, Louise, was hardly to be quieted, for, although the fervent wish to go abroad and into the world always lurks in the heart of the Mecklenburger, yet, when once there, he finds nothing as good as at home, does not even think it worthy of comparison, and his "Heimweh" awakens with consuming force. He can only console himself with the idea that perhaps when he gets to Heaven he

may be able to look down and see a little bit of his dear fatherland. How else could there be a Heaven for him? His patriotism lies in the creed: "The great whole Germany—and the dear little Mecklenburg."

The drop of champagne which sparkles in the real Obotrite blood bubbles up and overflows. "Ach! Frau Baronin, ach! gnädiges Fraulein," Louise complained: "with us, the soldiers got caviar and Rhine salmon on arriving at the station—even from every poor washerwoman. Everybody brought them something but here?—Only 'official' meat and potatoes!!" My aunt always laughed very heartily over this and how Louise had, on the Alaun Platz, perched herself on a cannon, which suddenly moved off in the procession of soldiers, and how she was hastily made to climb down by the rough hands of the policemen. She then hurried to the Brühlsche Terrasse and there, in her patriotic zeal and devotion to the "cause of the fatherland" as she called it, climbed a tree, but was pulled down by the leg by a gendarme. It is funny to think of her in these various situations, with her very white skin and red cheeks, her fair hair and light blue eyes and the whitest teeth in the world, but with all that, only a little plump peasant girl in the brilliant red-checked dress peculiar to her. "Yes," she said with tears in her eyes—tears which came from the depths of her faithful German heart: "Not a single street boy, and not an idea of an hurrah as it ought to be!"

In the evening, we drove through the streets with Countess Krackow, to see the illuminations.

We had to stop a long time near the Zwinger, and the picture which it presented—this dark, beautiful, and most characteristic building—together with the distinct silhouette of the Catholic Church on the other side, all literally flooded in moonlight, will always live in my remembrance, so much, so very much, more beautiful was it than all that had been

arranged by the hand of man to celebrate the day. The one street boy for whom I had really been longing was moreover not wanting. He suddenly mounted up at the back behind my aunt and Countess Krackow and grinned at me in an understanding manner.

I was quite electrified. The Countess said: "Something is blowing at me from the back—do you feel it, too, dear Marenholtz?" I made signs to my aunt not to betray the boy, and she smiled and understood. But the Countess had discovered the small grinning Saxon vagabond whose patriotic feelings had carried him so far as to dare even this. She was not as patient as we. Without a word, she turned round and put her fist within an inch of the nose of the "dirty little monster" as she said, and he vanished silently. I was almost vexed with her, but she said calmly and smilingly: "He can hang on to the backs of so many other carriages where it does not matter—this gem of human monstrosities. Why should dear Marenholtz and I be blown at by him?" and smiling and calm, she revelled with complaisant delight in the æsthetic sight of the moonlit edifice.

Later in the summer, we were present at the joyful entry of the troops in little summer resorts—principally in Bavaria. I remember one distinctly in Tutzing on the Starnberger Lake. My aunt, Professor von Fichte, his secretary, Frl. Faulhuber, and myself, marched along the dusty village road in the procession of the returning soldiers. Professor von Fichte was most excited and full of enthusiasm. He had taken off his coat and carried it on his stick over his shoulder, and, hat in hand, he hummed the airs of the village music, sometimes half a tone too high, and sometimes half a tone too low, but with great zest. Louise could give way absolutely to her patriotic feelings here. She swung along in front of the procession in her red dress, close behind the big drum, and on the arm of a long Ba-

varian son of the mountains, whose dusty helmet she had decorated with oak, and from time to time she looked round at us triumphantly. The whole situation was so funny, all of us, my aunt, von Fichte, and Louise, so deeply enjoying, each in their own way, this primitive celebration, that I shall never forget it. Fichte, alas! could not see how the relatives of the soldiers marched by the side of their home-coming dear ones, but my aunt saw it and her eyes filled with tears of sympathy. The most natural feelings showed themselves naïvely. Oh this delight in the faces! We saw a young man looking much older than he could really be, and quite haggard through all the hardships of warfare. He still had his arm in a sling, but on his breast was to be seen the beautiful "eiserne Kreuz," and on either side of him walked the bowed figures of his old parents, who now once more had got their only son. The old father, a mountain hunter with crooked knees and bent back, stumbled along, as if somewhat ashamed of showing his emotion, and, from time to time, shook out the imaginary ashes of his long-extinguished pipe.

But, on the other side, the old mother—ah the dear little old mother! Her eyes were red from age and tears, and she did not turn them away one moment from the lad. She clung fast to his arm as if she would never let him go from her again, stroking it from time to time fondly and softly, as it was his wounded arm. And that other couple, that prosperous-looking soldier, already a little brightened up by the home beer, on the guiding arm of his faithful sweetheart! She appeared to be rather one of the less pretty mountain types, with foxy-red hair, and many freckles on her hard-featured face; but ah! the expression with which she looked at him! Oh, no, it can never be forgotten. And my aunt saw it all and felt it all; and the joyful throng of small village children, running in and out between us, gave

her fresh pleasure. When we sat once more on the long wooden gallery of the house, Professor von Fichte in his own way, went through the enjoyment of the festival again; he repeated the speeches of the pastor and the head of the village—"heavenly beautiful, because so really primitive and naïve;" and he murmured the "Wacht am Rhein," beating time on the wooden balustrade, to my aunt's annoyance. This triumphal procession left a vivid picture behind it—*this one* specially made a lasting impression.

PROFESSOR VON FICHTE

WHEN I think of all the dear figures which live in my memory, as my aunt's true friends, the beautiful and comforting thought comes to me, how many noble, good—yes touchingly good, people surrounded her. They have nearly all passed to that better world, so differently dreamt of by each, in his own way, in life. But their memory is inseparable from the Fröbel Cause, and my aunt's name. One of the most important, perhaps even the greatest of them, was Professor Immanuel von Fichte. It was only necessary to see that powerful, high-arched forehead, those eyes which, *though blind for years*, seemed in the excitement of speech to flash lightning, and the *elementary strength* of his whole being, the originality of his feeling and thought, which revealed itself so powerfully, so passionately, sometimes even with volcanic force, made themselves felt. In fact, no one could meet Fichte without recognizing at once that he was no ordinary man. He himself, used to like to call himself, half in joke, half in real modesty, and from a pious reverence of his father: "the rather smaller son of a great father." His features were only beautiful for their intellectual expression, and his face was of a vivid red colour. The compact and strongly built figure was not tall, but it was very straight, *even in old age*, and all his movements were very quick. Even now I see him, how moved, touched, excited and animated he became when judging with his powerful intellect the different issues of life, whether great or

small—now raising them with delight to the clouds, now rejecting them with hearty disgust, and now, with an inimitable gesture of contempt, hurling them down to the depths below. He often brought to my mind a word which my aunt with her great nature, so capable of inspiration for the good, the beautiful, and the true, sometimes used—the word: "*enthusiasm*." How seldom do we meet to-day people who are really capable of feeling enthusiasm! Fichte's blindness was a great and deeply-felt trial to him, but it scarcely hindered him at all in his activity. He felt all the beauty offered by life, for the smallest description sufficed him to draw a mental picture, nearly always correct, of what others saw. He enjoyed everything keenly and he loved to recall all his relished enjoyments, thinking them over and analyzing them minutely. He admired my aunt. He thought she was "the most distinguished, logical, pure and right-thinking woman, —a splendid woman!" as he used to say. To him she was the noblest spirit he knew, but the spirits clashed at times with their different opinions. They "clarified" themselves one by the other, so to speak. On such occasions Fichte disputed most vehemently, almost wildly. My aunt defended her opinions animatedly, and gradually the rolling waves were calmed. Fichte, in great excitement, used then to repeat his opinions to me, drumming at the same time on some piece of furniture. I never knew whether to stay and listen to these most interesting and unique conversations, or whether, in my wish for peace and harmony around me, to escape. But I listened, and finally he would say: "A magnificent, unique woman your aunt." I could not but feel proud of the opinion of such a great mind, of which my aunt thought so highly. Fichte would then run up and down the room and even occasionally banged the furniture with his fist. He never had the uncertain "feeling-about" of a blind man and seldom knocked against anything. "A

magnificent woman! A phenomenal brain!" And even late in the evening we could hear him in his rooms, giving, with a loud voice, to his secretary, a quintessence of the conversation. "Thus he enjoyed twice over the pleasure of the day."

In the summer of 1871, we met von Fichte at Munich, and stayed there a fortnight together in the Hotel Leinfelder, and then we followed him to the Lake of Starnberg, where we spent two weeks in dear little Tutzing. Some years later we visited him in his home at Stuttgart. These few weeks with him were real flashes of light in their mental stimulus. He wished to show us every thing at all worth seeing, both in Munich and Stuttgart. In Munich he led us from the art collections to the "Bavaria" and then to the public gardens. He knew it all from a time previous to his blindness. But once even we had to go to a distant island, to look at a newly built church, in which there was really nothing to see, except its newness. He described to us the construction, about which he had spoken with somebody beforehand, as if he was really able to see it. Also from Tutzing, we had to make many expeditions into the environs. I remember him standing before a very old gigantic limetree, and explaining its growth. He had seen it long ago, and his colossal memory had fixed its image for ever in his soul. On the other hand, little mistakes used to happen; for instance, he stood before works of art and explained quite different ones, because their places had been changed. He seemed to remember for the most part exactly the place of each single object and the sequence of them all. But once he explained to me, with great enjoyment, the splendid figure, the position, the attitude and the beautiful folds in the robe of a goddess, but we were standing before an old Roman warrior who had changed places with her shortly before. Sometimes he astonished and wounded me

with the assertion: "To-day you look splendid—yesterday you had such a tired and rather grey complexion," whilst I had the inner conviction never to have looked fresher than on the day before, and never to have a grey complexion at all. When walking, he liked to offer his arm to me and to rush along quickly, very quickly, just as quickly as my aunt. My aunt could not always go with us, so he transported me at a quick pace, the while moving from place to place, showing me all the sights. Heat and dust were nothing to him. Going along, he explained to me most animatedly his philosophic theories, requiring from me only an occasional "yes," "yes certainly," or something of the sort. When, principally in the sculpture galleries, I used to give my instinctive opinions about art, he used to stop ostentatiously in order the better to show his astonishment. Once I remember when we wished to see the newly erected monument to the soldiers in the cemetery at Stuttgart, he explained to me his theory of "the glorified incarnation of the soul"—how the soul clothed in its ethereal body leaves the human body at the moment of death; "escapes, vanishes and is breathed out." I liked to hear it! It sounded beautiful, and I could understand it; but when the Professor, waiting for my acquiescence, paused in his speech, the thought came into my head and I said: "Oh, yes; like an umbrella coming out of its case." Fichte, to my boundless terror, stood still abruptly in the middle of the street, and stared at me for a long time. Then he struck with his right fist on his left hand, stamped once with his foot—hard—and we trudged along in silence. I with a fearful feeling of having offended him deeply and with the thought of what my aunt would say now. And yet I was too shy to excuse myself. Fichte rushed in front of me into my aunt's room, exclaiming: "An extraordinarily talented little woman, your little niece! Always hits the nail on the head! like an umbrella out of its

case! A remarkably good idea!—really a splendid picture. Well, let us make a compromise, Fraulein Bertha, let us say—sunshade! According to the theory of your excellent aunt, we all strive for, and we all fly towards, the sun, as the centre of our planetary system—so we will say sunshade! Where is Louise; where is the Faulhuber? She must hear that!" and he hurried away to his rooms. "What is the matter with him?" asked my aunt, quite astonished, and almost anxiously, for though she herself often enough used to like to dispute with Fichte, she always took care that no one else should annoy or excite him. But I had come to the end of my strength, mentally and physically and I cried out indignantly: "That dreadful philosophy!" Nevertheless I loved and honoured Fichte. His simple mode of life was touching and I admired the modest habits of this great scholar. He was perfectly satisfied over the worst dinner and when we once lunched together and I had the feeling that the cook must have overlooked something in the choice and preparation of the food, Professor von Fichte, on rising from the table, said thankfully and contentedly: "Well, this has been for once a good nourishing meal." I felt quite at a loss and almost ashamed at my own feeling of dissatisfaction.

Fichte was able, by his connection, to contribute largely to the enlistment for the "Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein." His conviction of the importance of Fröbel's ideas was deeply felt and he has often expressed this in his writings to my aunt's great joy. He greatly admired my aunt's writings ("classical writings" as he used to call them), as well as her splendid achievements, and he expressed this admiration with hearty frankness and without envy. When it was very warm, he sometimes appeared in his shirt-sleeves, without thinking anything of it, and my aunt would never notice it. Always ready to be kind, and helpful by word, by deed,

or by writing—this faithful old friend stands thus in my memory. How often I heard my aunt say: "Fichte will see to that for me." Whilst we were staying at Stuttgart, I had already begun to write little stories to amuse my aunt in the evening hours when we were away in the summer. These were all collected in a book under the motto by Goethe.

" Am besten geschäh Dir,
Du legst dich nieder,
Erholtest im Kühlen,
Ermüdete glieder,
Genössest der immer
Dich meidenden Ruh,
Wir säuseln, wir rieseln,
Wir flüstern dir zu."
(*Faust, Part II.*)

" For thee it were best
Thyself down to lay
And rest thy tired limbs
When no sun shines by day;
So enjoy the deep peace
Thou in vain dost pursue,
When we rustle and ripple
And whisper to you."

These were called "Abend märlein für mein Mütterlein" ("Evening stories for my little mother"). My aunt had hardly mentioned it to Fichte, when he asked for the manuscript; and, as I was much too shy to read one of them aloud myself as my aunt wished, Fr. Faulhuber read some of them to him. At midday on the following morning he appeared with the news that he had made use of the morning well, by offering the manuscript to one of the first publishers in

Stuttgart, who of course declared himself ready to please him.

He wished to give my aunt pleasure, as he said. Fichte died unfortunately while still in the vigour of manhood. In the delirium of his last illness, he is said to have spoken of "the old Fichte" as if of a second person, and as if this second Fichte were teaching him—the real Fichte—in long philosophical discourses. This specially interested my aunt, for it proved how, in the last hours of his life, the very same thoughts which had occupied him during the long course of his career as thinker, occupied him to the end. My aunt mourned her dear friend deeply, and, though she never spoke much of her losses—nearly all of her best friends passed away before her—yet it could be *felt* how much she missed the intercourse with this kindred spirit. She always spoke with thankfulness of Professor von Fichte's friendship and of the faithfulness of the conviction with which he had embraced Fröbel's doctrine.

PROFESSOR VON LEONHARDI

I HAD only been a short time with my aunt, when, on coming home one day, I met, at the foot of our staircase, an elderly gentleman, whom I, as the child of a university town, recognized at once as a professor by the plaid he wore round him. His figure was large and powerfully built, and had already a slight stoop. He took off his hat and said in his Frankfort dialect with a little drawl in his voice:

"Frau von Marenholtz's niece?" and then led me upstairs with a sort of clumsy chivalry. My aunt received us with the joyful exclamation: "Oh! dear Leonhardi! what a surprise!" He took her hand with astonishing gentleness between his own, which were large but well cared for, and his languid blue eyes, with their touching childlike expression, lighted up joyfully for a moment. The next minute they were in eager conversation about the association which then occupied all their thoughts.

Among all of my aunt's old friends, I saw perhaps most of Leonhardi, who lived not very far off at Prague. Though sixty years of age, he had the naïve goodness and the purity of a child, untouched by all the wickedness of the world, and his picture is deeply engraved in my soul as one of the most touching recollections, leaving behind it a feeling of sanctity. When I think of the touching figure of this old man I feel that one ought to become better and more unselfish from having known him. Thus even his memory leads to good. This was perhaps the reason why the rough-

est became gentle when they were near him, and listened patiently to his lengthy explanations of Krause's and Fröbel's philosophical ideas, as if fascinated by his so wondrously unique personality.

The picture of this old man so confident in the goodness and reason of mankind, although he himself had suffered so much for his own convictions, must appeal with overwhelming force to many people. I remember that on the evening of his arrival he was most happy about a butcher, "or was it a butcher's boy?" Leonhardi asked himself. In short, it was a butcher whom he had met in the train and had quite convinced of the truth of Krause's philosophy of life and of Fichte's theory of education. When this butcher left the railway carriage some stations before Dresden, and a baker, "or," Leonhardi asked himself, "was it a smith?" got in, Leonhardi also convinced him of all the good and beautiful theories which he propounded, and when they got out at Dresden the baker invited him to some dreadful sort of inn, in order that he might be further instructed. But although my aunt smiled a little at all this, we would not have laughed for the world, and I do not think that anybody could have done so.

In her book the "Reminiscences of Friedrich Fröbel," my aunt says of her friend Leonhardi: "Fröbel communicated part of the letter from Professor Hermann von Leonhardi at Heidelberg. These were the first words I had heard at that time from my true friend of many years. Fröbel related with great approbation how Leonhardi had devoted his whole life and strength to advocating, and, to some extent, to saving from oblivion the doctrines of the late philosopher *Krause*, his teacher. Ever since his eighteenth year, he had not dreaded any sacrifice, and had given up every personal interest even to that of his paternal inheritance, in order to carry on the editorship and the propagation of *Krause's*

writings, the contents of which had first opened to him the door of truth and the enthusiastic promulgator of which he remained to the last breath. To his activity, to his rare power of work and peerless perseverance, it is principally due that the important heritage of the great thinker was brought to light, and that a number of disciples and votaries were won to his doctrines. Leonhardi bequeathed even the material savings of his most simple and unassuming life to the work to which he had devoted himself in the service of mankind. His inheritance destined for the establishment of a 'Krause Stiftung,' the object of which was to spread Krause's philosophy by word and writing.

"The known agreement between Fröbel's view of life and that of Krause called forth in him the wish, already in the year 1836, to join his efforts with those of Fröbel.

"This plan which he communicated to Fröbel, could not be carried out, principally because the scientific activity of Krause for speculative philosophy, differed too considerably from the activity of Fröbel, wholly destined for practical life. Nevertheless, Leonhardi always remained a true friend of Fröbel, and of his educational work, which appeared to him best adapted to produce the deliverance and renovation of human society, according to Krause's views. Leonhardi never neglected an opportunity of drawing attention to Fröbel and his work, and always stood by my side also, as *a most faithful helper and counsellor*. He was one of the first who supported my idea of establishing the 'Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein,' and who offered me a helping hand in the execution of the enterprise.

"*NOTE*—This may be the reason of the widespread error, that the 'Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein' had arisen from the 'Congress of Philosophers' of Krause's disciples. This is not the case. I only invited some members of that Congress to join the association founded by me.

"Till his death he belonged to the committee of the association and supported its efforts.

"Leonhardi belonged to those rare men, who devote themselves to an idea their whole life through, with unwavering conviction of it, from the love of truth and the love of humanity. The fewer such examples of the loftiest self-denial our time can offer, the more is it our duty to save their memory from oblivion."

If we reflect how seldom my aunt touched on the *personal* in her works, we can surely recognize in these words which she dedicated to her friend Leonhardi in loving acknowledgement, indeed in real admiration, a touching mark of her friendship for him. She spoke of him with a voice involuntarily softened, almost moved—particularly after his death—as of something very precious and very dear to her, and when she had written down the above quoted words, in the "Reminiscences," she rose from her writing table, and said to me with tears in her eyes: "I really owed *that* to my old friend. Little enough is made of his splendid achievements."

Like all who are penetrated with one leading idea, Leonhardi referred everything in life to Krause's philosophy. My aunt was obliged sometimes to protect Fröbel's ideas from being attributed by Leonhardi to Krause. Then they disputed a little, but the dispute was never as vehement, nor as violent, nor was it conducted with so much passion as with Fichte. My aunt always tried to a certain extent to spare Leonhardi, who was always so full of admiration and respect, and so gentle and self-contained. Nevertheless he knew very well how to champion his convictions firmly and decidedly, and with many proofs, often with rather long-winded explanations, which I, who willingly avoided all philosophizing, with all the pros and cons and hairsplitting subdivisions, used nevertheless to follow with a certain

curiosity to see "how it would end." My aunt used to listen kindly and patiently, sometimes even tolerantly, though her thoughts showed themselves on her forehead and her eyes were flashing with excitement. Then at last it broke out "But, dear Leonhardi!!" I remember one evening when he was explaining to us Fichte's theory of "subjective idealism," according to which external things are visionary and only the observer is real, my aunt could not entirely agree with him, and to me it appeared of course very extraordinary. I could hardly keep from smiling, especially when at that moment an accident happened. Leonhardi knocked the tray out of Louise's hand, and our supper lay on the floor! When Leonhardi with an expression, half crying, half smiling, saw the pieces of sausage and cold meat swimming on the floor in the salad dressing, I said laughing heartily: "Now I fear our stomachs will see that sausage and ham are not imaginary, but tangible and real, and if you wait a moment, Herr Professor, you will find that they will call out loudly enough for this reality, for we have nothing else to eat, and no shop will be open at this late hour." Leonhardi looked round sadly, not knowing what to do, but I hurried to the kitchen, and, with the help of eggs and bacon, we two Mecklenburg girls managed some delicate pancakes, which Louise placed triumphantly on the table with some of the rescued salad. On eating this, the old man looked round with such a touching expression of relief, that we were quite ready to believe all he wished; even that the salad and pancakes were imagination.

Others have to judge of what Leonhardi has done for Krause's philosophy, and they will surely not forget to do so in thankful recognition of his work. I wished to represent him here as he lives in my memory and in that of many others,—a wondrous and unique individuality.

Really more than simple in his surroundings and do-

mestic arrangements, the longing for the ideal and the admiration of the beautiful, nevertheless remained with him. I know that he could even admire a tasteful lady's costume. And how delicately he expressed his feeling for symmetry. His childlike contented heart was rejoiced even to be able to communicate this taste to others; for instance, I remember how happy it made him, when he had at last induced his little servant maid, by the oft-repeated promise of a Kreuzer, to bring the salt stamped with some pattern, as he had seen it at my aunt's table. His look was as mild and gentle as his whole soul, and as his judgment of other people. Later in the spring, after the constitution of the "Verein," we visited Leonhardi at Prague, and became acquainted with his home, his mode of life, and his wife Sydonie, *née* Krause. Perhaps she too had been once young and pretty, at any rate fresher than she appeared to us then. She vividly recalled a portrait of her father and Leonhardi, once asserted, quite enthusiastically, that Krause had been handsome. When I got to know her, she was an insignificant little woman bowed more perhaps by illness than by age, very thin, with a strange staring expression in her light-blue eyes—with a goitre, a squeaking voice, and a curious swinging gait, and an extraordinary manner of clothing herself, which made her all the more odd looking. Of all the sacrifices which Leonhardi had made to his master, this marriage with the daughter always seemed to us the greatest. But I hardly ever saw a husband treat his wife, even a beautiful one, with such respectful chivalry. He took her about, introduced her, and spoke to her hat in hand, so to speak, and thereby showed his really great and fascinating goodness of heart and his lovable nature. My aunt once told me that Sydonie had formerly helped Leonhardi in his work, as she had, when a girl, helped old Krause. Now she sat, for the most part, absently staring straight in front

of her, as if she took no part in the conversation. A second daughter of Krause lived at their house, and looked after the housekeeping. When we went to see him, Leonhardi met us, beaming with joy, and led us with such delight into his study, that we even looked at the old uncomfortable sofa on which we sat in a more friendly spirit, and feeling thankful that at least he had a sofa. He showed us his whole home, so truly primitive, with such a contented expression, and described it all with such beautiful kind words, that we could not feel disappointed, even with the large "best room," adorned with nothing but chairs upon chairs round the room, and on every chair another chair stretching its legs comfortlessly up to heaven.

Whilst my aunt conversed with Frau von Leonhardi, who was attired in a grass green dress, and a very much-washed lilac tie round her neck, and who explained to her a sewing machine in a very long-winded way, Leonhardi showed me a daisy, blooming in a little medicine bottle in the window. He was known to be a great botanist, and his work on the "Alternate-Leaved Plants" is celebrated. My aunt called it a "rare research." The study of plants and flowers suited him so well. When we met him later at the Kochelsee, in the Bavarian Alps, where he and his wife used to stay every summer in the most primitive accommodation of a mill, he told us much about his plants and gave us many a long lecture on flowers. Most interesting was his manner of introducing each plant with its distinctive characteristics, and of giving them a spiritual significance.

On that evening in Prague, he explained to me the daisy, and was so full of respect for the beauty "which was given even to this insignificant little flower by Divine creative Nature." I listened quite carried away. We admired the form of the charming little coloured petals, the tips of which become red, as Leonhardi said, when the flower fully blooms,

"blushing at the same time in its virgin beauty." He then spoke of the yellow calix as of "the golden heart" within the flower, and of the "dew which shimmers as a tear in the middle of this heart in the morning." It was as if he presented to me a living and charming being—and I listened, listened. When the twilight sank the door-bell began to ring incessantly. Leonhardi wished to give a lecture this evening on Krause, and to introduce the disciples of Krause's philosophy at Prague to my aunt. So he had invited them all. The chairs were now arranged in two rows round the room, and occupied by attentive people, eager for the lecture. The sister-in-law, who had decorated her brown cotton jacket with a long beautiful chain of jet, placed a very small table before Leonhardi, and on this table two candles in very shining brass candlesticks. In the stand there lurked two snuffers. The candles had to be shoved up when they were burnt down, and when this happened good Candidat Selber sprang up each time, snuffed first one and then the other candle, and sat down again. In this antediluvian light, Leonhardi began to speak, and emphasized his speech, according to his wont, with the middle finger and thumb of his left hand. I sat at my aunt's side, and tried to observe the listening faces in the dimly-illuminated darkness. Then I looked at Leonhardi and with an inner reverence, I observed this, in its way, unique picture, how he demonstrated his master's doctrine—himself so absolutely convinced—behind the modest tallow candles. I thought of the "golden heart" of which he had but recently spoken and gradually in my thoughts the little flower and Leonhardi melted into one single great kindly nodding picture. It seemed to me as if white petals now surrounded his gentle face—and as if the place where his heart was shone like gold, like the brass of the candlesticks, and it seemed as if he were repeating heartily and full of con-

viction: "Yes, a golden heart, a golden heart." "Are you asleep, my poor Putt?" whispered my aunt above me, and almost indignant, and yet half laughing, I answered "Not a bit! I am listening—the golden heart, the golden heart!" "Oh, you foolish child," my aunt said, "come let us go home, it has been too much for you to-day." Leonhardi and his and Fröbel's true adherent, Candidat Selber, led us both to our hotel through sleeping Prague, and Leonhardi explained to us the shining stars with the same enjoyment and the same devotional feeling toward "all the magnificence of the divine creation," as he had explained to me the little flower. But for me, the memory of his golden heart will remain for my whole life, and I can never see a daisy without remembering it.

WE saw Leonhardi often in the next few years, and always with hearty joy.

Sydonie also came with him to visit us at Dresden and my friend Wischen, who was staying with us, quite spoilt her chances with her by bursting out laughing on a drive with her through the Grosse Garten, when Sydonie went through the whole category of vegetables, which might be good for my aunt.—"Spinach—yes—Spinach is *healthy*." "Yes," said I, "and then *cabbages*."—"Yes, cabbages are *healthy*."—"Then carrots—they are *healthy*."—"Yes," I answered. And then suddenly with stronger emphasis: "And then kids—they are *healthy*," and then with even greater stress—"and frogs' legs!" Then it was all up with Wischen—Sydonie turned her eyes away from her, with a very interesting haughty expression, and never looked at her again afterwards. She had a very inexplicable dislike to the Czechs, to whom she attributed everything bad which happened in this world. We can understand it very well now, but then I laughed. It was the fault of the Czechs that the

potatoes, cabbages, etc., at Smichow, a suburb of Prague, where Leonhardi then lived, had done badly that year. Why exactly, she could never say. I mention this to show how touching it was, that Leonhardi, remembering her former mental powers, always bore her present condition so patiently and gently.

The last we saw of our dear old friend was when he drove away with the skull of his master and father-in-law, Krause. Wischen dashed into my room with the horrified words: "Oh my 'Mückchen'! Now he has even brought a head of a skeleton with him." On my shaking my head incredulously, she protested: "You can believe it—it lies on the large table in the drawing-room, wrapped up in blue paper!" She had evidently investigated the paper, for it really was Krause's skull, which Leonhardi had fetched away from the Carus collection for some purpose or other. I remember how it began to rain and that he wanted a carriage; and how we all three stood at the window to see him drive away. With the most sanctimonious expression—as at a funeral—he carried the skull under his arm, and, at the house door, took off his plaid and wound it protectingly round his burden, exposing himself thereby to the dampness. And thus we saw him get into the carriage. It was so exactly like our old friend—and that *was the last* we saw of him in this world.

I believe the news came that same summer that an apoplectic stroke had carried him off. Alone, without assistance or nursing, he lay paralyzed for hours—I fear even for days—on that uncomfortable sofa in his room, until his wrestling spirit at last was allowed to escape from its earthly shell. He had just been on the point of hurrying to his sick wife at Kochell. When Sydonie learned that he also was severely ill, with undreamt of energy she travelled back at once to Prague, arrived there a dying woman, found Leon-

hardi already dead, and died on the same or the next day. Thus the same grave received the two, who, according to the ideas of the present day, must indeed have led a strange life, but happy in its way, in true love.

My aunt and I could at first hardly console ourselves about this sad and comfortless end of our dear friend. But his picture, I know well, remained to my aunt as one of those dear recollections which would not be forgotten. The fact of having known him makes life more beautiful and noble.

Now let us go back to 1871. When Whitsuntide came that year, we saw all the friends of the "Cause" at Dresden. In splendid sunshine in the Pavillion of the Zwinger, hence on a memorable spot, the first meeting of the "*Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein*" took place. I remember that we could not find a single drosky on that holiday afternoon, and had to walk; and that we arrived, heated and tired out, at the Zwinger, where they had already begun to despair of my aunt's coming and where our President Leonhardi had opened the meeting. Fichte, our President of honour, had unfortunately not appeared.

In this and in later meetings, I made the acquaintance of my aunt's friends, one after the other, and for my aunt's sake, they were all inclined to be friendly with me. There was the amiable and intelligent Assessor Schrader from Brunswick; there was the lively and rather nervous Professor Ahrens from Leipsic. Then the chivalrous and handsome Professor Röder from Heidelberg, whose efforts for the improvement of the prisons were so interesting to hear of. My aunt did not always agree with him. She used to say: "What does it lead to, and what injustice there appears to be in the worst criminals having things better than many good—yes very honest and good—people?" And despite her extraordinary human kindness, she had

here, as always, the right judgment. She thought it would be much better to found institutions for criminals after leaving the prisons, to win them back to humanity, and to make it possible to them to lead a better life. We often saw Fr. Amalie Bölte as well as Gustave Kühne, and his talented and still beautiful wife, at Dresden. We visited the author Duboc, and the Kühnes at Hosterwitz, in their country houses, and dear Professor Kuhne liked to laugh at our endless search for his villa at Hosterwitz, where we arrived at last quite tired out.

The most interesting people at that time were, for me, Richard Wagner and his wife, Cosima, née Liszt, who visited my aunt in the second winter at Dresden. Wagner explained in detail his ideas, and his wife listened to him, affectionately, with marvellous gazelle-like eyes. They invited us to Manfred (their villa) to be present at the opening of the Bayreuth "Bühnenfestspiel." Cosima Wagner specially wished for my aunt's presence at that opening, but my aunt's health unfortunately did not allow it.

Director Bruno Hansmann, Fröbel's biographer, Georg Wigand, my aunt's publisher, Pastor Bähring, dear Deacon Horfarler, Professor Erasmus Schwab, Louise Otto, are names to which so many friendly recollections are attached, and to which I shall return later. The same also with our dear friend Professor Hanne and Dr. Wichard Lange. And now arise in my memory all the touching figures of the women, so inspired for our holy cause, who, each in their way, truly gave themselves up for a whole life time to the Fröbel cause; such as those dear Berlin scholars, Martha Berduscheck, the Frauleins Hausbrand, Föllner, Kuhne, Lortzing, Friedrich (Kiel), Vorhauer, and many others; also Frau von Portugall and Mrs. Wood (Baltimore), all women working and writing for Fröbel's principles. Above all Frau Dr. Henriette Goldschmidt, and Miss

Eleonore Heerwart, those two eager representatives; also Fröbel's widow, and our dear friend Countess Hessenstein. They all looked with great love and reverence to my aunt, and she valued all—all, each and every one.

She was always ready to praise and recognize those who contributed in truth to the spread of Fröbel's ideas, true to her motto:

"I love the good, wherever I find it."

JOHANNISBAD

WE left Dresden some days after the constitution of the "Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein." In this summer, we hurried through a nice bit of Germany and Austria. "Now you must be our manager for the journey, my Putt," said my aunt, and gaily, though very inexperienced, I threw myself into the difficult arrangements for the journey. This first journey across Saxon Switzerland to Johannisbad in Bohemia, took rather long, for, instead of half a day, we travelled from Bodenbach for three days. I had got to the wrong ticket office and the stupid man gave me tickets to Jung Buntzlau. There, to my aunt's horror, we passed a dreadful night in a dreadful inn. On the next day, we again could only get to Josephstadt, a good distance from Trautenau, where we wished to go. When the sun went down we drove with hot indignation into the fortress, and slept in another dreadful Czech inn. "That smell of garlic! We shall never get rid of it," said my aunt. At last, after another half day, we reached Trautenau and Johannisbad. My aunt's patience was fairly at an end, and later I was not allowed to mention those round-about journeys. But on arriving so much later than we were expected, we found our lodgings let to other people, and, in the great want of apartments, we were lodged most uncomfortably, my aunt under the hot roof, and I in a damp hole near a Jewish kitchen, where Louise had to sleep at night on an antediluvian piece of furniture, which by day served the Jews as a

kitchen table. "Now they cast it in my teeth as a favor on their part," she said indignantly, "that I have to sleep on that horrid thing, which smells of onions and garlic—like the devil."

The remembrance of Johannisbad was very disagreeable to my aunt later, and no less to me, for I became seriously ill there. My aunt was terribly alarmed about me, and the doctor appeared to fear for my life. He sat for hours by my bed, looked at my emaciated hands, and only said again and again, "Ach Gott!—Ach Gott, Ach Gott!" so that we all believed that I was already dying. Moreover it rained unceasingly, and every morning the landlady made the same comfortless remark:—"If it looks dark behind the black mountain it will go on raining." It always looked dark there, and always rained on. At last, after three long weeks, it stopped, and we drove off in a little mountain trap over the interesting Austrian-Prussian War battlefields of 1866, near Trautenau. We then went to Munich and later into the mountains. The treasures of art, our dear friends Fichte, Ahrens, Leonhardi and Otto von Leikner, the highest mental stimulus on one side, and on the other the mountain world, quite new to me—these were all deeply felt impressions. My aunt felt and enjoyed them much. And throughout it all, I had the delightful, wonderful, *safe* feeling of being with her, cared for and surrounded by her love on all sides, and petted by everybody. Who can wonder that in her arms I awoke to full life and I believe that I was even then indispensable to her. Indeed in her love for me, she spoilt me in every way. She was delighted when Professor Ahren's son, Charles—a gay student—and I made little expeditions together, when he went to shoot wild duck and waterfowl on the Kochelsee, or took me for drives to the Walchensee, and although Ahrens clasped his hands above his head in his anxious way, my aunt

laughed and never disturbed us. She even tolerated the young bats, which the student used to carry about in his waistcoat pocket, and the nude hideousness of which was unpleasant to her. But when the guns in the boat fired over my head at the ducks, this caused her such terrible anxiety of heart, that, for her sake, I had to give up this beloved water sport. Often whilst my aunt and Ahrens, and later Leonhardi, were sunk in their philosophical discourses; whilst Sydonie was wholly occupied with staring straight in front of her unsympathetically; whilst Louise danced the peasant dances, with the yodling natives and was being wafted to the ceiling in the "Shuhklappen Dance," drinking copiously between whiles of the Bavarian beer, I myself liked to study the mountain clouds. I watched how they rolled themselves into one, hanging over the rock of the high "Herzogen Stand," and then floated off slowly like ghostly pictures, but so very different to the cloud formations over our northern sea.

And we had another ghostly apparition. Walking home late one evening, along the country road, the dark path became suddenly light. From round the corner of a rock a horseman sprang with a peculiar, shining torch, a second followed him, and then came a little carriage, surrounded by the same light, and formed almost like a sleigh, and in it a dark figure. The torchlight shone only on the metal of the helms, and threw a faint light over a pale beautiful face with a dark beard, and dark eyes looking upwards to the stars.—It was like a flash, and then the fairy picture had vanished—darkness surrounded us once more. We breathed again, and looked at each other. This was the unhappy *King Ludwig II. of Bavaria—driving by night to his hunting lodge, high up on the Herzogen Stand.*

Sometimes when the high-flown discourses lasted too long, and I feared the fatigue for my aunt, though I did not

dare to interrupt them, my cloud pictures served me as a means of creating a diversion. "Oh! look at that great dragon!" I cried—"Now there is a knight on it—St. George.—Oh! *do* come!" Then my aunt came to me, put her arm round me, and I pressed my head close to her and asked her: "Do you see it?" and we laughed heartily when Leonhardi, his hand to his eyes, and shaking his head, said innocently that he did not see a dragon nor a knight; there were only streaks of mist. My aunt whispered to me: "Let us have something for supper."—Then I waked Sydonie up from her brooding, and we looked through the menu, and when we were collected round the primitive table, in my aunt's room, Leonhardi insisted upon waiting on us. My aunt as hostess was charming, thinking of everything; and then Sydonie's stern face relaxed and became quite cheerful, and once she suddenly put her hand on my arm and looked friendly at me. She opened her mouth as if she would say something—but she said nothing, and only Leonhardi said: "Hm—hm" apologetically.

"I cannot conceal from you Fräulein Bertha, that we, the near friends of your revered aunt, had some apprehensions, when we heard of your coming. How would this niece from the rough Obotrite country conduct herself towards her aunt, who, in her solitary life, and despite all her work, must have had many a longing for a loving and sympathizing heart—but now we see that all our apprehensions were groundless. We find an ideal relationship between two souls living one in the other; we find a niece who offers herself lovingly—quite submissive; we find an aunt who often sacrifices her own comfort. She cherishes, cares for, and—hm—" "Spoils," I threw in, laughingly. "Well yes—spoils her," continued Leonhardi kindly. He made me this little speech in front of the bar of the inn, standing there in his grey summer coat, the brown straw

hat, which had lived through so many a storm, in his hand, and carrying under each arm a bundle of plants, whilst the innkeeper offered him a glass of his very bad, but very dear, white wine. Leonhardi looked at me with such indescribable kindness, and seemed so tired out by his long mountain walk, that I could not help relieving him of one of his bundles, so that he could drink. He looked after his bundle uneasily all the time, for they were uncommonly rare, most interesting plants. "To your health—and to the health of your excellent aunt," he said, bowing in his polite and rather old-fashioned heavy manner.

At the end of August, we drove across the mountain towards glorious Ober-Ammergau, in the most splendid sunshine, dark-blue sky above us, happy expectant faces around us, and everything in a delightful pure mountain air. Thus we drove up the mountain, and thousands with us. "Who can count the peoples, or tell their names?" as Schiller says. At many steep places, everybody had to leave their carriages, and then this migration of the tribes could be seen. People from all nations, speaking in their respective tongues. The light silk dresses of English and American ladies shone among the mountain costumes of the Bavarian peasant women; music and singing, laughing and chattering—an ever memorable drive! At the side of our carriage, marched young Ahrens, with his friends; and in the midst of all this life and bustle, now and again on the blooming mountain meadows, or on a little promontory, we saw one of those little chapels, and devout people who knelt before them, praying.

We had, beyond this, the quieting certainty of night quarters engaged beforehand. Thus we arrived at Ober-Ammergau, and found, in our peasant quarters, smoking potatoes in a large pile awaiting us on the white scrubbed table, with a heap of salt by the side; laughing and rejoicing, the

students and I unpacked the provisions we had brought with us. Then we allowed the students to rest, as well as they could, in the carriage under our window, and I sank into the depths of my peasant bed, heartily glad that we had brought for my aunt here, as on all her other journeys, her own mattress and coverlet. On the next day, in delicious weather, we were present at the "Passion Play," and both had the same impression. It was impossible not to feel the magnificence of the whole representation. We were carried away, overcome, and melted into tears, with the other spectators. Yet, at the same time, we could not help experiencing a feeling of pain and discord by this representation of the story of the Holy Passion.

This autumn we had to spend at Munich, and lived in a furnished apartment on the Ascanische-Platz. My aunt wished to establish a "Zweigverein" of the Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein. Partly through Fichte's introduction, we made the acquaintance of a number of interesting people, among others, Stiftsprobst Döllinger. Moreover it happened that, at that time, the "Old Catholic Congress" met at Munich. Bishop Reinkens, their president, Professor Froschammer, Professor Friedrich and others came to see my aunt, so she was initiated into the affair and felt very interested in it. We were able to attend the lectures of the most celebrated members. Perhaps the most interesting speaker was the French Père Hyacinthe. Immediately after the giant figure of a German speaker had left the tribune and his loud and thundering words had ceased, the little, neat, rather stout but graceful padre walked onto the platform. He was exactly the "Abbé," such as one sees in pictures of the time of Louis XIV. and XV.—dark hair, blue eyes, small smiling mouth, delicate white hands, gesticulating vivaciously, but with a gentle manner. Then he began his lecture, and soon

everybody was carried away by his flow of eloquence, and listened breathlessly. Uncommonly interesting in substance, his very beautiful French, as well as the mode of the lecture and the deep conviction of inspiration enchanted us; and yet, with all this fire, he remained temperate and dignified. My aunt was happy at hearing a French speaker again, and when we met Père Hyacinthe later in Rome, where he, at the lion's mouth, so to speak, illuminated all the Catholic dogmas from his point of view, we never missed a single lecture.

In a theatre (all other places having shut their doors to him) we heard the little Abbé many times over. Accompanied by his true adherents, armed with daggers and pistols for his protection, he went in and out of the theatre, and fearlessly spoke amidst the Catholic ecclesiastics who were eagerly on the watch. They came there in numbers and surrounded thickly his desk, sitting even on the steps, and listening with attention, whilst we, electrified by his oratory, and carried away by the contents of the lecture, could not keep from looking at those dark figures, with their sharp features, who measured him with eyes full of hatred. More than once when one of these fanatic-looking priests moved, we feared he would throw himself on the courageous speaker, who so pitilessly exposed every error, and extricated the Christian doctrines from the chaos into which the church had, in his opinion, thrown them in the course of centuries.

At Munich, I was often allowed to accompany my aunt on the visits she made to influential people, on behalf of the Association. I had to carry a little bundle of divers pamphlets, which was terrible to me. "You can believe me," I complained, "every servant, on seeing the papers, thinks we want to beg, and quickly wishes to shut the door on us, and even the dogs sniff at us suspiciously." My aunt laughed

but I was never allowed to carry the papers again. She carried them herself. We visited the handsome, proud, and rather severe looking Professor Justus von Liebig; and in Kaulbach's house, we met with friendly hospitality. My aunt met Professor Moritz von Carrière, and other interesting savants there.

Kaulbach showed us his sketches for his Gœthe illustrations, and the little room papered with his charming illustrations of Gœthe's "Reinische Fuchs." Kaulbach always teased me. Sometimes he wanted to draw my nose, sometimes my hands, sometimes my ears; but my aunt stood by me and sternly forbade it, and I believe that she only gave way at last and allowed him to draw one ear, because it was Kaulbach. We laughed heartily over it in his studio. When Professor Zeisig, who rediscovered the ancient theory of human proportions known as the "Goldene Schnitt", wished to measure everyone and us also in his enthusiasm for his system, she refused smiling, but at last allowed me to be measured. Later in Munich, Florence and Rome, she also forbade it when the artists, whose studios we visited, wished to model or paint me. "It is not proper", she used to say, "who would allow themselves to be looked at so?" To her pure nature, all vanity in this direction was quite incomprehensible and very repugnant.

FRÖBEL CAUSE IN ITALY

IN the middle of October, we started off on our journey to Italy, contemplated for so long. Martha Berduschek, who had lived for many years in Italy, and who was returning there from Berlin, accompanied us from Munich to Verona. Snow was already lying on the mountains when we arrived at Innsbruck; and packed up warmly, we crossed the Brenner through snow and ice, to emerge after a few hours and to meet, on the other side of the pass, the mildest air and the most fresh and blooming vegetation, as in a beautiful dream. This quick change of temperature was too much for me in my weak state of health. Absolutely stupefied by a severe attack of migraine, I lay on the floor of the carriage with my head on my aunt's knee, and only awoke to full consciousness (as in a new world) in the old carved four-posted bed at Verona, just as the dawn was breaking over the curious old buildings of the square, which I could see from my bed.

ON the introduction of the Fröbel method into Italy, my aunt wrote in the second edition of "Labour" 1876: "From Switzerland, some of the articles in the papers had passed into the Italian papers, and had excited considerable interest in Fröbel's reform of education. Moreover some Italians, whom I had interested in it in Paris, and in some places in Switzerland, had already attempted to work for the 'Cause.' The games and occupations left Lausanne both for the north and south of Italy. In Chambery, Nice,

Naples, and Palermo, they are already in the hands of the children. In the first two towns, beginnings for the establishment of Kindergartens have been made. An Italian Abbé, who often came to me in Paris to learn Fröbel's method, promised to effect its introduction into the crèches at Chambéry—a part of which were under his direction. The revival which Italy was manifesting in all directions at that moment drew public attention, as is well known, towards the real improvement of the schools which had already been inaugurated. The recognition of how much depends on the first beginnings of education had even caused Garibaldi to create an association for the establishment of crèches and primary schools, to which many women had joined their efforts with enthusiasm. Hence it cannot fail, that here too the need of the foundation of a new mode of education will lead to a general introduction of the Kindergartens together with their continuation. Some connections made at Milan awakened the hope of seeing there at least a beginning made for the 'Cause.' This hope was fulfilled, when, in the sixties, general attention was drawn to the education of the people and thereby to the Kindergartens also. A large number of periodicals which were sent to me, in consequence of acquaintance with some of my writings, gave me the opportunity of suggesting by letter the establishment of Kindergartens.

"In Venice Prof. Adolfo Pick and Frau Della Vida Levi founded the first Kindergartens and worked for the propagation of the cause. The Kindergartens of Frau Della Vida Levi were first conducted by a pupil of mine from Berlin, Frl. Fröhlich, who was summoned from there to Trieste to train and direct a Volksgarten, founded by the magistrate of the town. With this Volkskindergarten were connected two others and a training institute for Kindergartners.

"In the year 1871-72 I made a considerable stay in Flor-

ence and some other towns of Italy, whereby not only in these places, but in many others besides, the 'Cause' met with real success. By a course of private lectures in my apartment a circle of men and women from the higher and highest grades of society soon formed itself—who not only were inspired for Fröbel's educational idea, but also assisted me in the work of starting a Kindergarten, and joined an educational association, (the branch of the Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein.) Especially active were the ladies Marchesa Franzoni, Madame Peruzzi, wife of the Syndic Peruzzi, Marchesa Guerrieri Gonzaga, Marchesa Tan-nari, Mrs. Marsh, Mme. Suzanni, the wife of Prof. Schiff, Signora Milli, Frl. von Meisenberg, Countess Perletti, and many others: together with the Commodore Pas-quele Villari, Professor of Philosophy (honorary member of the Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein, formerly Secretary of the Educational Department and later Minister for Education), Signor Cammarotta, Marchese Guerrieri Gon-zaga, Signor Fenzi and many others. The syndic of the town of Florence, Signor Peruzzi, the well-known minister and the inaugurator of various reforms, granted a locality within the town (Via Luigi Allemanni 3), with a garden attached and 3,000 francs for its completion, which was arranged by the Association, under my direction, as one of the prettiest existing Kindergartens. Frl. Martha Ber-duscheck (one of my Berlin pupils), who had lived for many years in Italy, and was directing at that time Prof. Pick's Kindergarten in Venice, was chosen as head of the association at my request. Under her able direction, combined with great zeal and faithfulness, and by the unselfish support of the members of the association, principally of Marchesa Franzoni, Guerrieri, and Prof. Villari, who from the very beginning had helped me most kindly in my efforts, the institution met with an interest uncommonly

keen. The institution soon numbered sixty pupils, and had to refuse the increasing number of children whose names were sent in for admission.

"At present, efforts are being made to start a second Kindergarten.

"The first steps towards the establishment of a training institute for Kindergarteners, were taken during my stay there, it could not yet be brought into actual existence, owing to the lack of the right class of teachers, but is now approaching its aim. The young Italian ladies under Fr. Berduschek's direction are now so far trained as to be able to assist in the institution as associates. A considerable number of teachers (among others, Signor Airoli, the director of the Normal School), showed the liveliest interest in, and agreement with Fröbel's method, and will doubtless further the same by their support. The wife of the American ambassador, Mrs. Marsh, who most kindly interested herself in the cause, sent a young Italian girl to Germany to be trained as a Kindergartner. The same was done by Frau Salis-Schwabe, who had an Italian girl trained in Hamburg, and sent for a Kindergartner from there, in order to be able to introduce the Kindergarten method into a school for poor children, started by her in Naples.

"Despite antagonists amongst the Catholic clergy, who opposed the Kindergartens on account of their Protestant origin, the prospect exists of seeing the method accepted not only in the government institutions, but also in those founded by private associations and under the direction of the Catholic clergy. A commission appointed by this association is to examine the Fröbel method, and to accept in their institutions that which appears profitable.

"Moreover there is no lack in Italy of newly founded crèches, some of which I saw arranged very judiciously—

principally in Naples and Florence. In Milan, under the presidency of Signor de Castro, an association exists for the extension of training institutes for Kindergartners; and there are also many Kindergartens.

"In Rome also, I found, after a few lectures, the liveliest agreement with Fröbel's educational method. A school for poor children there, started by an American lady, Mrs. Gould, and her countrymen, is the first institution which has adopted the Kindergarten occupations—for which purpose a Kindergartner was sent for from Milan.

"Nevertheless in Rome, great difficulties still oppose the establishment of Kindergartens. Those proceed specially from ultramontane quarters, and consist also in the great lack of suitable localities and efficient teachers. The German Kindergartners seldom acquire the Italian language to a sufficient degree. On the other hand the Italian government already supports the Fröbel cause in many quarters. the Minister of Education, Baron Currenti, granted at my request a donation of 3000 marks to the Kindergarten in Florence. Some of my writings were translated into Italian even during my stay there, and the translation of 'Labour and New Education' was arranged for.

"In Verona, where I was received very kindly by Prof. Coloniati, a training institute for Kindergartners, founded by him, as well as two Kindergartens, exist.

"Since I left Italy, I have received communications concerning the increasing establishment of Kindergartens, and the further extension of the cause, from every direction. In the beginning of 1874, a telegraphic greeting brought me the news of the establishment of the first Volks Kindergarten in Bologna. Also in Sicily, in Catania, preparations were made for the introduction of Kindergartens.

"In Padua a pupil of the Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein is

engaged in a private family. But, unfortunately, there exists already in Italy a number of so-called Kindergartens, which only bear the name without a particle of the real method. Sometimes indeed even without any of the Fröbel means of occupation. Such an institution I found, for instance, in Florence. It was nothing but a badly-arranged school for small children, and was conducted without any knowledge of the Kindergarten means of education. Prof. Villari writes, after mentioning the first progress in Italy: 'My opinion is, that it is not a large number of Kindergartens which can bring us forward, but rather a small number of institutions, in which Fröbel's method finds a *complete application*.' Of the Kindergartens, existing now in Italy, the one in Florence seems to me to be unconditionally the best. Above all, the establishment of a Normal School is required in order to train the proper *teachers*. Beyond that, we require for the intelligent public and for professional pedagogues, a book which treats Fröbel's method scientifically. In many quarters the method is still regarded as nothing better than a useful and entertaining game for children which develops the child's tastes and exercises his dexterity of hand. There is no suspicion that *a universal educational reform is thereby planned*—one founded on a deep and new study of psychology. As soon as the cause is recognized as effecting this reform, we may safely presume that the new educational system will make its way throughout Italy also, despite all obstacles."

My aunt and Frl. Berduschek went over the above-mentioned institutions in Verona. I was unfortunately too ill to do so. They came back very satisfied, and had, moreover, seen the tomb of Juliet, at my aunt's special request, and much to my astonishment. On this occasion, my aunt told us that "Romeo and Juliet" was her favourite Shakespeare play—over which she had shed many tears as

a young girl. I was inconsolable at having missed this visit, although Countess Krackow had already in Dresden taken away every illusion by the assertion: "Only a pig-trough, dear Bertha, where the donkeys drink if they can manage to get there through the mass of artichokes. I tore my stockings on them." The same thing happened with my aunt. In the afternoon, we visited the wonderful Giardino Giusti, and admired the splendid cypresses reaching up to heaven. Then Fr. Berduschek traveled ahead of us to Florence, whilst we left for Venice.

Everything was like a dream! Another Berlin pupil, Fr. Fröhlich, crossed from Trieste, and Prof. Pick showed us his Kindergarten with justifiable pride. It made a strange impression on us, as we stepped out of the gondola immediately across the threshold of the Kindergarten-hall. But most of the time, we two alone gave ourselves up absolutely to the unique enchantment of Venice. When we opened our windows in the morning—before us lay the broad waters of the Grand Canal, with the round cupola of the Dogana rising in the distance. The salt spray flew up to our apartments, and white long-winged seamews sailed close—close past us or even knocked against the windows. When we stood on the edge of some canal not knowing what to do next, and one of the black gondolas drew up beside us like a ghost, picked us up, and glided on rapidly with us on board—then I was radiant, and my aunt with me. When in some of the less narrow little streets, a luggage or vegetable truck suddenly approached, filling the whole width of the street, we had to fly and take refuge breathlessly in an open doorway; or when, after having admired in the Doges' Palace, the wealth of the golden tresses, belonging to the Tintoretto beauties, we proceeded down many steps, almost below the level of the water (whilst the sea lapped against the walls of the palace), and inspected

one of those horrible dungeon-holes into which no respectable dog would crawl in our country, but in which, as our guide mysteriously assured us, "even" Doges had, many times over, been transferred from the splendour of their palaces—we seemed as if we were in another world. When we issued from San Marco, breathing heavily from the fumes of incense, to wander through the carpeted and tapestried rooms of some old palace (in which there was generally a most musty smell), my aunt enjoyed all these sensations, which were new to her, far more keenly than I had ever imagined possible.

In the gentle motion of the gondolas, she did not feel the least discomfort, which she otherwise always experienced on the water. We navigated round the island of the lagunes, and basked in the warm sea sand on the Lido—before us the bright blue silvery, glittering Adriatic.

In the beginning of November, we went to Florence, where we arrived on a real Italian morning. My aunt did not like the *gêne* of pensions, with the constant intercourse with other strangers; so a "chambre garni" had been taken for us, and its position was as charming as it could possibly be. In the Via Montebello, between the Ogni Santi and Lung Arno,—quite near the large square Vittorio Emanuele—commanding a view over the Lung Arno, the river and the opposite bank, and not very far from the splendid Cascine, we lived in a comparatively quiet house, and were very satisfied with this choice, although the inner arrangements of the house left much to be desired.

Our landlord, Geronimo, was himself so proud of the elegance of his abode, and looked at the drawing-room with such ostentatious admiration, and at his twelve easy chairs in all shades of colour, which always had to stand in their fixed places so as to hide the defects of the carpet—that we did not dare to say anything. With inimitable grandeur,

and handing over to us, half kindly, half regretfully, all this splendour, he consigned to our care the horrible dining room, dark, and looking out on to the yard at the back of which, three yards off from our windows, the back wall of a tremendously high house rose. A friendly soul had engaged for us a German "Donna", of the name of Babette, an energetic person, whom I took care to avoid. At Christmas, all sorts of tradespeople announced themselves, with whom she had, unknown to us, run up bills which she had left unpaid, although my aunt had daily given her the money for the housekeeping. Our next German-speaking subservient spirit was called Agnes; and after the great annoyances we had had with Babette, I begged my aunt to hand over to me the domestic arrangements. In a strange land, of which one does not know the language, conditions of life, and ways of managing, this is no easy task. But Agnes treated me as a dear good little soul, to whom favours might be indulgently shown. Soon I discovered that her excessive jollity in the afternoons, her sulky wretchedness in the mornings, and the red tip to her nose had some connection with the incredible consumption of the wine of the country in our kitchen.

But Agnes was not *alone*, a dear good fellow—a real angel in the shape of a man, as she said—kept her company and rendered her assistance at all hours.

And this angel was a coal black negro with glistening teeth and rolling eyes, and even Geronimo, who felt himself frequently obliged to offer his courteous help in the kitchen, particularly when roast meat had to be turned on the spit, gave me to understand, in a pantomimic manner of his own, that it would be ill-advised to come into collision with this angel; at least *he*,—personally—he pressed his forefinger expressively to his breast—no—never! He would take great care not to do so, for something terrible, blood-curdling, might happen! On staring at him, much alarmed

by this communication, he performed some pacifying gesticulations, and quietly shut the kitchen door in my face. My aunt had no suspicion of the sort of visitors who took refuge in her kitchen, and I took good care not to say anything about it to her. One day she came into the room with the news:

"Bertha,—a horrible negro is standing outside—do look at him for yourself!" but I held my tongue, not to disturb her peace. Our acquaintances, moreover, whom I had asked for advice, were of the opinion that German-speaking servants were hard to get, and that as the negro appeared to be more of a protection than otherwise, it was better not to make my aunt uneasy. Agnes's eyes became every day smaller and more shining, and the end of her nose redder; and on the occasional remarks on the part of my aunt, she used to appear before me in the corridor with the question: "What is the matter with Aunt?" whilst Geronimo and the negro made indignant, deprecating, and astonished gestures in the background.

I found it then advisable to retire, full of dignity and with an air of superiority, to my apartment, and very quietly to shut the door, whilst I could hear quite distinctly that they were heartily amused at my fear of them.

Twice in the week, according to the Italian custom, we had our "public evenings." On one evening, all those who interested themselves in the Fröbel method were allowed to come—on the other, only our friends and acquaintances. These evenings were charmingly simple. In the event of many visitors, every room was made use of. Nobody felt surprised at the beds. I even remember, on one occasion when all the chairs were occupied, finding four elderly senators sitting in a row on my aunt's bed, each with a plate of German herring-salad in his hand, and chatting and feasting in an amiable manner.

Suspecting nothing, my aunt remarked afterwards that her room was curiously smelling of cigarettes; her bedroom was otherwise a sanctuary which was closed to the guests. Generally at Italian reception evenings a little colored sugar-water is offered, but on our own evenings, my aunt always insisted on having tea, lemonade, cakes, and sandwiches. Directly after our dinner at six o'clock, whilst my aunt was still resting, I began my preparations, each time with the alarming discovery that Agnes had disappeared, and she only returned with the first guests. My own consolation was the old *valet de place*, who was engaged for that evening. We understood each other splendidly without understanding the words; and after we had expressed, in pantomimic form, our indignation at Agnes's inconceivable conduct, he looked after his affairs admirably.

Sometimes my aunt was not present in the drawing-room when the guests arrived, so I had to receive them. This was amusing at times. I remember an old Italian gentleman, who, bowing low and with downcast eyes, made a longish speech on the honor of being allowed to greet the celebrated and distinguished lady. He then looked up, and literally falling backwards with every sign of horror, and with outstretched hands, he exclaimed: "Ma è impossibile!"

Then in the next room the rapid easy step and the gentle rustling of silk were heard, and *she* came in, animatedly and kindly greeting the guests—enchanting all.

My aunt lectured in French, but afterwards there was a real confusion of tongues in our rooms. I became quite muddled, and yet I had a great deal to do to get through my duties properly. Even the thought whether Agnes was keeping sufficient hot water ready, or whether she might not fall in through the door at any moment with a plate of sandwiches, was very disquieting. There was also a lamp in the dining room which I could never trust, although prized

by Geronimo as the "most beautiful thing among his possessions", when he stroked it caressingly in the mornings, filled it with oil, and trimmed it. But the lamp did little honour to his praises; every other moment it used suddenly to go out with a loud sputtering and rattling noise, leaving behind it a most horrible smell of oil and total darkness. But every time he turned it up or moved it, Geronimo persisted in his opinion and looked admiringly at this magnificent article. In the same way he used to admire his "visitors' plates", tapping each one and praising it before handing it over to the *valet de place*, so that even my aunt was forced to laugh, when she once happened to see it.

The mimicry of the Italian people was a constant amusement to her. Most entertaining to us was the shyness of one of our visitors, whom we always called the "young man from Paravia's".

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fulfilled these duties very conscientiously, but one evening he appeared again to the astonishment of the assembly, with every sign of nervous terror, on the threshold of the drawingroom:—"La lucerna—Signorina Baronessa—la lucerna!"—

My aunt paused in her lecture and asked me in German: "What *does* the young man want?" But I hurried away; though alas! it was too late! The *lucerna*, the lamp had just quietly gone out with a malicious crackling, and there was nothing for us to do but to open the windows.

On the whole, our life in Florence was just like what it had been in Dresden and Munich. My aunt worked in her bedroom before lunch, paid many visits and received many visitors, and in the afternoon we usually went for a walk in the Cascine close by. Sometimes I was allowed to go off on explorations, or to do some shopping in the town. The people in the neighboring streets soon got to know me and showed me their friendly feelings. It is only necessary to go once or twice into a shop, and one is at once regarded as an old acquaintance. The shops have wide open doors almost as a part of the street and it is impossible to slip by unobserved. All the drivers knew me; as soon as I walked out of the door of our house, one and all raised their fingers, and on my passing on without requiring one they shook their heads, one after the other, half smiling, half surly. Many shops I passed most unwillingly, as they called after me and dragged me in, literally by force. Then I returned home laden with all sorts of sausages, etc.—with "mortadella" and "salame"—that "old garlic stuff", as my aunt used to say. But Agnes got rid of it with peculiar relish.

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FIRENZI.

Chere Madame Excellenza:—Merci, merci, pour la vostra aimable lettre. Oh je me souviendrais bien des deux aimable dames. Ah je me souviens très bien de la très jolie figure au teint d'animoue, de la très petite bouche de fleur, it aux yeux couleur de mer du nord et au regard d'une bonté serenne des anges. Très bien je me rappelle l'expression espiècle de ces yeux aux bonbons du Père Antonie et la petite main mignonne—ah très petite dans la grande et brune du Père Antonie. Ah—Poverino Père!! Il fait si bon de voir une belle fille bonne *et pure*. Dieu vous garde! *Et la tante?* La grande et noble Dame? Si spirituelle et si bonne avec l'expression d'une sainte madonna et au front d'un grand philosophe—que fait-elle? Ah, va bene! Le vieux Père Antonie a souvent espéré revoir les bel'es dames—mais rien! —Sont venus Inglese, Tedesche et tous-mais jamais la petite demoiselle aux yeux espiècles et a la voix si douce—douce—

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A rivederce, mais pas ici—bas, je crains car le Père Antonie est très vieux et a déjà 82 années. Si les anges viendront le chercher un jour il aura moins peur a les suivre, en pensant à *vous* qui êtes une sœur des anges. Salve in inter in trinité! Je suis, Madame, Excellenza, votre très dévoué

PÈRE ANTOINE.

engaged in a private family. But, unfortunately, there exists already in Italy a number of so-called Kindergartens, which only bear the name without a particle of the real method. Sometimes indeed even without any of the Fröbel means of occupation. Such an institution I found, for instance, in Florence. It was nothing but a badly-arranged school for small children, and was conducted without any knowledge of the Kindergarten means of education. Prof. Villari writes, after mentioning the first progress in Italy: 'My opinion is, that it is not a large number of Kindergartens which can bring us forward, but rather a small number of institutions, in which Fröbel's method finds a *complete application*.' Of the Kindergartens, existing now in Italy, the one in Florence seems to me to be unconditionally the best. Above all, the establishment of a Normal School is required in order to train the proper *teachers*. Beyond that, we require for the intelligent public and for professional pedagogues, a book which treats Fröbel's method scientifically. In many quarters the method is still regarded as nothing better than a useful and entertaining game for children which develops the child's tastes and exercises his dexterity of hand. There is no suspicion that *a universal educational reform is thereby planned*—one founded on a deep and new study of psychology. As soon as the cause is recognized as effecting this reform, we may safely presume that the new educational system will make its way throughout Italy also, despite all obstacles."

My aunt and Frl. Berduschek went over the above-mentioned institutions in Verona. I was unfortunately too ill to do so. They came back very satisfied, and had, moreover, seen the tomb of Juliet, at my aunt's special request, and much to my astonishment. On this occasion, my aunt told us that "Romeo and Juliet" was her favourite Shakespeare play—over which she had shed many tears as

a young girl. I was inconsolable at having missed this visit, although Countess Krackow had already in Dresden taken away every illusion by the assertion: "Only a pig-trough, dear Bertha, where the donkeys drink if they can manage to get there through the mass of artichokes. I tore my stockings on them." The same thing happened with my aunt. In the afternoon, we visited the wonderful Giardino Giusti, and admired the splendid cypresses reaching up to heaven. Then Frl. Berduschek traveled ahead of us to Florence, whilst we left for Venice.

Everything was like a dream! Another Berlin pupil, Frl. Fröhlich, crossed from Trieste, and Prof. Pick showed us his Kindergarten with justifiable pride. It made a strange impression on us, as we stepped out of the gondola immediately across the threshold of the Kindergarten-hall. But most of the time, we two alone gave ourselves up absolutely to the unique enchantment of Venice. When we opened our windows in the morning—before us lay the broad waters of the Grand Canal, with the round cupola of the Dogana rising in the distance. The salt spray flew up to our apartments, and white long-winged seamews sailed close—close past us or even knocked against the windows. When we stood on the edge of some canal not knowing what to do next, and one of the black gondolas drew up beside us like a ghost, picked us up, and glided on rapidly with us on board—then I was radiant, and my aunt with me. When in some of the less narrow little streets, a luggage or vegetable truck suddenly approached, filling the whole width of the street, we had to fly and take refuge breathlessly in an open doorway; or when, after having admired in the Doges' Palace, the wealth of the golden tresses, belonging to the Tintoretto beauties, we proceeded down many steps, almost below the level of the water (whilst the sea lapped against the walls of the palace), and inspected

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one of those horrible dungeon-holes into which no respectable dog would crawl in our country, but in which, as our guide mysteriously assured us, "even" Doges had, many times over, been transferred from the splendour of their palaces—we seemed as if we were in another world. When we issued from San Marco, breathing heavily from the fumes of incense, to wander through the carpeted and tapestried rooms of some old palace (in which there was generally a most musty smell), my aunt enjoyed all these sensations, which were new to her, far more keenly than I had ever imagined possible.

In the gentle motion of the gondolas, she did not feel the least discomfort, which she otherwise always experienced on the water. We navigated round the island of the lagunes, and basked in the warm sea sand on the Lido—before us the bright blue silvery, glittering Adriatic.

In the beginning of November, we went to Florence, where we arrived on a real Italian morning. My aunt did not like the *gène* of pensions, with the constant intercourse with other strangers; so a "chambre garni" had been taken for us, and its position was as charming as it could possibly be. In the Via Montebello, between the Ogni Santi and Lung Arno,—quite near the large square Vittorio Emanuele—commanding a view over the Lung Arno, the river and the opposite bank, and not very far from the splendid Cascine, we lived in a comparatively quiet house, and were very satisfied with this choice, although the inner arrangements of the house left much to be desired.

Our landlord, Geronimo, was himself so proud of the elegance of his abode, and looked at the drawing-room with such ostentatious admiration, and at his twelve easy chairs in all shades of colour, which always had to stand in their fixed places so as to hide the defects of the carpet—that we did not dare to say anything. With inimitable *grandeur*,

and handing over to us, half kindly, half regretfully, all this splendour, he consigned to our care the horrible dining room, dark, and looking out on to the yard at the back of which, three yards off from our windows, the back wall of a tremendously high house rose. A friendly soul had engaged for us a German "Donna", of the name of Babette, an energetic person, whom I took care to avoid. At Christmas, all sorts of tradespeople announced themselves, with whom she had, unknown to us, run up bills which she had left unpaid, although my aunt had daily given her the money for the housekeeping. Our next German-speaking subservient spirit was called Agnes; and after the great annoyances we had had with Babette, I begged my aunt to hand over to me the domestic arrangements. In a strange land, of which one does not know the language, conditions of life, and ways of managing, this is no easy task. But Agnes treated me as a dear good little soul, to whom favours might be indulgently shown. Soon I discovered that her excessive jollity in the afternoons, her sulky wretchedness in the mornings, and the red tip to her nose had some connection with the incredible consumption of the wine of the country in our kitchen.

But Agnes was not *alone*, a dear good fellow—a real angel in the shape of a man, as she said—kept her company and rendered her assistance at all hours.

And this angel was a coal black negro with glistening teeth and rolling eyes, and even Geronimo, who felt himself frequently obliged to offer his courteous help in the kitchen, particularly when roast meat had to be turned on the spit, gave me to understand, in a pantomimic manner of his own, that it would be ill-advised to come into collision with this angel; at least *he*,—personally—he pressed his forefinger expressively to his breast—no—never! He would take great care not to do so, for something terrible, blood-curdling, might happen! On staring at him, much alarmed

by this communication, he performed some pacifying gesticulations, and quietly shut the kitchen door in my face. My aunt had no suspicion of the sort of visitors who took refuge in her kitchen, and I took good care not to say anything about it to her. One day she came into the room with the news:

“ Bertha,—a horrible negro is standing outside—do look at him for yourself! ” but I held my tongue, not to disturb her peace. Our acquaintances, moreover, whom I had asked for advice, were of the opinion that German-speaking servants were hard to get, and that as the negro appeared to be more of a protection than otherwise, it was better not to make my aunt uneasy. Agnes’s eyes became every day smaller and more shining, and the end of her nose redder; and on the occasional remarks on the part of my aunt, she used to appear before me in the corridor with the question: “ What is the matter with Aunt? ” whilst Geronimo and the negro made indignant, deprecating, and astonished gestures in the background.

I found it then advisable to retire, full of dignity and with an air of superiority, to my apartment, and very quietly to shut the door, whilst I could hear quite distinctly that they were heartily amused at my fear of them.

Twice in the week, according to the Italian custom, we had our “ public evenings.” On one evening, all those who interested themselves in the Fröbel method were allowed to come—on the other, only our friends and acquaintances. These evenings were charmingly simple. In the event of many visitors, every room was made use of. Nobody felt surprised at the beds. I even remember, on one occasion when all the chairs were occupied, finding four elderly senators sitting in a row on my aunt’s bed, each with a plate of German herring-salad in his hand, and chatting and feasting in an amiable manner.

Suspecting nothing, my aunt remarked afterwards that her room was curiously smelling of cigarettes; her bedroom was otherwise a sanctuary which was closed to the guests. Generally at Italian reception evenings a little colored sugar-water is offered, but on our own evenings, my aunt always insisted on having tea, lemonade, cakes, and sandwiches. Directly after our dinner at six o'clock, whilst my aunt was still resting, I began my preparations, each time with the alarming discovery that Agnes had disappeared, and she only returned with the first guests. My own consolation was the old *valet de place*, who was engaged for that evening. We understood each other splendidly without understanding the words; and after we had expressed, in pantomimic form, our indignation at Agnes's inconceivable conduct, he looked after his affairs admirably.

Sometimes my aunt was not present in the drawing-room when the guests arrived, so I had to receive them. This was amusing at times. I remember an old Italian gentleman, who, bowing low and with downcast eyes, made a longish speech on the honor of being allowed to greet the celebrated and distinguished lady. He then looked up, and literally falling backwards with every sign of horror, and with outstretched hands, he exclaimed: "Ma è impossibile!"

Then in the next room the rapid easy step and the gentle rustling of silk were heard, and *she* came in, animatedly and kindly greeting the guests—enchanting all.

My aunt lectured in French, but afterwards there was a real confusion of tongues in our rooms. I became quite muddled, and yet I had a great deal to do to get through my duties properly. Even the thought whether Agnes was keeping sufficient hot water ready, or whether she might not fall in through the door at any moment with a plate of sandwiches, was very disquieting. There was also a lamp in the dining room which I could never trust, although prized

by Geronimo as the "most beautiful thing among his possessions", when he stroked it caressingly in the mornings, filled it with oil, and trimmed it. But the lamp did little honour to his praises; every other moment it used suddenly to go out with a loud sputtering and rattling noise, leaving behind it a most horrible smell of oil and total darkness. But every time he turned it up or moved it, Geronimo persisted in his opinion and looked admiringly at this magnificent article. In the same way he used to admire his "visitors' plates", tapping each one and praising it before handing it over to the *valet de place*, so that even my aunt was forced to laugh, when she once happened to see it.

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PÈRE ANTOINE.

FLORENCE

WE visited the splendid Florentine treasures of art very seldom. Time and strength did not allow it often. My aunt always used to look at single pictures and statues; she sat down for a long time in front of them, and she did not like to be disturbed in her contemplation. I sauntered round the room meanwhile and found for myself what was most beautiful amongst so much beauty. Once we went to a national theater and saw a harlequinade; but it did not make much impression on us. Much funnier was it when, on leaving the theater, my aunt said: "No! No!" most expressively to the importunate cab drivers, and this "No! No!" was repeated in the same tone and with the same expression from man to man in the long row of cab-drivers and we were literally accompanied from there to the next cabstand, by the words: "La Signora dice; No! No!"

Many an hour, during which my aunt was occupied with writing, I spent in watching the street life in front of our windows; and afterwards told her about it. Between the Arno and our house ran a canal, covered over indeed in places with stones, but in others dark colored water could be seen, which served for the most varied purposes. Clothes were washed in it and re-appeared again quite black, children were bathed in it, sometimes an angler sat on the stone wall for days and occasionally captured a very, very minute fish. In the early morning, I often saw "Donnas", with floating hair and primitive toilettes, appear on the bank. They bent over the water gracefully, and wetted their faces

and necks. The way they then threw back their streaming hair, and drew round them some old wrap with a literally regal bearing, then returned to their homes with proud swinging step and withdrew into their very public quarters, into which everyone could see—even into the farthest corners—was unique—wonderful. Towards the evening, I stood daily near the window to enjoy the sunset beyond the river behind the dark convent with its tall cypresses. The sun sank marvellously beautiful; the sky for a short time was tinged with red—then orange—and then it was suffused by a wondrous green glimmer, such as I have never seen elsewhere. Then the moment was come, and I called to my aunt: "Tante, quick, quick, it is getting green." Then my aunt hurried to the window, and we, leaning one against the other, admired the charming play of color. The beautiful colors faded away only too quickly and soon the dark cypresses were hardly to be distinguished against the black sky of the dark night.

Our circle of acquaintances soon increased. The interest in the Fröbel cause was keen within all the different circles, and the most influential people appeared in our house and invited us to theirs. Sometimes my aunt accepted these invitations, but her health did not often allow her to do so. Sometimes I had to go alone. This was terrible to me on account of my shyness. My aunt laughed at me, for everybody really spoiled me for her sake. Marchese Franzoni, a born princess of Savoy, one of the most charming old ladies, a "Grande-Dame of the olden days", as my aunt said—was a motherly friend to me; and the old Marchesa Tannari used to show me her wonderful paintings. Marchesa Guerriera Gonzaga took me to a masked ball. The wife of the Syndic Peruzzi, Mrs. Marsh (a refined and most interesting lady, and wife of the American ambassador), Madame Della Vido Levi and Frau Couperetti, the well-

known authoress von Meisenburg (whom my aunt had already met at Carlsruhe, where her father had been minister for years), and a number of young girls, among others the interesting Olga Herzen, later Frau Monneau in Paris—all vied in friendliness towards me for my aunt's sake. Our friend, Prof. Villari, used to bring me beautiful books to study, among others his celebrated and highly interesting work on Savonarola; he also presented me with "Turkish delight" for the cough I had caught.

But most of all, I was spoilt by a doctor, a colored lady, whose name I have unfortunately forgotten. She used to kiss me, and I had to give her my photograph, which she then wore in a medallion round her neck. On this occasion, my aunt did me the favor of having herself photographed also. The photograph unfortunately turned out little to her satisfaction, and I was not allowed to give any copies away.

My aunt also saw some earlier friends again in Florence, among others, Professor Hans von Bülow, his aged and charming mother, the scholar, Professor Hillebrand, his friend and afterwards his wife, Frau Losso and her mother. Mrs. Taylor, Herr and Frau Sabbatier, the latter a celebrated singer, known under the name Unger-Sabbatier (we visited them at their beautiful palace on Fiésole), Ludmilla Assing, and Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt. Ludmilla Assing had settled down in Florence, after her banishment from Prussia, owing to her publication of the van Varnhagen diaries, and lived in a beautiful villa among her old manuscripts and mementoes of the past. She liked to collect round her, in the most friendly hospitality, all the strangers who came to Florence, principally the Germans. We found her between the larger book-cases of her study, her hands on a grass-green scaldino. She was first a little embarrassed, for my aunt was a little angry with her about the unfortunate and ill-judged publica-

tion of the Varnhagen diaries, for how often had her old friend said to my aunt: "My diaries are only to be published *forty years after* my death." When we visited Ludmilla Assing, she was just occupied at that time with the publication of Prince Pückler's diaries. Her later fate is distressing. She made the acquaintance of a young Italian officer whom she loved and married; but he deserted her a few days after her wedding, taking her fortune with him, as was said.

Broken-hearted, the poor lady died shortly after in a sanitarium for nervous complaints.

One day, during one of Hans von Bülow's splendid piano matinées, I was quietly pointing out to my aunt, during a pause, the very unique-looking grapes on the hat of a lady in front of us, when the latter turned her head and my aunt exclaimed: "Ach! Jenny Lind!" She too had already recognized my aunt and literally rushed at her. She was living with her husband and her children quite close to us, and we often visited her, and also spent Christmas eve with them. For love of my aunt, every time she sang us some songs, and so I too had the pleasure of being able to listen to the song of the Swedish Nightingale. She called it once herself, the song of the dying swan, but nevertheless it was an unparalleled and memorable enjoyment. Hans von Bülow visited us frequently during our stay in Florence. During his visits, he usually strolled nervously round the room. The unfortunate man suffered, as I did from violent attacks of migraine. A plaster had been recommended to me as a remedy for these terrible pains in the head, and I remember how both of us once ran round the room with plastered heads, half crying, half laughing, but alas! without experiencing any relief from our plasters. He esteemed my aunt greatly, and she liked him too.

We spent many hours in the newly-founded Kindergarten, where a charming crowd of children assembled—Italians

with their large dark eyes, and English with their long fair curls. My aunt could not look enough at this delightful picture; she watched the children, compared their different temperaments, and each time "Pietro" was her greatest joy. Pietro was the son of a cab driver, who had only been taken in at my aunt's request. He appeared the first day in the large shepherdess' hat of his grown up sister, under which his large coal-black and beaming eyes shone like stars. My aunt led him to the other children, but Pietro was evidently accustomed to have to *assert* his place in life, within the circle of his own family. His nature was an aggressive one; he kicked and scratched his neighbours, and regularly had to be turned out as "interrupting the game". As a punishment he was placed on the table, and there carefully watched.

Then to notice the play of those eyes—how they shone in the deepest black with anger and rage—then how they gradually melted in despair—how the tears slowly welled up in them—and then, with the shining drops in his eyes like diamonds, he looked round for the "good lady", entreating so hopefully, so beseechingly, at last so passionately, and yet all the time quite dumb. (We could never find out if Pietro was only two years old, or indeed if he could really speak at all.) My aunt was then touched and "the child" was taken down from the table and put with the other children again. But only very, very gradually did he accustom himself to a civilized mode of behavior, and though he took part conscientiously in the games, he always made all the movements wrong. When he had to nod, he shook his head, when he had to beckon, he did the opposite, when he had to go to the right he always went to the left, and was always inseparable from the large shepherdess' hat, which he held fast in both hands, and defended as his most precious possession.

When after some months, a coach-house, which my aunt had chosen from among the buildings placed at her dis-

posal by the town, had been transformed into the most beautiful hall with large bow-windows, and wide doors, and the garden had been laid out (by the public gardener, at the command of the syndicate), and even whilst we were still in Florence, everything in it was blooming in the most luxuriant green of spring—my aunt was gloriously happy over this creation of her own. She called it the most “charming Kindergarten she had ever seen.”

The association founded by my aunt in Florence, joined the Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein as a branch association. Everything went as desired, and when we left Florence in the beginning of April, my aunt had the certainty that the Fröbel cause had made a good beginning in the City of Flowers.

In Florence, my aunt made the acquaintance of Frau Julie Salis-Schwabe—a rich lady from England—by birth a German, from Hamburg, and much given to philanthropic works. Even then, Frau Schwabe interested herself deeply in a school for poor children in Naples, into which she was anxious to introduce the method of a certain Ellis. My aunt won her over to Fröbel. At Frau Schwabe's request she instructed, with a great amount of trouble, a young Italian teacher. It robbed her of much time, but he became a teacher in the Neapolitan institution, which, first under the direction of Frl. Franziska Petermann (whom my aunt had trained in the Fröbelstiftung at Dresden for Frau Schwabe), and later, under the direction of Frau von Portugall, a Berlin pupil, became a most beneficent institution for the whole of South Italy.

We made another most interesting and touching acquaintance in Florence. One day a little, old, white-haired lady appeared at our house. She looked at me disconsolately with blue childlike eyes, when I addressed her first in French, and then in German. Only when I attempted the English

language did her countenance brighten up: "Do you know who I am?—Peabody," she said. She said it with so much expression and then collapsed on to the sofa so powerlessly, that I rushed into my aunt's bedroom with the news: "Madame Peabody is here!" My aunt was most delighted. Miss Elizabeth Peabody, one of those noble women who sacrifice their lives to good objects and to the welfare of humanity, was the chief advocate of the Fröbel method in *the United States*—indeed she is regarded as its pioneer. The two women greeted each other most cordially. It turned out that the venerable lady had, on her arrival from Paris, first visited a grave dear to her, and had then come on to my aunt, so that she was literally famished. We hastily provided her with some refreshments, and noticed how she gradually revived and regained her vitality.

On our return, when we again spent a fortnight in Florence, we stayed in a pension in the Via Montebello. Then it was that Geronimo unmasked, and showed himself, in spite of everything, a really "wicked fellow": Just as we were getting into the cab to take us to the station, he suddenly appeared with the request for seventy-five lire, for "worn-out carpets." When my aunt refused, he produced the whole large set of his beloved "best plates", turning each one over, and showing us lamentable cracks and chips which we were supposed to have perpetrated. The demand for seventy-five lire then sank to fifty, and then to twenty-five lire. My aunt was indignant but in front of the housedoor we found Geronimo sitting on our boxes, determined to keep them as a security for the twenty-five lire. At such deceitful doings, my aunt was always most indignant, and she delivered a fulminating lecture for the benefit of the miscreant. He did not of course understand a word, but listening most attentively, and indeed reverentially, he faithfully imitated my aunt's vivacious gestures and gesticulations. Agnes and the

Black stood hand in hand in the background—also the driver, who, however, did not seem unwilling to give Geronimo a thorough thrashing. At last the driver winked at the Black; they heaved up the boxes with a powerful jerk; Geronimo fell to the ground; Agnes and I shoved my aunt into the carriage; the driver jumped on to the box; and we drove away. Geronimo, Agnes, and the Black looked after us. My aunt, still in the greatest indignation, said: "That's the most infamous man—and yet you had a sort of friendship with him!"

Unfortunately we could not spend Easter in Rome; the enormous rush of visitors there hindered us from procuring an apartment. We stayed one day in Perugia, and, in this ancient city on the hills, we at least saw some Italian peasant costumes, the well-known white kerchiefs for the head, and the water pots carried gracefully on them. We saw the half-ruined fountains and flights of steps, the ancient buildings surrounded by green trees, and everything that is usually represented in the general run of Italian pictures. Then we drove away through the Apennines, past the old God-forsaken mountain villages which, as my aunt said, clung like birds' nests to the rocks—past the Lake of Trasimene and so on to the Eternal City. Flowering tendrils already hung from tree to tree. Magnolias and wild roses were in full bloom, and in all the fields, and beneath the evergreen oaks and wide-stretching dark pine woods, were thousands of anemones, hyacinths, and narcissi, interspersed with the dull green of the olives. My aunt did not care for the latter, but I always loved them. Their curiously twisted trunks and branches, which always looked to us as figures turned to wood, and above them the grey leaves always gently rustling in the wind, appeal to one magically—as a poem of gnomes, dwarfs, and nymphs. They always reminded me a little of our northern willows, which I can

never look at without being moved to poetical feelings. My aunt specially loved the cypress. And over everything vaulted the deep blue, the cloudless, the wonderful sky! We reached Rome unfortunately in total darkness, and were received by my old friend, Prof. Delius, who had anxiously looked forward to the long-desired acquaintanceship with my aunt. He had successfully wrestled for an apartment for us in an hotel. My aunt was also very glad to meet him. She had heard so much and so often about him; was he not one of my earliest and dearest childish recollections—one of the best men, the truest friend, whom I had ever known?

Nicholaus Delius, known as a great student of Shakespeare, was the best of friends to us, and every year we saw him at our uncle's house. He was a professor at Bonn, but, about Easter, he used to feel magnetically attracted towards Rome. He had drunk too much and too often from the Fontana di Trevi, as he told us, laughing. We could not have had a better or more well-informed guide through Rome than he. Unfortunately, going about with him was rather exhausting, especially to my aunt, for he was nearly stone-deaf (an inherited complaint in his family). But he managed to guess a good deal, and his exceptional kindness of heart, his deep and interesting knowledge, his clear right judgment, and his love for me, very soon endeared him to my aunt. With him we roamed all over ancient and modern Rome, and we spent that delightful month of April in the Eternal City, disturbed by nothing—*really absolutely nothing*. In the Via dei Due Macelli, quite close to the Piazza di Spagna and the Pincio, we found a most pleasant, quiet apartment, in which my aunt's friend, Frau von Scripicin, with her mother, the ever-youthful wife of the Minister von Schulte, from Hannover, had passed many winters. The landlady, Signora Rosa—I never knew if it was her Christian or surname—served us most attentively,

though she in no wise resembled a rose, but was exactly the picture of a tousled Roman matron. My aunt was well; I never had a headache, and it did not rain once. It was neither too hot nor too cold for us, and we had excellent food. Every day regularly, a white-clad cook's boy came with a large square tin on his head, and the dinner was ready for serving, splendidly warmed on glowing charcoal. I raised the lid curiously and alternately reported:—baked artichokes to-day—or fried gold-fish to-day—every day, chicken to-day, and Roman salad to-day, and for dessert, three little “Nespole di Giappone,” the fourth had been eaten by the cook's boy. But despite the slender variation in the menu, my aunt was always satisfied, for it was always eatable and well-cooked.

One thing might have been very unpleasant, namely, the fleas—if they had bitten. In the apartment, in the streets, and in the cabs, there was a general hopping, great and small, all round us, to my aunt's intense horror. I had to buy insect powder and a small syringe, as Countess Krackow had circumspectly advised us to do, and to the vast amusement of the driver I had to squirt out the cabs.

In “*salto mortale*,” and wild flight, they jumped out of the vehicle, whilst my aunt was waiting at some distance.

Delius accompanied us to the Forum and Colosseum (I once saw the latter artificially illuminated), to the Lateran, the Pantheon, many churches, and most of the galleries. He took us also to some of the less known gardens, and for hours we used to sit in a gap in the well-trimmed hedges, surrounded by roses and Spanish jasmine, and looked out over the broad Campagna and over the Sabine and Albanian mountains, glimmering in the distance in magic bluish tints; or, from the Pincio, we looked out over the “City of the Seven Hills.” “Only do not let us drink of the waters of the Trevi Fountain,” I said to my aunt; “let us not have the

eternal longing for Rome, lest, like Delius, we be drawn here every year, and be obliged to make the long journey or die." And we withstood all the enticements of the waters of Trevi to drink. We revelled in the treasures of art, and especially in the sculptures. We preferred the Capitoline Venus to the Medicean in Florence, and lingered often and long in her little red temple. In the Sistine Chapel and the Vatican we spent many hours, but nothing was to be compared with the overwhelming impression made on us by Saint Peter's. The words of the Holy Scriptures rose to our minds:—"Take off thy shoes, for this is holy ground." Here one feels oneself so small! How exceedingly minute the people appeared between these pillars; and yet the hand of man erected this mighty temple to the honour of the Most High! In the enormous space the loudest steps of single persons are not audible, the immense width and height deaden the sound; while processions of hundreds appear like a little, little, wee crowd.

Once my aunt wished to rest in one of the little side chapels, as she was very fatigued, and she sat down on the one bench that was there. Suddenly carriage after carriage drew up before the outer door, and a number of unmistakably very high dignitaries of the church, cardinals, bishops, and many others—most of them refined-looking figures with the carriage and gait of courtiers—walked through the chapel. Nearly all of them looked at us with proud astonished glances, but one of the gentlemen, a fine tall man, with a high-arched thoughtful forehead, and large light-brown commanding eyes, stopped in front of us, and made the sign of the cross over me. Involuntarily I bowed my head; he looked from my aunt to me, from me to my aunt, and then said in elegant French:—"Did not I see you at the lecture of that Loison?" (Père Hyacinthe.) My aunt replied in the affirmative, and a most interesting conversation took place,

He refuted Père Hyacinthe. "I know," he said finally: "You are the German baroness who wishes to bring into the world a new education for children. Do it—but above all accustom the growing generation to obedience and subjection of their own will under the better judgment of higher spirits, and the world will become a better one." This indeed showed the quintessence of *his* doctrine.

My aunt replied: "We wish to educate man to work, to creative work." In a few clear, definite, yet most womanly and modest words, my aunt explained to him Fröbel's ideas. He listened attentively—as it appeared—captivated. My aunt concluded with words to this effect:—"At last abolish all slavery, and permit the liberation and elevation of all those who are still living in spiritual servitude; thus, principally, the lowest classes among the people and the largest portion of womankind. Allow the children to unfold, to their fullness and completion, the powers given to them by God, and to apply these, moreover, in *action* and *thought*. Fröbel instructs us how this is possible, and gives us the *means* to this end. Leave to them, or rather restore to them, *Nature and Truth*." He smiled hardly perceptibly, and, with an inimitable gesture, shrugged his shoulders slightly. He may possibly have thought like Pilate: "What is truth?"

Then a bell began to ring in low tones. He started, and bowing low and elegantly before my aunt, he again made the sign of the cross over us and turned towards the door of the cathedral, whispering to me, however, with strange flashing eyes: "Oh, Madonna!" I asked my aunt afterwards what he could have possibly meant by that, but she did not answer, only drew me to her arms and kissed me. This meeting was uncommonly interesting to my aunt. She longed anxiously to know who this priest was, evidently some one of importance. The conversation was a proof that, in Rome also, the Catholic clergy were watching with sharp

eyes the beginnings of the Kindergartens, but did not quite wish to oppose them as enemies.

The very first beginnings of the Kindergartens in Rome we found in Miss Gould's school for the poor. My aunt explained Fröbel's ideas in several lectures at our own apartment. The space was hardly sufficient to hold the many people, and I always hoped that the handsome priest who had called me Madonna would be among them; but he unfortunately never appeared.

On the other hand Père Hyacinthe was often present, but we did not find him half as interesting in conversation as in his lectures. My aunt visited with me the Minister Correnti, and had a long conversation with him. He promised to grant her a considerable sum for the introduction of the Kindergartens into Italy. Unfortunately, one single institution swallowed up the whole of this sum, but the Italian government always had a lively interest in, and an open hand for, the Kindergarten endeavours. In no country, with the exception perhaps of America, did the Kindergartens spread so rapidly as in Italy, and, in 1882 (ten years after the celebration of Fröbel's hundredth birthday), Italy was the country which showed itself the most grateful, although my aunt had comparatively done the least work there. The two beautiful albums, which were sent to my aunt from the government, with the names of the many towns which had contributed to help in the "Cause" and in which Kindergartens already existed, gave ample proof of the progress that had been made there in the ten years.

Dear Miss Peabody we met again in Rome. She gave us once an English lecture in Mrs. Gould's apartment on the occasion of a large reception. Of the acquaintances made in Rome, I remember, the two ladies, von Stein, best—Frau von Stein, an energetic discerning Hungarian, in a Hungarian man's frogged coat, always armed with a riding-whip,

and a *Fraulein von Stein*, afterwards *Frau von Ribectini*. My aunt sent me once to the latter with a commission, and she was so exceptionally kind to me that I opened to her my whole heart. I was always so very glad to be able to speak German for once, that I told her about my home. She was lying ill in bed, wrapped up in a red sort of toga, which was fastened together with a splendid Roman cameo, which immediately struck my artist eye. Her many large variously coloured cats crawled round us and alarmed me not a little.

One other marvellous thing we enjoyed in Rome. We saw Ristori, the celebrated actress, in "*Marie Antoinette*". Her acting—the horrors, the end of the unhappy Queen—were so moving that the whole audience burst into tears. Sobs were to be heard all around us, and naturally my aunt and I burst into tears also. For several nights afterwards, I could not sleep, I always saw the expression of those terrified eyes, I always heard the soft moan of distress when the executioner cut off the Queen's curls.

These splendid weeks passed only too quickly, then we drove in a carriage across the Campagna towards the Albanian Mountains. We spent a delightful day at Albano, made memorable to me especially by a donkey-ride round the *Lago di Nemi*. My aunt allowed me to ride alone, accompanied only by the elderly guide. How great was her horror, when we heard in the Hotel the same evening that that guide was said to have robbed an Englishman the day before on the banks of the Lake. The following day a police investigation took place, in which the Englishman accused the guide of having held something in the way of a narcotic underneath his nose. The guide denied it. He said that the red wine of *Villettri* had produced this sensation. The purse was found in the evening lying in the road. I comforted my aunt—the guide had at least done nothing to me, and when, shortly be-

fore reaching Albano, my donkey ran away, and he had to chase it for some considerable time, he was quite satisfied with the tip I gave him—he presented me, moreover, with a bunch of rare mountain flowers.

My fervent but secret wish was to see Naples, though I had already given up all hopes in that direction. Suddenly my aunt surprised me with the question: "Do you want to see Naples?" I kissed her gratefully, and was blissfully happy. In the company of an aristocratic English couple, we started off on the delightful journey through southern Italy. But we had not passed more than a few stations when the news arrived of a violent Vesuvius eruption; and we heard that half of Naples had been swept off the face of the earth and that all the visitors had to fly for their lives. We saw from the overcrowded trains which we met, that the visitors there had really started on their return journey, and the old Lord teased me every other minute about my courage in wishing to let myself be swallowed up by Vesuvius. He picked me, nevertheless, some of the roses and clematis which literally overgrew the station master's little houses on the line. He also brought me some beautiful fruit—including the inevitable Nespole di Giappone, which had pursued us wherever we went. My aunt, as a rule more than reserved towards fellow-travelers, looked on smiling, and even his Lady, who had at first sat there looking extremely stiff and cold, unbent when I modestly laid the fruit before her, and divided the flowers between my aunt and herself. The couple left us before reaching Naples. The nearer we got to our destination, the more excited were the people at the different stations. With large wide-open eyes, and terrified expressions, whole groups of people listened breathlessly to wild gesticulating narrators. I asked my aunt, in all earnestness, what we should do if it were really dangerous in Naples, but she did not seem the least anxious on this point,

It is true we did not find a sunny gay Naples, beneath an eternal blue laughing sky. On driving from the station to the Hotel de Roma on the Luccia, close to the seashore, we heard a noise, absolutely unknown to us, half like the rolling of thunder, half like the roaring of a lion, yet so different, so much more gruesome and uncanny. I asked the driver what it could be. "Ma il monte", he answered, drawing up his shoulders to his head and making an anxious face. It was Vesuvius which was roaring. From the windows of our room we then saw the columns of fire across the bay, shooting up now mightily, now more faintly, illuminating the night; and ever again, in longer or shorter intervals, resounded the roar of Vesuvius, filling the heart with fear and trembling. We drew the coverlet over our heads so as not to hear it. Towards morning we awoke full of terror, for the door and windows of our room were suddenly torn open; I jumped out of bed to shut them, and staggered about on the floor as on board ship. "Tante, the ground is quaking", I called out, alarmed but quite electrified. She could not believe it, but it was nevertheless the case. Other shocks followed, we felt them distinctly, and, on shutting the windows, I saw all the people rushing out of their houses with terrified expressions. My aunt came to me at the window, and with the liveliest interest we watched the excitement below. The most weird figures appeared in the most weird toilettes, expressed their uneasiness and their terror most excitedly, and disappeared again; whilst we, in the midst of all this panic, were forced to laugh heartily. And then began the deluge of ashes. We drove later to the Protestant cemetery, to the grave of young Johannes Delius, the youngest brother of our old friend, whose young life had been sacrificed to the awe-inspiring Vesuvius. A large stone, hurled from a neighboring crater had struck him in the midst of a large party assembled on the brink, and knocked him down into the

abyss below. He was still heard speaking and calling, but, on the courageous guides being let down by ropes into the awful depths, he was found dead, lying on his cloak. It made a curious and terrifying impression on us when we had to brush away the ashes from the beautiful monument marking his grave, and when the roses which we placed there were, in a few minutes so to speak, grey with the ashes; and all the time the uninterrupted awful roar of Vesuvius! Everybody admired our courage in coming to Naples when everybody else was flying; but we heard, indeed, with great horror of the sacrifices which Vesuvius had again demanded—of the carriage, drawn by four horses, of certain English people, which had disappeared down a mountain chasm which had suddenly opened before them—of the young English girl who had been surrounded by glowing lava, and had been brought to Naples badly burnt and dying. All this was very different from what we had imagined of Naples the day before, but yet most indescribably interesting. We made use of the time of the rain of ashes to see the large museum with the relics from Pompeii. It interested us almost more than Pompeii itself, through which we were rushed some days later by our guide, amidst the rain of ashes, and in a most unpleasant manner. On the following day the rain of ashes having slightly abated, we drove to Posilippo. We ate maccaroni in a little rural inn, and paid as much for it as for a little barrel of maccaroni, at least so our driver affirmed. Something about us must have failed to please him, perhaps because we despised the large beans (the so-called broad beans) which he ate raw, and which he offered us, for he called out to all the passers-by: "Here—these ladies have eaten maccaroni for so and so much," whereat general consternation was displayed on all sides. I secretly gave him a lire, on which he became quite friendly and plucked me a cypress branch from Virgil's grave, which we

passed on the road. After some days, the cloud above Vesuvius became smaller and smaller, the rain of ashes ceased, the mountain roared more and more softly, and the people began to compose themselves. There were no longer so many people praying and kneeling before the little chapels and images, literally blocking the streets. Gradually Naples became once more the sunny laughing Naples, and land and sea revelled in the most glorious sunshine as we drove along the gulf towards Sorrento. Memorable evening! On the terrace close to the sea, fanned by the air scented by the flowering orange groves, we looked across the gulf at sunset. A most friendly old waiter took special care of us, and kept on constantly plucking me oranges from the trees. He asked me if I should like to see the Tarantella. Of course I was anxious to do so, and very shortly the dancers appeared on the terrace. All the inmates of the hotel flocked thither, and again and again the couples had to dance the wild and yet so graceful dance, and each time, at the end, they bowed before my aunt and myself. This meant as much as that we had ordered them and would pay—that they were our property in fact. Below our windows was heard the sound of mandolins till quite late in the night, and my aunt said the next morning: "The whole night through, I heard, as in a dream 'Ma, la bella Sorrentina'." When, on the following day, we climbed round the mountains on donkeys, for the most part, it is true, between and behind the half tumbled down walls round the orangeries, of which nothing could be seen except some overhanging branches, where the ripe fruit shone through the blossoms, we heard this song from all the gardens, houses, and cottages—sung for the most part by rough uncultivated voices, but with uncommon expression, and "La bella Sorrentina" was never forgotten by us.

One other recollection of Sorrento. Looking out from our

windows one afternoon on the terrace below, we watched the play of some green lizards, how they jumped after flies, and gracefully, and like lightning, glided over the stones and through the luxuriously blooming thyme. We saw also a pair of black adders, and from our safe point of observation, could watch with delight their caresses. They were evidently a pair of lovers, and their expressive love-play was most interesting. This gentle alluring of the smaller adder, this winding, these seductive gentle movements, this fire of the adder. We would never have expected this from such dreadful reptiles as adders—we had noticed something similar with birds only—how they turned their heads, looked at each other, how in every motion the “I love thee” expressed itself visibly, and how they finally disappeared from view together under the large burdock leaves on the parapet. We could not forget it, and I have later once represented this scene in my modelling, and it has always been considered among my best, possibly because the vivid recollection had lent life to the representation.

Unfortunately we both became quite ill from the stupefying scent of the orange blossoms, and my aunt wished to return to Naples earlier than we had proposed. To please me, she ventured the sea voyage across the Gulf, and just as we were standing on the huge stones by the water, before the flight of steps up the rock, the old waiter rushed upon us in wild haste with two large oranges, which he offered to me. I thanked him kindly, but he took the opportunity of begging in broken French for his well-deserved tip—for all the oranges the young lady had eaten, for the orange blossom he had given me, and for managing the Tarantella for us, and a great deal besides. We gave him a few lire and he helped us into the boat; whereupon he again stretched out his hand, and asked for a small addition to the tip for *this*

service too. But I said with a friendly smile: "Grazie tanto", and at once he drew back his hand, drew himself up, threw the invisible cloak round him which every true Italian always imagines round his shoulders, whether it is there or not, and took leave with the manners of a perfect cavalier.

Again and again we have come across this with numberless beggars and hangers-on who sometimes beg—sometimes demand—"pourboires" for small services, such as opening doors, etc. Insatiable beggars they nevertheless become real cavaliers, as soon as they are treated as respectable members of society. How many brilliant grateful glances from these same beggars fell to my lot for my simple friendly "Grazie tanto." My aunt was often quite astonished. "You know how to get on with beggars better than I", she said, "I think they are quite unbearable." When I asked her later what she had liked best in Naples, she used to say smiling: "The small boys with the bagpipes, the young *pifferaris*". How often used she to stand at the window in Rome and Naples, watching the antics of the little black-eyed rascals, and throwing, from time to time, small copper coins, sometimes even soldi, into their wistfully proffered hats.

"Now be off, '*really*' be off", she said, stepping back from the window; but they only went away "*really*" when the generous lady "*really*" did not appear again at the window—often only after some hours.

The trip across the gulf was very bad for my aunt; she was very miserable, although the sea was quite calm. We had to rest some days in Naples. My aunt went over Frau Schwäbe's poor school in the Ex Collegio Medico, and then we traveled to Pisa and Livorno, via Rome and Florence. The Campo Santo in Pisa interested my aunt particularly. She stood riveted before the awful pictures of the con-

demned souls. "Have you seen how the devils pitch down the unfortunate souls into the abyss of hell with their prongs?" she asked me.

It was already very warm weather; in Florence one could not walk along the Lung Arno in the middle of the day, and only the cool position of our pension made the twelve weeks bearable. In Livorno we wished to enjoy the sea air, and to rest after the winter's work and all the traveling, and, for once, to be "quite without anybody", as my aunt said.

We found a wonderfully beautiful apartment near the sea in a pension still quite empty, and in the many large spacious rooms we had our kingdom quite to ourselves for four weeks. Next to Rome, these weeks on the Mediterranean, were among our most charming recollections.

Half the day we sat reading on the large stones by the water, and if it became too hot, we sought refuge and shade beneath the blooming oleander trees in the far-reaching garden by the sea. Curiously enough my aunt could never bear, in summer, the air after sundown, and so here too we returned home just when the other visitors and natives of the place streamed towards the little bathing-place of Ardenza in the evening.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, we drove out, really in the very hottest time, sometimes through the fields around Livorno, sometimes along the seashore, and always with the same driver. Long before three o'clock, he drew up expectantly below our windows. He seemed to account it an honour to be allowed to drive us. He decorated his horses with bunches of flowers behind their ears, he ornamented the carriage with green boughs, and every day became more and more choice in his own toilette. He was satisfied with every tip; but he could never understand why we drove out at the hottest time, whilst other people only came out in the evening; and I am sure he thought us just a

little mad. Once when I was doing some shopping in the town in his carriage, he ventured to ask me if it was my mother, and if we were English. That we wished to be Germans seemed not at all to his taste. The Italian people had, at that time at least, many more French than German sympathies. Nevertheless, he did his duty by us, and drove us one day to the Torre del Greco. He knew well what pleasure he prepared for us by that, for I have never driven along a more beautiful road than this, over the rocks by the sea, amidst the flowering myrtle bushes. The Torre was a square tower, on a high rock, consisting of four or five stories of only one room each, and belonged to a rich Englishman, who, beyond a hammock on the flat roof, a telescope in the top story, and a sponge-cake under a glass cover, had only three chairs and a table to furnish the tower. In the kitchen on the ground floor, lived the custodian and his wife, and the latter, pretty and well-to-do, received us in a very friendly manner. She would not give us any of the sponge-cake, for, she said mysteriously, "the Padrone might arrive at any moment, and woe betide if even a small piece of his sponge-cake were missing." But she made us coffee, and my aunt drank fresh goat's milk. She told us the names of the islands which we saw in the sea in front of us, and, with the powerful telescope, we were able to see the celebrated goats with their lop ears, climbing round the rocks of Gabrera. Later, on clambering myself over the rocks below us, in the search of myrtle blossoms, and on telling her, that these were the flowers of our brides at home, she tore them indignantly from my hand, snatched some of the roses clustering round the tower, made a wreath of them, and taking off my hat, she placed it on my head.

"Those," she said, "are the flowers for the brides in Italy." She then called my aunt, her husband, and the driver, and triumphantly introduced me to them. I was

quite embarrassed, but my aunt threw her arms round me and kissed me.

With untiring *grandezza* the landlord served us daily in person at *déjeuner* and dinner at the long solitary table in the large dining-room. Daily there appeared, on tiny little dishes, tiny little pumpkins, daily we refused them gratefully; and daily he asked with the greatest astonishment: '*Non piacciono!*' Once he said to me confidentially: '*Che vuole*, two are not fifty', hinting thereby at the lack of visitors—"and pumpkins are now the cheapest vegetable."

Our same driver drove us to the station on our departure in his very best turnout. He wore a brilliant red tie and a narrow tall hat all on one side—and I made him more than happy by giving him my hand which he first reverentially kissed and then proceeded to mop with a large red cotton pocket handkerchief.

We made one other expedition of a few days to the gulf of Spezzia, and then the heat overpowered us. In an indescribable state of dissolution, we returned to Bologna, tattooed with mosquito bites. We could only stand one single night there—then we went back to Tyrol. We were received with great pomp at Kufstein, by Deacon Hörfarter, and once more saw one of those memorable, excellent, and good men, with whom fate and Fröbel's doctrine often brought my aunt into contact during her lifetime, possibly in compensation for the much that was contemptible which we had too often met with in other quarters.

Here was a very orthodox Catholic priest, who, inwardly convinced of the truth of Fröbel's ideas and doctrines, threw himself heart and soul into the Kindergarten cause. Following is an extract from an appeal which I received not long ago, it is plainly apparent what this excellent man achieved during his lifetime, and also the thankfulness with which his fellow citizens recognized his merits:—

"On the twenty-third of April, of this year (1895), our most revered priest, Dr. Mathias Hörfarter died here. He was the ideal of a Catholic priest and German man, the founder of the present city of Kufstein, as well as of the 'Alpenfremden Verkehr' in the Tyrol, the pioneer of the Fröbel Kindergarten in Austria, a really important figure in his fulness of knowledge, purity of character, firmness of will and greatness of soul. The dull paralyzing sensation, in which the disastrous event of his death has thrown us, has now given place to the imperative commands of conscience to honour in more than an ordinary way, the memory of a man of such uncommon importance and such priceless merits.

"Deacon Hörfarter must awaken again in monumental stone and bronze, and live on for all time. Thus we first come to you, fellow citizens of Kufstein.

"Called to new life by the skilled artist hand, Deacon Hörfarter shall again be in our midst. His figure will stand before our eyes for all time as an example of unswerving self protection, of ideal endeavour, and of true love for his home; it will also be, with his energetic, illumined features, a continual example to the whole community of free sacrificing endeavour, untiring activity, and steadfast holding fast to the banner of healthy progress. Between church, townhall, and market-place, his monument will elevate us when, at the same time, we recall the admirable fulfillment of his office as pastor as well as his deep working sympathy in public life, and in all the affairs affecting the community. For the sake of his dear Kufstein citizens, he refused the offer of distinguished posts. Let us prove, citizens of Kufstein, that we are not unworthy of his love. We speak also to all those who have had the opportunity of seeing and admiring the character and the achievements of Hörfarter.... *Men are rare who unite, with strength of will, depth of heart*

and strength of mind, and who are so filled with the true love of mankind that they devote their whole fortune, knowledge, and activity to the service of the general good. Such a man was Deacon Hörfarter, and therefore worthy of immortalization."

This appeal is signed by the first citizens of the town and edited by Professor Sievel, one of the Deacon's eight foster-children—orphans—whom he had brought up to be good honest men, filling their places in the world. The appeal, in its deep reverence for Hörfarter's goodness, has something uncommonly touching in it; and touching also is the memory of this true priest, so simple, so frugal in his own life, and in his own requirements. Tall, almost thin, extraordinarily erect, rather stiff and reserved in his manner, there was much kindness, as well as much goodness in the expression of his plain, but yet strongly characteristic features. Thus I see him in my memory, walking about in his cassock with quick long strides.

Passing by, he used lovingly to stroke the heads of the little school children, bent reverently, who stood on the road to see the "Herr Deacon" pass. We lived in the upper story of a little house, built by him at his own cost for the Kindergarten, founded by him, and which according to his opinion, had been arranged not only very comfortably but also most elegantly, in loving forethought for my aunt. He had confided to us even his most precious possession, a white silk cushion, with an embroidered squirrel, and once I saw him stroke the cushion furtively, and admiringly, with the same love as he had stroked the school children's heads. My aunt had noticed it too, and, to spare it, she covered it with one of her muslin pocket handkerchiefs. This delicate consideration for the feelings of others, which unfortunately is so seldom found, was something natural to my aunt, but to me it seemed always touching—charming.

But the Deacon, in his domestic arrangements, forgot the looking glass. I believe that Catholic priests may not use looking glasses—and he was much astonished, when my aunt asked for one. Then he wished to have one, hastily provided, high up on the wall, above our evidently much admired red velvet sofa. He was much surprised when my aunt placed it on a table. I did not get one at all.

We lived for seven or eight weeks in this little house as his first lodgers. Kathi, a black-eyed Tyrol girl, served us, and the domestic duties fell again on me and often oppressed my heart, for we did not know what we should eat. "A vegetable." "Well, perhaps next week some could come up from Bozen or down from Munich." "The sheep." "Well—yes—the sheep are still high up at pasture (Alm). They only come down in the autumn."—"Oh! and the calves."—"Oh! they are just out at pasture too."—There was nothing—nothing in the world—but eggs and most elderly beef. I always thought of the poor beasts too old to get up to the high lying pasture-land with deep sympathy.

Finally with some inventive power, all sorts of good things could be made even out of elderly beef, but when to our great joy, Professor Commodore Villari visited us from Florence, it was hard work to create an appropriate menu for the Italian, to whom neither dishes of eggs, nor smoked things were appetizing.

I still remember the evening when he kindly instructed Kathi in the preparation of real Neapolitan risotto with macaroni. He stood in the red glow of the firelight, his handsome pale Neapolitan face with its sharply cut profile, bent over the bubbling kettle, patiently watching the softening of the rice. Kathi, in her short red skirt, her long black tresses wound round her head like a crown, stood respectfully by and watched him, and on the threshold appeared my aunt and behind her the Deacon, who asked, quite astonished,

what we were up to. But outside, the rain poured on, poured on, after all the hot weather in Italy—at first almost refreshing; but who can describe the misery, when it pours away for five or six weeks in a little mountain summer place? Finally everything becomes damp, clothes, shoes, at last even the little rooms and the beds begin to have a poor drowned aspect, and, cut off from all joys, from walking, mountain air, and every amusement, except that of listening to the falling drops and to the rushing, and pouring, of the rain. “Look out, my darling, look out—how it pours! Look out at the rain, the floods and the showers.” So things went with us at Kufstein, and so again later in many a mountain place. Every day we went out once in the morning and again in the evening under our dripping umbrellas, one by one, along the narrow footpath, through the valley between the potato fields, and along the meadows to a chapel a quarter of an hour off. And thus we came back—my aunt in front, talking animatedly over her shoulder, then the Deacon with long strides, and I and Professor Villari, as long as he could stand it! He did not stand it very long to our great regret. I can still see our dear friend lit up by the firelight in our kitchen—the only warm place in the house—looking with a melancholy expression at his boots which would never be dry again, whilst Kathi offered him eagerly and very respectfully her newest slippers. We were not much surprised when he returned, earlier than expected, to his gay, sunny Italy. After that, we were present at the opening of the Kindergarten, by the Governor of the Tyrol, Count Thun, who came from Innsbruck for that purpose, and also to know my aunt, and with much satisfaction we heard, for some days, from morning till evening, the well-known Kindergarten songs from lusty mountain throats. “To wander far is miller’s dream.”

It was hard for us to go away from that dear place, and

we sadly took leave of the good Deacon and of Kathi—that strange girl—who was quite inconsolable. She behaved as if she were quite desperate, and wished to travel with us at any price. Only the earnest representations of the Deacon, that she would die from home sickness for her Tyrol mountains, prevented her from accompanying us, so to speak, by force. She cried and wrung her hands on taking leave of my aunt, and it was a most distressing sight to see her kneeling figure on the platform of the station, as she raised her hands in prayer for us.

At this time we only stayed for some days at Munich, but we visited Julius Fröbel, who had not been in town, when we were there before. It was very interesting to me to make the acquaintance of Fröbel's nephew, on whose and on his brother's account the Kindergarten had been prohibited and who had been the cause of so much distress, trouble and work.

In 1848 he had been politically compromised and though the real cause of the prohibition was a pamphlet of his brother Charles, his discredit made the Fröbel doctrine all the more suspicious to Minister von Raumer. He had then lived many years in the backwoods in America, had married a Countess of an old Bavarian family, and was, as Countess Krockow assured me, the handsomest man whom she ever had seen.

Julius Fröbel was indeed a handsome man, a splendid figure, with fine and beautiful features. Nevertheless there was something of a melancholy and fatigued air in him, "habitual to one once condemned to death" the Countess Krockow told me. After all he reached a ripe old age and died in Switzerland after having been for some years German Consul at Smyrna. Before his death he published an interesting autobiography. He told us a good many of his American adventures and showed us a little basket of pam-

pas grass filled with the dried tails of many rattlesnakes, which he had killed himself, and also the nuts which the hunters always carry about with them, as the best antidote in case of bites.

We stayed first at Carlsbad, where my aunt had invited her brother Albert, who was in urgent need of the baths; and then fourteen days at Schwülper, to introduce me to the whole Marenholtz family. Then we returned to Dresden.

IN DRESDEN

REAT plans occupied my aunt,—the Volkskinder-garten, and the foundation of the Fröbelstiftung as a place where the teaching of the real, pure Fröbel method could be assured. If Dresden was finally chosen as the site of the Fröbelstiftung, I may take to myself a little of the credit. For it lay entirely in my aunt's hands, where the "Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein" should take root, and where these institutions should be called into life; and she left the decision to me. She told me that the Verein, as center of all the Fröbel endeavours, must have its seat somewhere in central Germany; and certainly Dresden seemed an appropriate place, though many other towns might be taken into consideration. She said that I must choose, and that if I preferred Dresden, we would also elect to live there—I could only say, kissing her tenderly as Ruth once said to Naomi: "Whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people shall be my people."

Meanwhile the Dresden Zweigverein had been established, and, after our arrival, we held the first annual meeting, to which numerous votaries came. The next year we met at Cassel. We stayed in the hospitable house of the Countess Hessenstein, *née* Baronne de Pereuny, a Hungarian. Although the mother of fourteen children, she was still a youthful, beautiful person. With warm enthusiasm she took up the Fröbel cause, and advocated it with passionate eagerness. She founded our Cassel Zweigverein, with the assis-

tance of Fräulein Nanny von Haf, my aunt's publisher, Georg Wigand, Dr. Gustav Wittmer, the authoress Marie Calm and others. Her husband had been at school at Lüneburg with poor Alfred. He was less enthusiastic about the Fröbel method and used to tease his wife about her own enthusiasm.

Beautiful little Cassel. A little dull—but the Augarten with its splendid growth of trees enchanted us.

In 1874, my aunt had the joy of collecting round her, in her native city, Brunswick, the friends of the "Cause". "The director, Dr. Sommer, and Fraulein Vorhauer, the lady-principal of the interesting 'Wiesenedersche Music Schule' Fraulein Louise Löbbecke, well known for her splendid philanthropic work for the welfare of mankind, and many others worked for the establishment of the *Brunswick Zweigverein*."

In 1875, they again met in Dresden, and in 1876 in Wiesbaden. At all these meetings we saw interesting people. For instance the original Dr. Rudolph Benfey, and the Danish cavalry officer von Klauson Kaas. This courtier and officer who gave up his career for the philanthropic idea known as: "The Handfertigkeitslehre", never ceased to work with unwearyed zeal for the cause to which he had dedicated his life, and for which he was ready to offer many a sacrifice.

So many pleasant hours we spent on such occasions, in the circle of Fröbel's adherents.

The meeting at Brunswick took place exactly twenty-five years after my aunt had first devoted herself to the service of Fröbel's cause. She herself had probably forgotten it. For all that were present it was a memorable moment when at supper, Leonhardi approached my aunt and expressed to her in the most deeply felt and well-considered words the thanks of all philanthropists. When at the conclusion of his speech, he laid a laurel-wreath on her head—a little

clumsily, and yet so tenderly, so carefully and when he then bent over her, and reverentially pressed the sacred kiss of everlasting friendship on her forehead, no eye remained dry. I have kept the wreath as a memento.

Sometimes it seemed on such occasions as if they expected my aunt to make a speech. But I have never heard my aunt make a speech, she never spoke *on anything but the Fröbel cause*. "Speechmaking in public belongs to men", she used to say. *All unnecessary publicity* in women was to her repugnant, and that was sweet of her, for it sprang from her womanly modesty.

We established ourselves in Dresden in an apartment of our own and my aunt had her furniture sent from Berlin. We lived at first for a short time in the Hoherstrasse. Unfortunately it was soon evident that the house was newly built and very damp. We were glad, when others, less sensitive, than ourselves took this apartment from us at the New Year. I have only two recollections of this apartment. The auto da fé which my aunt made of all her correspondence, and a dream.

At that time, the publicity of letters of renowned persons was a regular epidemic. My aunt thought it shameful that the most unimportant lines should be exposed to publicity only because they were written by renowned people or to famous persons. When the large boxes arrived from Berlin, containing the letters, neatly arrayed in bundles, of Fichte, Leonhardi, Röder Schlephacke Varnhagan von Ense, Bettina von Arnim, Carlos and Julius Fröbel, Wichard Lange, Professor Hanne, Ida Hahn-Hahn, Professor Michelet, and Professor Quinet, and of so many other well-known and interesting individuals of the century, as well as the letters of the Grande Princesse Helene of Russia, the most clever and interesting letters of the Grandduke Charles Alexander von Sachsen Weimar, and the Princess Heinrich of the Nether-

lands—my aunt at once ordered their conflagration, and I was in despair. I begged, prayed her not to do it, but in vain. I was allowed to read some of the letters of the Princess Amelia, whose charming, almost filial protestations of love and friendship for my aunt, touched me deeply. And then I had to watch how the greedy flames licked up all these precious documents of deep thought, high mental ability, touching protestations of love and respect, as well as the most interesting information concerning contemporary events, I saw it blaze up, fly into sparks and sink finally into ashes; I stood by wringing my hands and with tears in my eyes, with the feeling similar to that, with which one might attend an execution. But my aunt threw packet after packet quickly into the fire. "What was important for the 'Cause'" she said, "I have already communicated in my book 'Labour and New Education'; the rest concerns nobody." Then she told me how, through the hyper-zeal of somebody she knew in Paris, all her letters from Fröbel and Middenford had unfortunately been burnt before she left. Whilst we were in that apartment my aunt, in her flight from insidious draughts, slept, now in one room, now in another. One night, when we had prepared her bed in a little drawing-room with a balcony, she had a vivid dream that Alfred came in, and approached her bedside. When she told me the dream the next morning, a blissful happiness still illumined her features. "Here quite close to me, he stood" she said "much, much older than then, but as he might look now. 'Mama,' he said, with the voice I know so well, 'this does not do, it is too damp for you here, think of your health', and then he walked past my bed to the balcony door, which he opened and shut behind him." I was so alarmed by this vision that I spoke at once with the landlady, and had the apartment advertised. I then longed for the day when we should leave it, and shou'd move to the Lüttichaustrasse,

also only for three months, as the house had to be repaired. There were so few apartments in Dresden at that time that we were glad to have it. Now there is no lack of new buildings. Only two recollections of this apartment remain to me, firstly a legion of bugs, fortunately not in my aunt's rooms but in mine, where they had led a possibly hungry but undisturbed existence for years, in a curious cupboard below the ceiling. Secondly a mysterious sound of music which lasted all night long. It was most exciting, as we could not find out where this piano playing was practised. All our neighbors below, above, and next door, declared indignantly to the inquiring police, that they did not possess a piano, and could not play at all, but all heard the music and were furious about it. All began to bang simultaneously against the walls! It remained a riddle. The landlady was the most indignant and anxious of all to get to the bottom of the matter. At last the annoying sounds died away and the riddle was solved. A young Russian attaché, who had lived in the landlady's apartment, suddenly, after a violent scene with her, left the house and took his piano with him in the ingenious form of a writing table. Thus he had been able to deceive even the spying police! What pleasure the cunning landlady and he must have had over the whole story! But we moved too. Our new apartments, then Lüttichaustr. 4 would not be free before the autumn, and our furniture was meanwhile stowed away in rooms; so we lived for two months in a furnished flat on the Moltkeplatz. That is to say, when we saw the apartment the furniture was there, but when we moved into it, we only found in the middle of the drawing room a very heavy table, much too heavy to be moved, and a landlady in tears, who wrung her hands, and said, that the day before, everything had been taken by the bailiff.

As she could, or would not procure any furniture, my aunt

prepared to have her own once more disturbed and it was not improved by this wandering from house to house.

We passed the spring in Dresden fairly happily and Leonhardi visited us. The first great Bazar for the *Fröbelstiftung* which was to be opened in the autumn, was held. It was, I believe, the first enterprise of the sort in Dresden. Many foreigners took part in the sale, and a very large sum was realized.

On returning from our summer trip, in the autumn of the year 1873, the first course for Kindergartners was opened. The lessons first took place in the rooms, kindly offered to us by the first Dresden Frauen Verein. Frau Anna Siegel Zöhn was even then the president.

It was only in the spring of the following year that we found an old building, Feldgasse 14, in the middle of Mrs. Meurer's nursery garden, and in the old, queer, but very convenient house, we had our Fröbelstiftung till the year 1883.

When my aunt called the Fröbelstiftung into life, she had above all the important objects in view that *it might contribute to make Fröbel's new idea of Education accessible to a larger number of girls and women. The new education was gradually to be the common property of all men. Until the method is introduced into the higher classes of all girls' schools as a branch of education, there are, beyond books, only the seminaries for Kindergartners, that make this study possible.* In the latter part of this book, I will give the plan of instruction for the schools, which my aunt thought possible to carry out. *My aunt considered the instruction of the whole of the female sex for its educational profession the most important side of the woman question.* She writes about this in the "Handbook" page 164:—

"Only then, when the whole female sex will be really

trained for its material and educational duties—only then, can the educational reform for childhood and youth, so generally striven for in our time, completely enter life. As long as this condition is not realized, everything will remain piece-work, because the right *beginning is lacking*."

In her book "Labour and the New Education", page 58, my aunt says:—"And what is to be done? will be asked. How can we manage that all the girls shall become Kindergartners before their marriage? In the simplest way. Fröbel's method must be introduced *theoretically and practically into the upper classes of all girls' schools*. "And the 'school régime' and 'want of time'?—If the school régime is not efficient any longer, or is rather old fashioned and does not correspond to the new demands, then it must be altered. And if the time will not allow of it, some other branches of instruction must be curtailed. What can be more important for the female sex to learn, than that which their most natural immediate calling demands? Is it more important to learn the geography of China and Japan, or the names of the Egyptian and Persian Kings, than to learn the theory of rational feeding and health, and, principally in reference to the care of children, to learn the development of the human soul and its organs, and how to treat and find occupation for, childhood rightly? If only all the ballast would at last be thrown overboard, ballast which can be done without much more easily in the instruction of girls than of boys! All that wisdom learnt by heart, which neither fructifies the mind nor enlarges the heart, and which is forgotten as soon as the doors of the schools are shut and those of the ballrooms, or of any industrial workshop are opened. When the elements of science or the so-called rudiments of practical education (writing, reading, arithmetic and singing) have once been learnt, then must follow all that belongs to the real call-

ing of the female sex, *the elements of the science of education*—that is to say, the knowledge of human nature, how it is created according to its physical and mental organization, how it develops, and by what means this development is to be assisted in accordance with nature. Further, it must be learnt how the child, from the hour of birth, must be physically tended; how bathed, washed, dressed, fed, etc., in what manner his mental needs express themselves, how they are to be satisfied, first by playing and dandling (Fröbel's 'Mother and Cosset Songs'), and then by occupation, work, and instruction through observation. *This is the science of the mothers, and, hence, of womanhood as the mothers of humanity.* And in truth, this science demands from those, to whom the means of higher education are at hand, more, far more, real learning and work than has hitherto been accomplished in schools, colleges, and by private teaching. If women are meant to acquire a generally instructive education, they can certainly reach a higher grade of mental development by a mode of instruction such as is demanded by Fröbel in physics, psychology, and hygiene. In Fröbel's Theory of Education, which reflects natural and human life in reference to the child, and which, in the most profound way, makes use of the child—as the child of history and as the child of nature—to serve as the book of instruction for human education, a human task is given to women higher than that of merely continuing the species, making woman in the spiritual sense the mother of humanity—the educator of humanity. This is surely far more adapted to raise the soul of woman and to emancipate her from the paltry things of her existence, and from the thousand miserable nothings and vain interests which still form the life of millions of women."

In most subjects, the training in the Fröbelstiftung consists of only two subdivisions. As space and means were

lacking to give the instruction to mere classes and to other grades of development, a middle grade had to be adopted for the Kindergartner division. The pupils from the district schools are able to follow this instruction by means of the training which they have already gone through; whilst the pupils from the higher girls' schools are offered, throughout the whole course of their instruction in the Fröbel method, what is absolutely new to them. (Often the method is much better understood by intelligent girls with less training, than by educated girls.)

For the second division, that of the nursery maids, only the preparation of a good primary school is required. Thus the course for Kindergartners comprises the necessary training for leaders of Kindergartens, and for assistants in the same, as well as for governesses in families. (Also the training of young ladies who wish to prepare themselves for their later duties in their own home.) On the other hand, the course for nursery-maids is for those who wish to learn in the Fröbelstiftung all that is necessary for their profession, and thereby the pre-education of the future mothers among the people is assured. If the duration of the course is reduced from two to one and a half years, and later even to one year, the sad conditions of our time, when young girls are obliged to make their own living as soon as possible, are the principal reasons for this reduction, and, again, the pecuniary means of the Fröbelstiftung are not sufficient to afford a free education to all the pupils. But according to the plan of education, devised so ingeniously by my aunt, the one year's course is sufficient for the pupils. Of course it is necessary to have well-instructed teachers, and sufficient rooms, as the Fröbelstiftung has. "In the Fröbelstiftung, twenty-seven teachers are engaged in the different branches of instruction. My aunt spared no pains to attract them, interest them, and help them on, and she had the

great happiness, that nearly all the teachers gave themselves, heart and soul to the 'Cause.'

If, in the course of time, some by removal and marriage, and unfortunately some by death, were taken from us, many of the teachers remained true till my aunt's death, and up till to-day have devoted their powers to the Seminary. Among the latter we can name:—Professor Englehardt, a great light in natural science, a teacher deeply revered by his pupils for his good humour, who has been active in the Fröbelstiftung since its establishment, and of whom my aunt thought very highly. Moreover, Prof. Thieme Seminar Oberlehrer and Koniglicher Zeicheninspector, one of the most enthusiastic of the Fröbel disciples of our Dresden circles, and one of my aunt's most able pupils, who, with absolute devotion to Fröbel's doctrine, not only has taught in the Fröbelstiftung since its very foundation, but also in the Königliche Seminar for future schoolmasters at Friedrichstadt. *My aunt saw in him the most faithful votary of the cause in Dresden, and felt a true friendship for him.* Of the women teachers, I must name, in the first rank, Frau Elise Weiss, a pupil of the Fröbelstiftung, who, for many years, gave practical instruction, with great talent and zeal, in the Fröbelstiftung; and whose refined sense of beauty contributed largely to make the practical work in the Fröbelstiftung among the best that can be done anywhere, and makes our exhibitions quite celebrated. My aunt entrusted her also with the supervision of the Seminary, and the direction and management of the boarding-house for the day scholars. For twenty-three years, Frau Weiss has been to them an understanding, faithful, and motherly friend and counsellor. Of the Kindergartners engaged in the Volkskindergarten, of our association, Fräulein Hertzsch, Frl. Reichardt, and her colleague, Frl. Kärber, as well as Frl. Krause, have remained true to the Fröbel Cause, and to their profession for about twenty

years, with an unswerving and touching zeal. Other teachers, as Herr Director Göthe (singing), Wilke (gymnastics), Leber (gymnastics), Hanicke (natural sciences), the brothers, Dr. Paul and Edmund Hohlfeld (general pedagogics and German), Director von Shröter (theory), have worked for ten years or longer in the Fröbelstiftung. Old Herr Wilke, another pupil of Fröbel, was, as it has always been the case with all who met Fröbel, very enthusiastic for the "Cause", and, in his department, extraordinarily gifted; he knew how to make the best even out of the worst material, and his original stimulating mode of instruction, with reference to Fröbel's ideas and law, made gymnastics, for long years, a very interesting lesson in the Seminary. The ladies Fräulein Müller (physical care and singing), Lindner (sewing, etc., for the nurses), the Kindergartners, Fräulein Goerth Schüller (now wife of Oberlehrer Thieme), Frl. Bruckner Ulbricht (the latter called away by death from her so devotedly and faithfully fulfilled calling), and Frl. Lange, who has a private Kindergarten for the higher classes—all devoted their powers for long years to the Fröbelstiftung, and how faithfully, how reverentially, they looked up to my aunt, and how loyally they stood, and stand to-day, for our holy Fröbel Cause. Fräulein Marianne Bräter (now Frau Bernhardt), one of the most talented of my aunt's pupils, who, for fourteen years, until her marriage, a few days before my aunt's death, gave the important instruction in the *theory* of the Fröbel games and occupations and the "Mother and Cosset Songs," etc. She was not only an ornament to the Seminary, but my aunt's joy and support, and was so liked by her, that she often wished to see her in the last years of her illness. And all the other names, Herr Director Schindler, Vicedirector Peuckert, Schoolmaster Starke, Director Kunath, Director Wilsdorf—the Schoolmasters Leber, Director Angermann, the sculptor

Geissler, and others. The ladies Frl. Schenk, Frl. Weiss (now Frau Winkler), Frl. Weisse (now Frau Buschbeck), Frl. Haase, an extremely talented Kindergartner (alas! taken from us by death), Frl. Therese Focking, a well-known authoress, Frl. Margarethe Weiss, the able daughter of Frau Weiss (now Frau Rabe), Frl. Dora Bräter (now, Frau Elsner), Frls. Riehle, Hammler (now Striezel), Bley, Gärtner and Böhme, all contributed, and contribute, to make a *model seminary* of the Fröbelstiftung, as my aunt planned it should be. (Also the managers of the crèches, Frau Goldbaum, and Frl. Müller, as well as the Sisters in the Children's Hospital, in which institutions the pupils of the Fröbelstiftung are voluntary assistants, must be gratefully remembered).

The schoolmasters Rabe, Frl. Hertsch, Frl. Grieshammer, Frl. Stöckert, and the Kindergartners, Frl. Schütze, Böhme, Bertholdt, and Phillip—all pupils of the Fröbelstiftung, and all inspired with love and zeal for the "Cause", entered, as new members of the teaching body. Moreover Frl. Gertrude Kahle, developed into an excellent and energetic teacher of the method, full of understanding and devotion.

The instruction in hygiene and rational feeding, first help in case of illness and accident, etc., considered by my aunt of the utmost importance, was given successively by the physicians Dr. Käuffer, Dr. Meinert, Dr. von Villers, Dr. Braune, Dr. Paul Klemm, Dr. Bennewitz, and Dr. Fürbringer, in the most unselfish manner, and only in the interest of the "Cause". In addition to the excellent Kindergartners, Frl. Haase and Frl. Ulbricht, my aunt experienced the sorrow of losing two important teachers through death. One of her first pupils in Dresden, the

NOTE—After my aunt's death, some of the teachers married, and Director Hanecke and Frl. Lindner were transferred to schools further off.



Schoolmaster Lüttich, whom my aunt had appointed as teacher in the Fröbelstiftung, and whom she had specially instructed for this purpose, died in the prime of life from the consequences of an operation. A further loss for us was the Schoolmaster Luis Walter, one of my aunt's eager pupils, and afterwards teacher in the Seminary as long as his declining strength allowed.

He threw his whole being into the "Cause" for which my aunt had inspired him. As author, he was also an active supporter of the work. His little book on my aunt and her writings is well-known in Kindergarten circles, and became the source of many articles and obituary notices. He wrote besides these: "Diesterweg and Fröbel" and "Fröbel and his Contemporaries." Death terminated this busy and unassuming life, but all who knew him will remember him kindly.

With Fröbel's writings, those of my aunt form the basis of the instruction of the Kindergartners—particularly the "*Theoretical and Practical Handbook*."

THE FRÖBELSTIFTUNG.

PLAN OF INSTRUCTION IN THE FROBELSTIFTUNG.

GENERAL pedagogics.
Short history of pedagogics up to Fröbel's time.
(In what does the novelty of Fröbel's method consist?)

Review of the method and the *means* given by Fröbel.
Fröbel's Theory of Education, together with Fröbel's
"Mother and Cosset Songs", which serve generally as the
basis of the whole of Fröbel's teaching.

(How and where does Fröbel find his law, the connection
of opposites, and how is it applied in the method?)

In addition to the above-mentioned instruction:—

THEORY OF METHOD.

Anatomy.

Physiology (elementary).

Natural Science.

Zoology.

Botany (with practical application to the cultivation of
the soil, given in a separate lesson).

Reference to the "Mother and Cosset Songs" as the starting
point of the whole Fröbel teaching.

Elements of mathematics, with application to the Fröbel
means of occupation.

German language, *i. e.*, instruction as to the proper mode
of expression necessary for the children's literature and com-

position lessons, which instruction serves to make the pupils reflect on their future calling and on the Fröbel method, etc.; and makes them capable of expressing themselves clearly.

Easy recitation, as suitable to children.

Observation, as desired by Fröbel, *i. e.*, in no wise to be pedantic either in the Kindergarten, or, later, in the "Schoolgarten", and above all in the nursery. It must, as far as possible, attract the momentary interest of the child, and attach itself to concrete things, if possible, as Fröbel demands manipulation as well as observation. (See the "Mother and Cosset Songs".)

Voyage of discovery in the house, yard, garden, visits to farms, peasant abodes, manufactories, markets, etc.

The pupils are induced to make use of the material at hand, interesting to the children to observe. Beyond that, the children are induced to make use of, and to *represent*, in their work, what they have seen. (See "School and Youth Garden".)

The theoretical teaching in the object lessons is combined with the theory of method.

Fröbel's "Mother and Cosset Songs", and their finger-plays. In this lesson, the deep significance of the "Mother and Cosset Songs" for first childhood in the nursery is taught, in connection with the child's life of impulse, and the development of his limbs and senses, with reference to the means given by Fröbel. *The Theory and Praxis of the Fröbel Gifts and Occupations* must be given in a strictly methodical way, for without this its chief use to the child is lost. *In reality, in the Fröbelstiftung (according to my aunt's wish, and as is quite self-evident), the greatest stress is laid on the application of Fröbel's law, and the mere mechanical use of the occupations is never allowed.*

The course is so arranged that with girls who are healthy, sufficiently prepared, and normally gifted, no over-ex-

eration of strength can take place, even in those who have a long way to come to the Seminary. The constant change from mental to physical employment (which, according to Fröbel, must always go hand in hand with the child), prevents mental fatigue such as that which is brought on by the work necessary for the Teacher's Examination. If we consider the fatigues to which young girls are exposed, who have to enter some profession, immediately after their confirmation, shop girls for instance, bookkeepers especially, milliners, copyists, etc., and those girls preparing themselves for other modes of gaining their livelihood—there can be no question of over-exertion in the course of instruction given in the Fröbelstiftung. In addition to Sunday, Saturday is also set aside for the written work at home. It is certainly necessary, during the course of instruction, to drop other lessons, and to give up all social occupations and amusements, and to work on systematically. The experience of the twenty-three years' existence of the Seminary, has shown that under these conditions (the same for every branch of study) the pupils have never suffered in health, but, on the contrary, have become stronger and healthier during these years of training. Naturally it was my aunt's wish that the powers of the pupils should not be overtaxed in any way. She always thought of the welfare of all, and would never have allowed any over-straining.

The pupils must make clear to themselves the *connection* of the Fröbel occupations, and must regard as most essential *that this connection should never be interrupted*. Otherwise, a disturbance in result would be unavoidable. The Fröbel method can only retain its enormous value for human education, and human development, as long as it is applied *pure and unfalsified*, as demanded and prescribed by Fröbel, the ingenious finder sent by God. Towards the end of the course, the President of the Curatorium sets some essays on

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themes, such as: "The Fröbel Games, a Coherent Whole." "The Fröbel Method, and Its Application." "The Fröbel Law of the Connection of Opposites, and Its Application to All the Gifts and Occupations."

The essays will then be looked through by the President, and commented on. As the course in the Fröbelstiftung is so short, it is impossible not to exclude all the other branches of learning and the so-called "assistant" lessons. As for instance, German, which is only practiced in its relation to correct speech, narration and recitation, and children's literature. The above-mentioned essays are an important help to make clear to the pupils, by individual thought, what they have studied, and by making them give out clearly what they have learnt. Only in this way is it possible to give in one year, such a comprehensive study of the Fröbel method, as is demanded in the Fröbelstiftung.

In the praxis, a so-called minor school of each occupation (exactly according to rule) is carried out with application of the law, and two inventions are demanded. Moreover, some other occupations for *riper* childhood are introduced, such as "Spritzen", pasting flowers on cardboard, making landscapes and plaiting baskets, wood-carving, artificial-flower making, etc.

Drawing.—1. The Fröbel Netzzeichnen (net drawing) by Fröbel's law. 2. The drawing of ornamental forms. 3. The freehand drawing which leads the child to draw forms from life. Further by drawing animals, flowers, etc., in connection with stories. The child is given pleasure and the sense of beauty and exact observation is developed.

Singing.—One lesson with a teacher for chorus-singing, part-singing, and Kindergarten songs. One lesson by a lady teacher for Kindergarten and cradle songs.

Fröbel's Kindergarten plays (Bewegungsspiele) with explanation.



Gymnastics together with *Calisthenics*.

Physical care.—Much stress is laid on this instruction. It is first taught by a teacher, and secondly, practically learnt in the crèches and in the hospitals, but beyond this, a doctor gives one lesson a week, during the winter months, on the general care of health, rational food, first care in case of accident, and nursing in the nursery.

Three to four times in the week, the pupils visit Kindergartens for practice—giving three months at a time to the same Kindergarten. In the summer term, botanical excursions are made, under the direction of a teacher. Plants are collected and used by the teacher for botanical instruction. Then they are pressed and pasted. These excursions serve both for recreation and for pleasure.

The botanical instruction for the Kindergarten is given by a lady teacher in the Schoolgarten, outside the town, in the “Haide forest.” In the winter term, a monthly “Uebungs-abend” takes place; the pupils demonstrate with the children, in a practical way, what they have learnt. The work made with the Fröbel occupations is exhibited, and the whole not only serves as practice for the pupils, but is to introduce the Fröbel method to those who wish to understand it but who are hindered by their professional employments from attending Kindergartens during the day time, such as the teaching world. My aunt also made use of these Uebungs-abende for the purpose of making strangers, sent by different governments and associations, acquainted with the method in the easiest and most practical way, and for showing them what the Fröbelstiftung can accomplish. The children were given their slates, and, between the lessons, were allowed to draw freely, to their heart’s content, as their imagination prompted and by the Fröbel law.

The strangers were then able to convince themselves that the children are well able to invent something for themselves,



and how rich the child's imagination is—for many a child produced three or four different patterns in the short time.

From time to time, the Curatorium orders a so-called "free *Uebungsabend*" on which the pupils are called up to work and speak without preparation. This is often demanded from them later in their professional life and every pupil must be able to give exact information about the method and must be able to answer all objections raised against it, etc.

Every three months the pupils receive reports on their attendance in the Kindergartens, crèches, or hospitals, and every six months reports on their lessons. At the end of the course, after the examination, certificates are given, with the signature of the Saxon State Commissioner, whereby this examination becomes a state one.

Even in the first years of the existence of the Fröbelstiftung, my aunt wished to have the signature of the State Commissioner for the certificates of the pupils, as a sign of State authorization, and her wish was acceded to. The Chief-Inspector Berthelt, a man of great merit and absolutely devoted to the Fröbel method, having known Fröbel himself, was for years sent by the State to our Examinations as State Commissioner, until he was obliged to retire through old age. Now the Inspector of Schools, Herr Eichenberg, takes his place and for many years has shown the greatest interest in the Seminary and its aims, as well as the kindest recognition of its achievements and the work of its teachers. By this State authorization and by the instruction in the theory of method, the Kindergartners, educated in the Fröbelstiftung are capable of teaching the first elements of the school-learning in private situations. In earlier years it often happened, for instance in South Germany, that my aunt had to vouch, with her name and authority, for the capacity of the pupils to give this instruction, and had to sign a certificate to that effect,

A *Curatorium* manages the affairs of the Seminary, receives the names of the new pupils, grants free instruction, and signs the reports. *My aunt, as President, reserved to herself the direction of the whole instruction.*

In addition to this *Curatorium*, my aunt formed a committee of ladies, to whom she intrusted the management of the practical affairs of the *Fröbelstiftung* (places, boarding-house, arrangements for the collection of funds and for the provision of little amusements). Many ladies, in the course of years, devoted their powers in a most kind way to this committee. Among others, *Fraulein Malwince Kuntz, Madonna Maillard, Frau Mirus, Fraulein von Fromberg, treasurer for many years, Frau Claus, Frl. Lange, and I myself.* In the first years of the existence of the *Fröbelstiftung*, this committee of ladies founded, with the greatest interest, the division of the *nurses* (*Kinderopflegerinnen*).

My aunt always showed the greatest interest in this course for *nurses*. "These girls belonged to the people," as she again and again put forward, and are partly the future mothers of the people. Hence they have been, up till now, the *chief means of bringing the new education to the lower classes of the people, and therefore their education seemed of the greatest importance to her.*

The proposed aim of this instruction, is to enable the girls to care for the children mentally and physically, and to forcibly impress upon them that body and mind must be developed together. *Both from the beginning require care*, and the girls are to be taught how the simplest mother by means of *Fröbel's Theory of Education*, and by the help of his gifts and games, can *direct the harmonious development of her child*. In the course of time, it has been proved that these girls have become a great blessing to private families, as better-trained nurses, and now take the place of those young nursery maids who are not prepared in any way for their

duties, and to whom, also, in many families, children are entrusted.

The instruction of the nursery maids embraces the following subjects:—

Physical care of the child—German, with instruction for reading aloud, telling stories, learning little verses, and object lessons.—Fröbel's Theory of Education, the Mother and Cosset Songs.—Kindergarten occupations—gymnastics and games—the elements of natural science, as well as local information—drawing—singing—direction for domestic employments, washing, ironing, mending, etc.

This division also visits, for practice, the Kindergartens, Hospitals, and Crèches. They too have "Uebungsabende" in the winter, and learn practical botanizing in the Schulgarten in the Haideforest.

My aunt says in her "Handbook": "As soon as the general opinion has at last been gained, that in *the girls' schools* consideration has to be given to the educational calling of the female sex (education within the family) and the necessary branches of instruction are adopted for this purpose, the later course for Kindergartners could be very much simplified. . . . The above mentioned branches of instruction would be introduced very easily and with slight modification, into the girls' schools (see page 541) and would be more profitable for their development, than the scientific ballast, which is now-a-days still laid on them at a time when the understanding for it can only exist with great talent, but which the majority are not able to understand and which has no possible place in the ordinary woman's life.

"The higher scientific education *where necessary*, and when capacity exists for it, can be obtained in the time after leaving school, in colleges, etc. The instruction of girls of the ages of fifteen and sixteen, must absolutely have regard to their later immediate calling in life, and principally in the

lower classes, more time should be given to practical occupations, than to the learning of things that can have no application in later years.

“The reform in woman’s education in this sense is probably only a question of time.

“Experience of the mis-education of the young girls of our day, as well as of the small use of a school education, which sins by an *overquantity*, overburdening the mind, and injuring the health, increases daily, and must lead to the introduction of reforms, and then the Fröbel education will be able to find its full consideration for the later enablement of the female sex to fulfil its educational calling. *Those parents, who have already some discernment with regard to the present education of girls, should allow their daughters to take part in a course of the Fröbel method of education, in order to prepare them, as far as possible, for the educational calling of womanhood, until these improvements have been introduced into the girls’ schools.*

“Meanwhile it would be a great mistake, if the above-mentioned branches of education of the Fröbel method were only introduced into the girls’ schools, and the particular institutions for the education of Kindergartners were set aside as useless. Such institutions are not only required in order to learn how to carry out the Fröbel method theoretically and practically, but they are required above all to bring the method and its principles in their full signification, to the public understanding. This will only be possible in the case of institutions carried out in strict accordance with Fröbel’s real principles.

“The principles followed now in the schools contradict in many ways the Fröbel principles, inasmuch as “*instruction by word*” predominates in the schools *separated from its application* to what is to be learnt, *whilst Fröbel requires both united one with the other.* By Fröbel’s education, the

generally prevailing usurpation of the word, and its exclusive predominance in our mode of education now-a-days must be overcome, at least for the grade of childhood and early youth. Instead of this, education should first call forth strength of will, before any claims are laid on the intellectual powers. Then *knowledge* will partly come from *capacity*, and will thereby keep its firm basis; and a more deeply founded recognition of right and good will be able to produce, at the same time, a higher grade of morality; for morality rests far more on doing than on knowing."

On page 149 we read in the "Handbook":—"The prosperity and the success of Kindergartens depend above all on the right education of their leaders (Kindergartners), and especially on their being really instructed according to the true Fröbel method. . . . The greater number of the so-called Kindergartners, are indeed now educated or rather broken in, without any plan, and by persons who are *lacking in the thorough knowledge of the subject, and who only learn the practical occupations in a quite mechanical way*. This is the reason why so few methodically managed Kindergartens exist. It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when by the adoption of the Kindergartens into the State school system, an examination will also be demanded by the Seminaries for the training of Kindergartners. This already is the rule in Austria and Belgium."*

"The organization of the Fröbelstiftung," my aunt continues, "which was founded in 1873 by the 'Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein' called into life by me, and which is under my direction, may serve as the model for other training seminaries still to be organized."

With these concluding words of the introduction to the "Handbook" concerning the education of the Kindergart-

* Since that time also in Bulgaria and Italy.

ners, *my aunt recognises the Fröbelstiftung as a model foundation, and gives to it the position, which, since its establishment, it has always taken, principally in foreign lands, their governments, and their educational associations.* The best proof of this is perhaps to be found in the numerous deputies who visit the Fröbelstiftung, ask for instruction, and study the plan of organisation.

I will quote here some extracts from the "*Handbook*," from the section concerning the "*education of the Kindergärtner*," in order to show the mode and manner in which *my aunt herself delivered the instruction to the Kindergärtner on the theory of education, and wished to have it delivered by others.*

"He, who wishes to educate, must know the being whom he has to educate. He, who wishes to educate according to Fröbel, must know *how Fröbel apprehends the child's being.*" Hence the next question to answer is:—"How does Fröbel designate the child's being"? "He designates it first as a '*child of nature*'; secondly, as a '*child of man*'; and thirdly, as a '*child of God*.'"

"What is to be understood by '*a child of nature*'?" "It means the physical side of the human being, by which it coheres to nature and all her organisms or forms, and which it resembles. That is to say, it possesses the general *properties* of all other bodies, such as weight, expansion, form, etc.—and is subject to the same laws as other physical creations of nature (as animals and plants), for instance to the law of *the transmutation of matter*. In accordance with this law, all organic bodies require food, air, and such like, which they take or breathe in from without, consume or absorb into themselves, and reject that which is not required. Everywhere in the vegetable, animal, and human world, this law of the transmutation of matter prevails, whereby everything coheres together, interchanges one with

the other, and contains within itself the same first *principles*. Hence the human body, like all others, is subject to beginning, to growth, and to decay." "What is to be understood by '*a child of man*'?" "All that in the human being does not appertain to the rest of the animal world—externally, the upright gait, the hands, the speech, etc.,—internally (mentally or spiritually), the *consciousness of self*, whereby man becomes a *personality* by his reason, by his mental knowledge, and by his membership of human society." "What is to be understood by '*a child of God*'?" "All that man can have in common with God—as the most perfect Being—goodness, love, wisdom, justice, mercy, etc., but with this difference that man can never attain to these qualities in full perfection on earth, except relatively; whilst to God they are to the highest degree (absolutely) proper. All that leads man nearer to an exact likeness with God—as to his destiny—makes him a child of God.

"He is only able to reach this highest grade of his development, if he has completely passed through the lower grades, as the 'child of nature' and the 'child of man,' and these have been duly considered by a suitable education. Every interruption in one or other of these grades hinders the full development of the human being, and thereby hinders also the degree of perfection attainable on earth. The child is born at once a 'child of nature', a 'child of man', and 'a child of God', *i. e.* in his *capacity* to be so. But since, in the first years, the development of his *physical being* predominates, he is to be treated, in the first place, chiefly as a 'child of nature.'

"What has education to educate, in order to rightly treat the child as a 'child of nature'? Not only has it to satisfy the physical requirements, by right food, dress, and by every physical nurture—as young animals are also tended by their parents—but it must, with sufficient knowledge of

the child's body, further this development, so that the body remains sound, and will become capable of satisfying all the demands of life in work and fulfilment of duty. To this belongs for example, the right *hardening of the body* to enable it to offer the necessary resistance; the *exercise of the limbs* for strengthening the muscles and promoting the flexibility and suppleness of all parts (principally of the *hands* for the different requirements of practical life); and the *right education of the senses*, as instruments of God—and such like."

"On whom is it incumbent to procure the development of the child's body, without which it is impossible to bring up healthy men, useful to human society, and thereby happy?" "It falls to the mothers, and their representatives, to promote the physical development of the child." "Are the mothers and their representatives capable of accomplishing this charge in an adequate manner?" "No, because the *female sex has not been educated to be able to fulfil, to a sufficient degree, the educational duties assigned to her by nature*, although maternal love, and the educational instinct of the sex, are able to accomplish much." "But why, up to the present time has maternal care and education sufficed in the first years of the child's life?" "They have never really sufficed, because the human being has never reached its fullest development, not even physically. But the higher the general development of humanity rises, and consequently the demands on each individual increase, the more necessary will be the corresponding development of the physical instruments of man, which at present are, alas! either stunted or developed one-sidedly." "Why cannot the physical development of the child be left to nature only?" "Because man is not a mere animal being, for whom instinct, or the natural impulses, suffice in every direction. The child is born so weak and helpless in order that it may rise to consciousness. If unconscious impulse sufficed for self-preservation,

no effort on the part of his higher nature would be made for self-preservation ; and consequently this higher nature would not be awakened. But this helplessness of the child, which necessitates the care of a mother, leads consequently to the tie of family love being formed—and the family is the first higher community in human society. As long as the earliest education be left to the insufficient maternal instinct, no real development worthy of man can take place, not even of the body ; but, as a reasonable being, the child is to be developed, in accordance with reason, from the beginning.” “ Should the child in the first years, or even months, be treated merely as a ‘ child of nature ’, and as a physical being ? ” “ No, for then the human being would be debased to the level of the animal. Since the child is born with these three distinct sides to his nature, education has to regard them collectively, although the physical side at first predominates.”

“ How is the child, as the ‘ *child of man* ’, or how is mankind, in the first period of life, to be treated educationally ? ” “ As a being appointed for reason ; above all not as a play-thing of the parents—as is so frequently the case ; as a future member of human society, having to fulfil duties in that society, and responsible for his deeds and actions. Every child brings human rights into the world with him ; that is to say, the right of being educated as man, and not only to be, as animals, physically recognized and cared for, but to receive the necessary food for his spiritual nature.”

“ Does the child require educational aid for his spiritual development from the very beginning, even before the mental faculties are awakened ? ” “ The mental faculties are given at the same time as the physical ; therefore they require, like these, care and cultivation. Only by exercising the *physical organs*, by which the mental powers are expressed, can the latter be developed in earliest childhood.”

“ What should serve us as the guiding principle for the

first education of the child?" "The expressions of the child himself or his impulses."

"In what way are the child's impulses expressed?" "The demands of the physical and psychological requirements of the child express themselves in an unconscious way."

"Where do we find in Fröbel's writings the directions for first satisfying the child's impulses?" "In his 'Mother and Cosset Songs', etc. . . . Fröbel lays down as essential that things shall always be represented to the child in their coherence."

"How does Fröbel seek to procure this?" "By the gifts and occupations of the child always following each other in definite logical sequence, so that what follows always retains what has gone before, and only adds a very small quantum of new matter."

"In this manner the different means of occupation are linked together as a chain, and therefore may not be interrupted if their aim is to be reached, i. e., that of developing the powers and faculties, for which purpose exercises in every occupation are given. Hence nothing can be more foolish than to INTERRUPT THE COHESION IN FRÖBEL'S OCCUPATIONS BY LEAVING OUT ONE OR OTHER OF THEM, AND THEREBY DESTROYING THE RESULT. If the means of development under consideration are to be improved and increased in number (as may hereafter be possible), this improvement will only occupy its right place WHEN FRÖBEL'S IDEA OF EDUCATION IS UNDERSTOOD TO ITS VERY DEPTHS AND IN ITS WHOLE EXTENT. AT PRESENT THIS IS VERY FAR FROM BEING THE CASE."

"To what does the cohesion of Fröbel's means of occupation refer still further?" "It refers to the general qualities of things, in-as-much as, in the representation of each, the start is always made from the simplest, and, step by step,

the new is added; for instance, in the exercises for the observation of *forms*, which lead from the fundamental form (ball) to multiplicity in form; just as in mathematics all of the geometrical forms proceed from the square. By the multiplication of *number* (as in the laying of the tablets), we rise from unity to the highest combination of numbers, and one form or one figure always proceeds from the preceding one. They are not placed one to the other incoherently, but always in sequence (a series), as the understanding of each science requires such sequence. The same course must be observed in the formations made by the child; for the game-exercises of the child lead to the thinking of the man, and rest on the same law, *the law of logic*. This logic in material things thus prepares for the logic of thought. Material things will become in this manner symbols for the mental. In first childhood symbols only can influence mental development, and all abstractions are useless." . . .

"In what manner do the Fröbel game-occupations differ from the general mode and manner of the child's games?"

"They differ in this, that the child's impulse of activity is prepared thereby for *later conscious creation, and is led to it*. In these days, when in infancy everything is left to *chance*, such development of the child's powers, according to plan, cannot be achieved."

"With what then should human education, according to Fröbel, commence?" "With *doing or deeds* (creative activity), as this has been the beginning of all human education and culture."

"What is the highest aim of all human education according to Fröbel?" "Agreement with God, or religion for man, as the 'child of God'."

"Is the child even in first childhood, and even in the first year of life, to be educated as a 'child of God'?" "This is

not only absolutely possible, but quite essential in order that he may be educated later to true religion in the Christian sense."

"Where are Fröbel's other directions with reference to this to be found?" "In his mothers' book, the 'Mother and Cosset Songs.'"

"How will Fröbel first direct the child of God?" "Through *impressions*, as they alone are able to promote the development of the child's soul at this age, as the child cannot yet understand words."

"In what manner can this be procured?" "When, for instance, the mother performs her devotions and prayers by the side of the cradle, the child receives an *impression* that she confers with someone imperceptible to him. The supposition gradually presents itself to his mind that there exists an unseen Being, with whom intercourse can be held. The gestures of devotion—the clasping of the child's hands—followed later by repeating after the mother the words of the prayer, together with the incitation of the devotional feeling by music—for example the singing of hymns by the mother—serve to awaken the devotional feelings inborn in the child. Everything helps which tends to produce the *concentration* of the child's soul, that is to say, draws his attention to one point; for, without concentration, no devotion is conceivable. The same also by making the child observe natural phenomena, which are able to act directly upon the child's heart; as, for example, the moon, the heavens, the sunset, the animal and vegetable world (above all flowers), and, more especially, how the works of creation in general stand in relation to the good things which are most sensible to the child. The enjoyment derived from the child's food (milk, bread, etc.), is most appropriate to turn to account in order to refer its origin to God as the Giver, by again refer-

ing their origin to the products of nature. (See "Mother and Cosset Songs.")

Fröbel says: "He who wishes early to recognize the Creator must exercise early his own creative power, with consciousness for the representation of good; for doing good is the bond between creature and Creator; and the conscious doing of good is the conscious bond, the true living agreement, between man and God (of the individual as well as of mankind in general), and is thus the starting point and eternal aim of all development."

Fröbel says further:—"If you lead your child from the concrete to its image, from the image to the symbol, from the symbol to the grasping of the nature of the thing as a spiritual whole, thus is developed the idea, the idea of the unit and of the whole. Thus, at a later period, the child reviews as a psychological image, clear within himself, the aim of his development and of his life, as a part of all life, of the life of his family, of his race and of all mankind, and that God exists, lives, and works in all and through all. To exhibit, then, this concentrated life, so clearly formed within him in all his feelings and thoughts, deeds and actions, outside of himself, in *action* and *form*, is, from this time, his own life-problem. And thus in the child are united life and nature, as phenomena, knowledge, and revelation. Life to him is a union of nature and mankind, and thus of the oneness of God; it is therefore a life of peace and joy."

Concerning the child, as the "child of nature", my aunt says in her book, "The Child and the Child's Nature":—"In times like ours, when new progress should be made in order to overcome, *as far as possible, the hitherto disunion with nature* (a victory which is necessary for the recognition and growing consciousness of mankind), so that, at some future time, a new alliance between mankind and

nature may be concluded by its subjugation and spiritualization; now, when the science of nature has placed itself at the head of all other sciences, subduing one after the other the different spheres of life, the younger generation must not grow up without receiving a clear insight into this temple of God's revelation, and being made capable of exercising, with wisdom, the human office of ruler over the kingdom of nature. But to do this, it requires initiation, at the very outset of life, through the first indications of nature's language of signs, which the child's eyes understand better than anything else. As man on his life's morning clearly perceived the voice of nature, and heard therein the voice of God—audible and clear—thus the child too hears the voice of God in the thousand voices of nature, and sublime truths stamp themselves in his soul as the first impress. The murmuring stream relates to him the most beautiful fairy tale; the vines wafted by warm winds reveal to him the first secrets of beauty, the flowers kiss him as sister and brother, and exchange smiling glances with him.

The clouds, driven by the winds, paint, in evening red, the magic images of an ideal world of his phantasy; butterflies and insects speak to him a known tongue, and the birds sing to him poetry, ever new, into his heart.

In this world of beauty and God's peace, the young breast should enlarge and strengthen itself, so as not to be crushed at some future day by the weight of the dust of the world of man. He must gain power to vanquish all adverse forces; he must have indestructible faith in the Divine in all forms, and must win imperishable confidence in God's paternal fidelity. "What God has joined together let no man put asunder", says Fröbel in relation to the unity of man with nature."

In the "Handbook" my aunt says:—"Present education only takes the child into the fresh air on account of his

health; for which purpose this is of course indispensable; but nevertheless it does not understand how to use for his development, the impressions which the child receives."

How could this be achieved on the part of the rough, un-educated nursery maids who accompany the children out of doors, and among the mothers, there are but very few, who, having brought the child out, would be really capable of producing this development? Fröbel's "Mother and Cosset Songs" give the first requisite directions for this purpose; and in the Kindergarten, the little garden beds offer the opportunity for the cultivation of the soil. Only *self-activity* awakens the necessary interest and observation of the child for the things in nature. The Kindergartners have to add the word of instruction; but the chief duty should here also fall to the mothers—who ought beforehand to have received the right qualification.

Langenthal, Fröbel's co-worker, said once in reference to this: "Nature will first really be loved, and will exercise her full influence, when man is obliged to devote himself to her works and knows how to strengthen his muscles and nerves in her service."

Fröbel's introduction of the child to nature cannot, of course, take place in the streets of large towns. Many a child grows up in a town without having seen a tree, even at the age of ten! Therefore care must be taken, that the schools not only take children into the fresh air, but also make it possible for the pupils to have a share in the cultivation of the soil. (See "Schoolgarden," page 540.)

Concerning the child as the "*child of man*", we read in the "Handbook", page 47:—

"The nature of man can be recognized even in nurslings. Their smiles and their tears show their superiority to mere natural life. That is to say, human life emerges from the kingdom of the *necessary bondage* in which natural beings

are confined, and enters the kingdom of freedom. The development of the human being and the problem of freeing him from the bonds of mere natural existence as well as from the impulses of mere animal existence and of reaching *education* by the necessary efforts for this purpose, demand a training, which raises *the spirit of man* to be ruler over nature, by making her forces serviceable. . . .

“Darkness still covers the *How* of the great cohesion among the units and thereby among the generations in the past, present and future. But with the progress of all sciences, that of the *nature of man* is also developed. The time will come when man will reach that which the wise of all centuries have recognized as the keystone in wisdom: ‘*Know thyself*.’

“All knowledge must rise from the easy to the difficult. In the same way the path of progress towards the recognition of man must lead just through the organisms of *nature* which stand below him. Man must first see himself in the mirror of natural phenomena before he can rightly make use of the mirror which his own history—the history of humanity—holds out to him. Only in the reflection of his own species, in the history of humanity, can man see what he is, according to his nature. The *general features* of his own human nature radiate to every individual from the picture of history, though hitherto fragmentarily only, however greatly epochs and nations may differ from each other and however manifold the peculiar form of each nation may be. Mankind in general from the very beginning lived through, and still lives through, the different stages of development—childhood, youth—manhood and fuller maturity—just as does the individual.

“Fröbel has recognized these features more deeply and has found the means of raising them in a more definite manner in the different grades of human development, in feeling,

thought, will and action. The features of the general track, along which humanity has progressed from the first beginnings of civilization, in order to attain to the height reached at the present moment, show themselves in the instinctive manifestations of the child's nature—as far as his freedom is not limited by the *breaking-in* commonly practiced.

"The history of culture shows what man was, and what he can do, what is attained, and what is still lacking. It is an inward necessity that the development of the individual should pass through the same phases as that of humanity; for both have the *same goal—happiness*—or, according to Fröbel: 'Joy—Peace—Freedom' are sought by the individual, and are sought by humanity. They can only attain to it through the fulfillment of their destiny. Right education is the *chief means* to reach this object approximately; and this means is only possible through the true recognition of man. . . . By this recognition alone will the secret of human existence be made manifest. Moreover, the *mere recognition* that the childhood of mankind only teaches us to know mankind in an unconscious state, is of little use to human education. It requires first, that the analogy between the natural impulses of the past and earliest humanity, and the natural impulses of the childhood of to-day, should be recognized in detail, and that the educational means should be procured in order to lead present education according to the model of the past. Above all, the severance of that which is part of the arbitrariness of the natural man and his instincts, from that which belongs to a normal development of the human being, is essential for this purpose. . . .

"Fröbel's discovery of the law of human creative activity, or work, was first able to make practicable the thought that the development of the species should give the scale for the development of the individual.

"History knows that the moral progress of human educa-

tion has not kept pace with the discernment and knowledge which has been gained. Hence, present education has, above all, to lay a firmer foundation for all that concerns morality."

My aunt notices in conclusion to this section:—"The supposition, expressed on many sides, that Fröbel thought it was possible to overcome all human peccability by a complete development of the human powers, is absolutely false. Fröbel does not deny the human need of redemption, as taught by the Christian view of the universe. But nobody will wish to deny that the *completely developed man* is in a position to be able to combat human peccability with more success!"

Concerning the *child as the "child of God"* my aunt writes in her book "The Child and the Child's Nature":—

"Fröbel observes: 'To the most delicate, most important, and most difficult part of the earlier nurture of the child, belongs certainly the nurture of the deepest and highest feelings, the life of the soul, its perceptions, and anticipations, from which, at a later period, proceeds all that is highest and holiest in man and human life—*religious life*—the life of the heart, thought, and action in union with God. When and where does it begin? It is with this as with the young shoots of plants. They are there long before they are outwardly perceptible. Astronomy tells us that it is the same with the stars. They shine for a long time in the sky, before their rays reach our eyes.'

Thus we know not when this Goduniting, religious development begins in the child. If we begin to foster it too soon, it is as with a grain of corn, which we expose too early and too forcibly to the fostering sun or the nourishing dampness, both of which at least injure the delicate seed. If we come too late and too feebly, the same result follows. What then should education do? Proceed as quietly as possible, and, at first, only through general *impressions* such as take effect in all other developments. Just as bad or pure

air affect the child's physical prosperity, injuriously or beneficially, thus also the influence of the moral or religious atmosphere, first surrounding him, is decisive for his religious education. If the parents are God-fearing and devout, if the child sees them pray with true piety, and, under all circumstances, in a lofty and holy frame of mind, this works immediately on him, and awakens ideas which, without such incitement, would remain sleeping. Example does not only work as a fact which induces imitations. The quite young child cannot grasp these facts at all, as such, they have no reference to him. He does not understand them yet, and, in most cases, he cannot wish to imitate them. His surroundings work on him to a certain extent magnetically. The same moods and affections are transmitted directly to his soul. For *only to speak* of God to a two-year-old child, without facts, would be absolutely fruitless.

How then, even at this age, can religious feeling be fostered? Through *sounds*, entrance is found into the human heart. Music already makes an impression on the little child. Children, savages—in fact, all undeveloped souls—are much more easily tuned to merriment by cheerful music, and to gravity by serious music, than the thinking man, who does not lend himself at once to every impression. Church services without music would be very insipid. Most people must have felt at times, how, from the most profane mood, they can be transferred to a higher one, and feel themselves moved to devotion, by beautiful church music, or even by a simple organ chorale. A similar result can be produced upon the young child, corresponding at least to his inborn and dimly felt sensations. For this reason, Fröbel recommends to the mothers that choral melodies should be sung when the child is falling asleep or reawakening. Children are usually sung to, so that the question is only one of using sacred airs for this purpose, whether it be singing or playing

an instrument, for which Fröbel's proposed harmonica may serve. To sound, is added *gesture*, the most primitive of all languages, and therefore nearest to the child. Gesture is the direct expression of the soul's disposition. Animals, uncultivated man, and children, who as yet are innocent of dissimilation and have no self-command, always speak in this language. Thus Fröbel wishes that the gestures of inner concentration, expressed in the clasping of the hands should be made use of by the child when he is laid to rest, as soon as the little hands can do so. Prayer is the highest expression of the inner concentration of all the powers of the soul, and requires the deepest concentration of the heart. The gesture answering to that, is a clasping together or folding of the hands, which should then be no more active. In this again Fröbel's thought of the *analogy* between physical and mental activity is expressed. In nature also contraction is the expression of concentrated strength (as, in the bud, the folded petals; the astringent acids of unripe fruits, etc.). At first the mother should pray over the child as he is falling asleep, and then, when he can speak, he should be allowed to pray with her.

But if this is not to be a mere repetition of words without understanding, the child's heart must be capable of concentration; and the words of the prayer must stand in immediate relation to his perceptions. The mother must know how to call forth these perceptions. She recalls to him, for instance, when he is lying in his cot and the peace of his surroundings causes no more distractions, the joys and benefits of the past day, no more present to the child. She disposes him thus to thankfulness towards those who are the immediate afforders of these joys, and leads him then to the original giver from whom these joys proceed. In this mood the simple words: "Dear Father in heaven, I *thank*

Thee", will be a real prayer, or, as a child once prayed:—
"Dear God, I thank Thee for everything had to-day!"

If only in education the right and delicate feelings of the child were more cared for; if at least the pure voice of conscience were not silenced, how much would be gained in morality!"

The explanation of the "*Mother and Cosset Songs*"—that mothers' book in which Fröbel illuminates all sides of the internal and external life of the child—teaches how all the manifestations of the child must be used for his development and for his education in a consequential sequence, according to nature.

This served my aunt as the basis of her instruction for the earliest education of the child, which instruction was known to be unique in its way. For she put her own soul into it—her own great loving pure soul, her thought, and her own feeling, but, in her indescribable modesty in all her works—here, as in everything—she always gave Fröbel the honor. Her instruction in the "*Mother and Cosset Songs*" will not be forgotten by any. To the spell of her appearance, her noble language, her mode of expression, and her power of persuasion, was added here, the giving back of that which was so deeply thought over and so deeply felt in herself. Everyone was carried away and listened, and a sort of devotional feeling stole over the circle of listeners; but the whole beauty of what was heard will have been felt by most of the pupils only afterwards, when they themselves had to do with children, and were able to observe them, and could then first really grasp, and learn to love, the truth of the teaching.

In the first "*Mother and Cosset Song*" lessons, my aunt used to explain the significance of these songs in the following manner:—"In the '*Mother and Cosset Songs*' all sides of the internal and external life of the child are illuminated.

If the whole comprehension of this splendid work can perhaps only be felt by a mother, the maternal instinct is nevertheless so inborn in every female nature that all will love and understand this book. If now the author of this masterpiece of lucid exposition of mother-feeling, and if this master in the recognition of the child's nature was a man—an elderly simple man as our Fröbel, who moreover had never had a child of his own—this may well fill us with astonishment, and we must presume that this man must have been endowed by Providence with quite exceptionally wondrous powers of feeling and observation. *And thus it was.* But always when God wishes to send a new truth into the world for the salvation of mankind, He chooses a man with particular powers as the bearer of this idea, and makes him His prophet, giving him capacities and powers to become His instrument, and to bring to men the new truth of which they are in need. Fröbel, the simple old scholar, who remained *childlike* to the end, was destined by God to become the prophet of childhood, and to give to humanity a deeper knowledge of the child's nature, and, with this knowledge the means to a new education, and consequently the means to the reorganization of the race of man. What Amos Comenius, and other great and noble minds have already *striven after, desired, and said*, Fröbel has found the means and the possibilities of accomplishing. By Fröbel, these beautiful thoughts and discourses have become *deeds*, and all who help to realize in truth the welfare of mankind, contribute thereby to bring nearer the kingdom of God on earth of which Comenius spoke, and, they themselves will be benefactors of humanity. The beautiful and yet so simple words of old Fröbel: 'Come, let us live to our children', should be the motto of all Kindergartners, and should incite them to learn, to understand, and to practice his teaching."

In the "Handbook," page 63, my aunt says concerning the "Mother and Cosset Songs":—

"This book is the first mothers' book which really deserves the name, because it offers to maternal education a practical guiding principle for the first years in life, which up till now has not existed. Whatever good has been offered hitherto by right thought concerning the child's nature, and by directions for his right treatment and first education (principally by Comenius and Pestalozzi), does not suffice to be able to afford a *practical* help for the mothers in general. For this, above all, easy, comprehensible examples are required, showing how, and in what manner, the given directions can be put into execution.

"Even to-day, the beginning of human life in childhood is not given its due importance, although so much has already been spoken and written about it.

"The full understanding of the child's soul, that is, of human nature in the *period of unconsciousness or of awakening consciousness*, is still lacking; and yet, precisely here, as has been said, is the point which separates the human being, as a spiritual and conscious being, from the unconscious natural being, and prescribes for its development other methods of procedure. In the time following the first two years of life, in which the faculty of speech already exists, the child's utterances can already serve the mothers to a certain extent as guiding threads for the understanding of the child's soul. *Before* this time, these utterances also are lacking, and, *after* it, *mental* needs already exist, the non-consideration of which take from education its foundation."

Concerning the development of the child's limbs by gymnastic games, we read later, page 68:—

"To protect the limbs from injury and to prevent their becoming stiff, is not sufficient in order to really help on

natural development. Just as it is a need of school children to strengthen and promote, by gymnastics, the development of their limbs, and, at the same time, the circulation of the blood, the nursing also requires help so that the instinctive movements of his limbs fully reach their aim. Little games for the limbs, given in the 'Mother and Cosset Songs', have this object in view. These exercises, in no way dangerous, strengthen the muscles and promote the circulation of the blood by delighting the child. . . . As gymnastics for elder children strengthen the mind together with the physical powers, and *strength of will* is above all awakened, the same result is also found even in the first age of life. With the external independence which is given to man by the free use of his limbs, and with the consciousness of physical strength, the *inner* consciousness grows too; the practised strength of will grows to strength of action, and produces energy for work, or *strength of character*, without which higher morality is unattainable. The special importance of Fröbel's Mothers' Book consists in the indwelling feeling for the child's first games; that is to say, in the recognition of that in which the earliest demands for the development of the child's mind consists."

My aunt then continues, laying particular stress on the first religious training of the child, as this indeed is specially taught in the "Mother and Cosset Songs":—

"Because Fröbel wishes the child to learn to read first the existence and the omnipotence of the Creator, from the great book of Nature, an absolutely groundless opinion has been expressed from many sides that Fröbel's view of the world is founded on Pantheism (*i. e.* that he acknowledges the personal God only as the soul of the universe), and that he does not recognize, in its full significance, the historical religious development of humanity, which reaches its summit in Christianity. In consequence of this, it is thought

that Fröbel's religious mode of education must bear this pantheistic stamp. *Instead of this, perhaps no one has understood better than Fröbel how to bring nearer to the child the historical revelation of religion, to build it up on the base of a right religious view of nature*, and to prepare the child for Christianity. All Fröbel's writings prove that he accepted God as an absolute self-conscious Being, or as a Personality and that he presupposed the existence of Providence to the smallest detail. Among other things he said: 'My education will restore to man the trust in God which he has lost, and will moreover make that trust firm as a rock.'

According to Fröbel, what is Christian, should even in earliest childhood, find its place, but in the form suitable to the age. The child is not capable of understanding in the mature Christian the ideal of man. The child, in his innocence, is only able to understand the child as such, and therefore Fröbel has the *Christ-child* brought to the child's conception as the ideal of childhood. The Anniversary of the Christmas festival, celebrated (with due understanding, and in a manner suitable to the child's age) by the representation of the birth of Jesus, and with the appropriate carols and stories, should, above all, facilitate this. Beyond this in the Kindergarten, the representations of the child Jesus on His mother's knee, and the child Jesus in the Temple, point to Jesus as child, as the conception of all childlike virtues. In this manner it is possible to bring the ideal of childhood to the child's mind, by ascribing everything good and beautiful, and all virtues, to this Child; and, on all occasions, to represent the unavoidable faults and defects of childhood as never committed by the Child Christ. (Overbeck's well-known representation, "Christ the blesser of children", should, in the Kindergarten, point to Jesus as the "*Divine Friend of Children.*")

In another place my aunt says: "The child must first

feel and recognize what is holy—most holy—*before religion can be taught by word.*” Fröbel shows how this can be done in the “Mother and Cosset Songs”, for instance, in “Mowing the grass”, etc. The motto of this little song is:

“Ever, in relation to the child, recall
The truth that Unity exists in all—
Do nothing without object to the child.”

The child’s little song runs:—

“Hasten to the meadow, Pete,
Quickly mow the grass so sweet,
Bring home to us the fragrant fodder
For the cow for milk and butter,
Milk the cow, and do not stay,
Bring the milk without delay,
The good cow gives us milk to make
The little loaves which we will bake.
For the children love to eat,
Of all these gifts, so good and sweet.
Hasten to the meadow, Pete,
Quickly mow the grass so sweet,
Thank you, Peter, for your mowing
Thank you cow, for milk bestowing,
Thank you Levchen for the milking,
Thank you baker, for the baking,
Thank you, mother most of all,
For all these gifts both great and small.”

Thus the child, having learnt to reflect on the origin of his bread and milk, will go back from one thing to the other, from bread to milk, from the cow to the grass; that the cow must eat in order to give sweet milk, and then to the thought, where does the grass come from? These thoughts will arise in him, sooner or later, in logical sequence. *Not*

till the child himself asks this question—where does the grass come from? *who makes it grow?*” should we say to him “that is God’s work”. The thought must never be forced on him, he must *himself* find the Creator, the real author of all the good things; and he will learn to love the dear God, thus discovered by himself as the indescribably good God, from whom everything good, beautiful, and loving comes, and the child will thank Him quite of his own accord, and pray for the fulfilment of his little wishes.

Thus his communion with God is entered on.

He learns that this Father in heaven shows him His love by His good gifts. He will then come to the thought that men should prove their love by deeds of love, and that even he, in his weakness, can prepare joy for others.

In the song, “*The little basket of flowers*,” Fröbel shows in a charming way in the motto, the duty of the mother to accustom the child to prove his love by deeds. God has shown so much love to him, the child; the child must now also learn to show his love for others.

“Seek to make the child create in form (*gestalten*) that which he is moved to do by his heart, for even the love of a child can grow cold, if it be not carefully tended.”

In the children’s song, the child forms a little basket with his fingers. This belongs to the games for the limbs, as Fröbel has given them in all the “Mother and Cosset Songs”. Even to form the basket is an effort to the little unpracticed fingers of the small child. Flowers are then put into them and he carries his self-made little basket to his father:—

“Let us now to father bring it,
With this song, and thus we sing it:—
La, la, la, flowers sweet and fair
You are now in father’s care.”

If the child's love to the good God in heaven be once awakened, he will wish, in every possible way, to place himself in communion with Him. The worship of God, performed by his elders, specially interests the child. The parents, the grown-up, go to church. There they are told of the good God; beautiful music is heard; and many people pray together to the good God. But the child must first grow bigger; he must be good and quiet; and then he too will be allowed to go with the others, in *community* with them. Fröbel wishes that the child's social impulse should be early encouraged and used for educational purposes. In the explanation to the song: "Church doors and church windows", Fröbel says: "All the freely worked out expressions of child-life are symbolic, and show in external phenomena the inward being and inner foundation. Hence the spiritual loveliness, the thoughtful attractiveness of all pure childish utterances. What the child unconsciously and dimly suspects and seeks in the manifoldness of life (in which also he is so easily mistaken), he feels therefore the more deeply, and lives more in union with, when the accord and harmony of life express themselves to him. The coming together for thought and counsel gives him this idea, obtained not without effort, in the new step of development which has been before explained. Hence the attractiveness to children of all assemblies, and especially those of the adults; hence the attractiveness of the church-going in the family when it has a real inner meaning and reference to life. Hence his momentarily real joy whilst he is in church.

"The cause of the joy is not in the words that he hears spoken and sung there. First, and above all, it is because there they all sing and speak with common interest and concentration; and that in *all* speaking, doing, and singing, there is a common all-uniting point of interest. It is also the approach, confirmation, and beginning realization of the

presentiments, aspirations, the feelings, and the life in himself; it is unity, entrance into and harmony in, *joint life*."

In the motto for the mother it says:—

"Where unity shows itself in multiplicity both in form and sound, since the child's reason inclines to seek this unity, parents, do not neglect to foster this inclination. Above everything give childhood an idea of the unity of all high endeavours. It is not so difficult as you imagine, to prepare the way for this greatest happiness in life."

The charming little "Church Window" song for the child is the following:—

"Look at the little window bright
By which the church is filled with light;
See also here the large doorway
Through which we enter in to pray.
But he who through the same will go
How to be quiet and good must know;
For what within the heart doth move
Is tended there with care and love.
There is the truth made clear to thee
Which now thy heart doth dimly see.
Who flowers and little gifts receives
And in the small Christ-child believes,
Must show what in his heart is dwelling
When he midst flowers and lambs is playing.
And little one, when thou art grown
Thou too shalt hear the organ tone;
Soon even thou shalt enter there.
And join the elders in their prayer."

In the "Weather-Vane" song, the child is shown, that not everything, the moving power of which is perceptible, is visible to him. The words of the Holy Scriptures express

this so beautifully: "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." In this song the child learns that there are invisible agencies, such as the wind which, though itself invisible, can be perceived by its effect. He learns thus first to have a presentiment, and later to understand that the "good God, who shows him so much kindness and love", is also there, though he cannot see Him. *He is invisible.*

How deeply thought-over, felt, and really delightful was my aunt's explanation of the little song:—"Ah, there falls my baby down", the analogy between the first falling on the floor of the body and the first false slip of the soul. The child is left for a moment lying quietly, perhaps experiencing with pain his own weakness. But then he feels the helping, saving hand of the mother, and the comfort of being allowed to weep out his sorrow on her bosom. And this saving, helping hand and this comfort, he feels also on his first small slip from the path of virtue, so that for his whole life the holy certainty remains: "Mother-love can never grow cold."

How Fröbel wishes to have the child's *impulses* used for his development my aunt explains in the "Handbook", page 87:—"The recognition of the child's nature is first to be gained by his manifestations, and moreover by those manifestations common to *all* children, which mark childhood as such. But these manifestations, this free activity of child-nature, in which he reveals himself most commonly, are without doubt *play*. Every child, at least every healthy child, *plays*—must play—for this is the one voluntary activity of which he is capable. A child who does not play, who is prevented from playing, ceases to be a child. No development is conceivable without activity. As in nature, so also in the spiritual world, all development rests on the

exercise of the powers by movement and activity; and the further the development of the being progresses, the more conscious, and thereby the more free, will be this activity. The spontaneous activity of childhood is thus the most natural means towards his development. In the recognition of this fact lies the great significance of the child's games, and by this recognition, moreover, is the importance of Fröbel's *Kinder-garten* established. Many a time, and in many a way, has the inner signification of the child's play been pointed out; but its real import was first brought to light by Fröbel, in that he recognized in the child's *playing*—activity, the free expression of the human impulses of nature, which seek for development and cultivation. . . . Impulses are, however, expressions of unconscious life; they are akin to nature; and bear within themselves the character of necessity. The inner conditions of life express themselves also in the impulses of animals as of man; and even in plants, the species is proclaimed by impulse. And in all organisms and in all beings, the attainment of their end depends on the fulfilment of those conditions, demanding a right and full development of the first impulses. The higher independent development rises, the more freely and untrammelled will everything grow. But the young impulse must find protection, support, and fostering care, if it is not to degenerate and yield thorns instead of fruit.

"If the child's play is thus the free expression of his impulses, and if these impulses are the *root of all future education*, nothing is more important to the educator than the nurture of, that is to say, the direction of, this play, so that it may really become a means towards education. If Fröbel is right, observation must teach us that the child's free activity reflects the impulses of education, which in the course of centuries has raised the race to the height of culture at which it stands to-day.

" The first most general need expressed by all children, beyond the impulse after food, is that of *movement*. The first kicking of arms and legs is followed later by running, jumping, hopping, climbing. . . . We need not look far for the purpose which nature there pursues. The development of the limbs, and of the physical powers in general, is dependent on movement; and from purposed movement, real activity gradually arises, *i. e.*, that activity which strives to reach an object. In the above mentioned manner, the impulses express themselves in *one common impulse*, that of *activity* which is more or less the impulse, repeating itself, in *all*. . . . Taken in the sense of mere physical development and cultivation, the fostering of these impulses takes the form of *gymnastics*. In the Kindergarten, the *games for the limbs* meet this requirement. . . . The child's impulses, thus roughly indicated, might be classified in the following manner:—

" 1. *The impulse toward activity*; 2. The impulse towards the *cultivation of the soil* (particularly sprung from the human impulse toward the provision of food and dwelling, the first satisfaction of which consists in the cultivation of the garden beds, and, together with this, the introduction to nature). 3. The impulse towards *formation*, or the *plastic impulse*, which develops into the artistic impulse for the plastic arts, and leads to invention. This is satisfied by all the occupations of the Kindergarten. 4. The impulses towards *art*, which require above all the cultivation of the ear as an organ,—for instance, *music*, *poetry*, as well as the dramatic art and the art of *dancing*,—find in the Kindergarten their earliest consideration in songs (principally those which accompany the games), in the dramatic representations which also form a part of the games, and in everything which calls forth the free natural impulses of childhood, since free scope and corresponding means are not lack-

ing for this purpose. 5. The impulses towards *knowledge* in all its different branches, which can best be considered by acquaintance with the special substance and its qualities; for instance, form, size, number (elements of mathematics), etc. 6. The *social* impulse, satisfied by community with other children. 7. The impulses towards *religion*, considered in the heart of the child being directed to God, in the first place through nature, or through the visible world, with reference to the transcendent.

"Thus, in these impulses, the characteristic features of the human soul express themselves generally, as these have stamped themselves distinctly for us in the history of the primitive races. If education can now solve the problem how to make it possible that these impulses shall fulfil their end, in order to become factors of spiritual life, it can only achieve its object by the organization and direction of the child's games as in the Kindergarten, and moreover only by the right application of the Kindergarten means, and especially by raising the child's impulses above mere material desires (which, if unrestrained, would lead to evil) to the striving after ideal satisfaction, and further by granting them this satisfaction. Herein lies the great importance of the Kindergarten, and its occupations, to the *moral* side of education, and this side it is which requires such urgent improvement at the present time. A complete reform, a decisive reform, is indeed required if a dam is to be raised against an ever-increasing demoralization." *

The Fröbelstiftung, by giving free instruction to pupils without means, provides a training for a large number of young girls, enabling them to enter some honest and sufficiently lucrative calling, which is suitable to the womanly nature and which gives satisfaction to the girls and makes

* For further information, I must again refer those interested to my aunt's writings.

them happy. This also was the object which my aunt, in her philanthropy, had in view with the foundation of the seminary; and, with indefatigable kindness, she used to meet the requests of all those to whose feelings the begging of this favour was often very repugnant. In this respect also much could be learnt from her. Her great knowledge of human nature soon made her discover the oppressed heart, and she knew well what extreme deprivation, often even the bitterest want, was hidden under a respectable appearance; and that precisely this respectable appearance, necessary for credit, can only be bought by the sacrifice of every pleasure in life. Her great loving heart melted before the sorrows of those widows and children with whom she came into contact on these occasions. But above everything, on founding the Fröbelstiftung, *she thought of the calling of women. As the educators of humanity, they should be enabled to take their proper places in the world.* The Fröbelstiftung offers them the opportunity of learning *the science of motherhood.*

In her book, "Labour, etc.," page 65, my aunt says: "On the onesidedness of an aim, which places material gain as the most important object in view, the higher education of the sex *must necessarily be wrecked if a counterbalance be not given which allows the fancy and the poetry in women to realize themselves.*"

The educational mission to which Fröbel calls the sex, offers this counter-balance, and appeals immediately to that side of a woman's nature which involves the inward part of her being, and which alone is able to reveal its highest and most beautiful blossom—love—the holiest love—that of the mother! By the revelation of the child's soul to the mother, she herself will come to the understanding of her own soul. By a place being appointed her in humanity, in which she has to fulfil the highest duties for the generations to be, her own dignity awakens; and inasmuch as that theory of

education points her to God, under whose eyes and by whose will, she has to exercise the priestly office to the child's soul, her own soul is enlarged and raised into higher regions. Thus will womanhood *be raised to the spiritual motherhood* of humanity, as its real educator, after having been for thousands of years merely the bearer of humanity.

This science of motherhood opens to women nearly all the provinces of knowledge. Those, who are strong enough to go further in this or that direction, as demanded by their educational duties, will be the less hindered, if they have had beforehand the highest possible qualifications which enable them to fulfil their immediate duties. It will depend largely on womanhood itself, if her real emancipation (that is to say, her elevation into the sphere which is appointed to her by God and nature) will be accomplished sooner or later, and will place her in possession of the rights which a progressive culture inexorably demands, at the present time, for all beings who, up till now, have been kept in a state of tutelage. They will only attain this right and, at the same time, the liberty of being permitted to enter those provinces of mental education and mental achievement, still closed to them (as far as talent and ability allow it), by their real qualification for the fulfilment of their natural and immediate duties. This qualification, however, will only be gained by a different and better education.

The Kindergarten, in its widest sphere, should assist the children, and, at the same time, should be for the adults the place where, above all, they can practice their future share in the development of the human race, and in the improvement of social life. The new education must set free the genius of womanhood, in order to produce "the eternal womanly", ("Ewig Weibliche") which, according to the word of the poet, "draws up to Heaven"—and love only can do that. But the highest love on earth will always be the love of

humanity. The love of humanity shall become in womanhood a *cult for the nurture of children, and for the care of the spark of God, which is hidden in every child's soul. This is the cry of our time to womanhood.*"

Up till the time of my aunt's death, nearly twenty years after the creation of the Fröbelstiftung, thousands of pupils had been trained there. It is impossible to mention all the names here, but we may say with satisfaction that many of them have been and are a great honor to the seminary and to my aunt's teaching. A large number have worked in different institutions and families as well as at home. They have served the cause of childhood and, as my aunt hoped, "all these dear girls have felt happy in their work." Among many others I mention only Fräulein Franziska Petermann who conducted Frau Schwabe's institution at Naples, and who is now the head of a Kindergarten Training Institution at Rome. Further Fräulein Lauer, afterwards Frau Decke in North America, Fräulein Auerbach, later Frau Bach at Frankfurt a. M., Fräulein Hanna Mecke, one of Fröbel's earnest disciples, who first conducted a seminary in Ostfriesland and who is now the head of a larger institution at Cassel; Fräulein Willsch, Fräulein Birkenstock at Wiesbaden, Fräuleins Ackermann, Zschäbitz, Kälbele, Baumgärtel, who one after the other conducted the Kindergarten of the Schwäbische Frauenverein at Stuttgart; Fräuleins Luise Gräff (Cologne), Hirsch (Kriebstein), Fräulein Margarethe Tränkner (Freiberg), Fräulein Veronika Rudolf in Russia and Bohemia, Fräulein Doris Steinbach, Fräulein Ebersbach in Chemnitz, Fräulein Uhlig in Waldenburg, and Fräulein Friederike Jähnichen in Schönlinde, and others. Fräuleins Hedwig Moses (England), Cäcilie Lieblig (Curland), Lina Nacke, Elise Grosse, Helene Dinter, Camilla von Vollbaum

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(France and England), Julia Fritsche (Verona), Anna von Homberg (Uckermark), Luise Meier (Zittau), Magdalena Fuchs and the four sisters Jähnichen, working among others in families. I should like to mention the following foreign ladies among many others—the Greek ladies Lascaridi, Zoto, Christimano—and in Switzerland Mlle. Tissot at Neuchatel. Further a long list of American ladies, at their head the most able Miss Susan Blow, the pioneer of the Fröbel cause in America, and the enthusiastic and self-sacrificing promulgator of the Fröbel method. She visited the Fröbelstiftung for some time in the first years of its existence, and was a dear friend of my aunt. Although in a weak state of health, she has not ceased to support the Fröbel endeavours in all directions in America. The Italian ladies, for instance Signora Battagini (Udine), and the Danish ladies, Fräulein Behrendren (Jutland), must also be mentioned, as well as those from Russia and Servia. The Spaniard, Conde del Vale de San Juan also came to Dresden with his whole family in order to learn at the Fröbelstiftung, and under my aunt. Professor Pizzurno, from the Argentine Republic, and the fourteen Bulgarian ladies sent by the Bulgarian government, the Turkish and Armenian and Bohemian ladies, as well as the many pupils from all parts of Germany, must not be omitted.

I should also like to name some nursery maids who have been a credit to the Fröbelstiftung, both at home and abroad, Marie Hirsch (Italy, now Spain), Marie Slotta (France), Marie Zomach (Spain), who had the honor of instructing the young King of Spain in the Fröbel occupations, and Frieda Ziegenbalg (Bozen). The following are engaged in various institutions: Alma Ludwig (Institution for the Blind), Olga Rietschel (State Home for Imbecile Children), Gertrud Uhlemann and Florentine Kunath, Anna Marquardt,

Margarethe Vogt, Elise König, Linda Pietsch, Gertrud Spillner, Helene Michel, Helene Sieber, Klara Simon, Anna Wagner, Emma Ihreroff, Margarethe Hennig and Selma Riedel, are among those employed in families.

THE INTRODUCTION OF THE FRÖ- BEL METHOD AS A BRANCH OF IN- STRUCTION IN THE HIGH SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS

THE conviction has gained ground more and more in our day that womanhood must be better prepared for its general calling as the educator and guardian of childhood, and that women have therefore the right to claim the appropriate instruction and education for this calling. But the training of the whole of the female sex in this respect is only possible through the schools, when they have adopted, as obligatory, the instruction of the Theory of Education, in addition to the other branches of education. But for years we have heard that the plan of instruction in our girls' schools is already excessive, and that it would be impossible, and almost fatal to the increasing physical debility of the pupils, to add to it. Notwithstanding, several new branches of instruction have been introduced into the schools during the last years, as for example, gymnastics (latterly, games of all sorts), lessons in dressmaking, cooking, sloyd, and household management. These lessons are naturally the most interesting to the girls, and there can be no question of injurious results as far as these innovations are concerned. Fröbel's Theory of Education, with all its practical work, its games and plays, and various occupations so adapted to the female nature,

would very soon be among the favorite lessons of the young girls. We trust that the school authorities will soon be enabled to reserve one or two hours a week for this important—we might say most important—instruction. The Fröbel Theory of Education, moreover, embraces many other branches of knowledge, and assists the understanding by approaching the subject from a different aspect. We notice this again and again in the training of the kindergartners and nurses. This instruction in the Theory of Education is often the means of making clear to the girls why they have learnt this or that at school, and how they can *apply* the knowledge they have thus acquired. For this reason, this lesson on the Theory of Education can only further the object of school instruction; it may even make other lessons superfluous, or, at least, facilitate them.

If the instruction in Fröbel's Theory of Education were given in the upper classes of the girls' schools (High Schools) for one year only, and in two lessons weekly, and moreover one lesson for the *Theory* itself (mental and physical care of the child from earliest infancy), and one lesson for the *Method* (theory and praxis of the games, finger plays and Kindergarten games), in this one year, consisting of forty weeks (exclusive of the holidays), *eighty lessons* in all might be given. Much can be learnt in this time. My aunt always thought that this instruction should be given by a *lady teacher*, a kindergartner thoroughly acquainted with the Fröbel method, who had been trained in a first class Kindergarten Seminary. The pupils should attend a well-conducted Kindergarten from two to three months (perhaps in the afternoons), so as to learn the practical workings of the system with the children.

The whole course of instruction in this branch cannot of course be as comprehensively worked through as in the training institutes for professional kindergartners, but with

the help of even a slight acquaintance with the Fröbel Method, every girl will be enabled to conduct the bringing up of young children in an intelligent, careful and responsible manner. As soon as every mother and every educational helper has learnt to educate according to Fröbel's system of education, the first step in the "New Education" will have been taken. The Kindergarten will then no longer be a *fragment*; the education in the family will have preceded it, and Fröbel's method will have prepared for the Kindergarten as well as for the school and youth-garden, which must follow side by side with the school. **Then at last will it be possible to see the result of Fröbel's "New Theory of Education" in the real sense of the word.**

Of the forty lessons on the Fröbel Theory of Education, the first four might have for their object a short explanation of the course of instruction to be pursued, and the girls must be taught that the present day makes special demands on the human capacities (mental and physical), and that these demands will increase from day to day, and that for this reason an *education is necessary which is able to promote the development of all the human powers in a more efficient manner than has hitherto been possible*. Further, the girls must be shown that to-day, through the want of a timely help in education, a great many powers are left undeveloped, and that what is neglected to-day can never be quite made up for afterwards; and that, for this reason, nothing must be neglected from its very first beginning. For instance, if the limbs—the fingers—once lose their first flexibility through inactivity or want of exercise, this flexibility can never be quite regained, etc. *Thus the first beginning is of the very greatest importance.*

People who have not considered this subject may, perhaps, ask: "Is it possible to influence an infant in any way," or, "Is it possible to force a nursling, since on no account

must the natural development of the child be interfered with, but, on the contrary, the child should be shielded from over-powerful impressions?" To such a question the answer would be: "Yes: even an infant can be influenced through impressions, often repeated. Friedrich Fröbel was the man appointed by God as His prophet to teach the mothers and guardians of childhood to do this, and he gave them the idea and the means for this purpose."

Two lessons should be employed for teaching the girls about Fröbel himself, and his life, and for interesting them in him by narrating single traits of his life, etc., so as to begin with the "Theory of Education" in the next lesson, on the lines of Fröbel's "Mother and Cosset Songs." (See page

in this book, and the "Child and the Child's Nature," as well as the "Handbook" of Baroness von Marenholtz Bülow.)

For the *Development of the Limbs*, four lessons should be set aside. These concern the "Mother and Cosset Songs," and deal with the physical care of the child. Attention is drawn to the special foresight and conscientious watchfulness needed by the child in the first years of his existence. (Here, as in the other branches of instruction, the girls must be made to observe the little children *for themselves*, as well in their own families as in others.) Above all, the analogy between the physical and the psychological in child-life must be emphasized.

Six lessons should be given on the *Development of the Senses*. As the instruction in the method and gifts proceeds hand in hand with that of the Educational Theory in the other Fröbel lesson, considerable help is given to the instruction in the development of the senses, through this reference of the one lesson to the other, and where possible, practical manipulation should be connected with the same. This is an

enormous aid to those girls who are still mentally undeveloped.

The *impulses*, forming as they do one of the most important factors in Fröbel's educational theory, will demand for their instruction a comparatively large number of lessons, about six. (See page , also the above-mentioned books.)

The *introduction to nature and animal life* will be connected with the gardening in the schoolgarden, and interest in human life in the wider sense, in industry, and in commerce, will be aroused by the inspection of manufactories, mills, farms, handicrafts, markets, etc., which will teach the pupils to *observe*. Eight lessons might be devoted to this subject.

Great importance is attached to Fröbel's teaching concerning the child as "*The Child of God*," as given in the "*Mother and Cosset Songs*," and as my aunt explains it so beautifully in her books (see page). Five lessons should be set aside for this instruction.

In the instruction concerning the Theory of Education, reference must always be made to the method, and its application, and to the other branches of school education; for example, religion, botany (anthropology and mathematics, where taught), drawing, singing, and gymnastics, etc.

In the forty lessons devoted to the gifts, occupations, fingerplays and games for the limbs, some instruction is given concerning the practical management of the infant by means of a doll, together with some directions concerning the right food and dress of the child, the thermometer, ventilation, etc. Five lessons might be employed in this way.

The sequence of the gifts and occupations must always follow the *course prescribed by Fröbel* (see pages 181-2), but the practical work of each occupation cannot of course be as extensive as in the Kindergarten Seminaries, as the girls have not the time to do it at home. Nevertheless all the oc-

cupations must be examined (and theoretically explained) and worked out simply, so that the sequence of each occupation may be clearly understood and, in order that the girls may be able to teach them in their first beginnings to the small children in the family. Stress must be repeatedly laid on the important fact that *none of the occupations may be left out*, but that all must be applied in the logical sequence planned by Fröbel, as soon as the child is sufficiently developed. *No result can be expected from a dislocated method*, and thus special importance is attached to Fröbel's law and its application, so as to make the child become a *really creative being*. The theory must always find its application in *praxis*. Reference is made with the gifts to the way in which Fröbel has taken these forms (fundamental forms) from nature (crystallization); this part of the instruction must of course be given simply and well within the reach of the girl's mental abilities. One half of this lesson might be devoted to the theory, together with the gifts and occupations, and the other to the different games for the limbs; or rather one whole lesson might be given alternately each week, since the songs belonging to the various games require to be learnt between the lessons. It will be seen from the Fröbel Mode of Procedure (*Gang*) (pages 180-1) how the gifts and occupations go hand in hand; for instance the concrete surface of the planes (Gifts) with the paper to be folded and cut (plane surfaces also) of the occupations, etc.

Should it be possible to devote two years to this instruction, a more comprehensive plan can of course be adopted. At the conclusion of the lessons, the following sentences might be given as dictation to the pupils, so that they shall have a short comprehensive summary of that which is given by Fröbel with his "*New Education*." "If we are asked in what the novelty of Fröbel's teaching consists, the answer would be:—Fröbel breaks with the tradition hitherto fol-

lowed, namely, that the infant only requires *physical* care in the first years of existence. He says rather that, since soul and body are born at the same time, both need care and appropriate help from the very beginning, so as to develop harmoniously. Fröbel procures this help to the nursling by means of *games* calculated to develop the limbs, and by *impressions* for the development of his soul. Fröbel indicates in his method the kind of impressions which these should be in order to be in *accordance with nature* and not *too powerful*. He gives us, in his method, the *means* to be applied in every phase of the child's development, means which shall procure the development of the limbs and senses completely in accordance with nature. He makes use of the child's *IMPLESSES* for his first education, which impulses are, with Fröbel, the basis of his education. Fröbel rejects the *instruction through words* hitherto in practice, and places *action* in its stead for earliest childhood. Later, he combines words, where possible, with *deeds*. Fröbel makes use of the *child's play* and actions for the child's instruction. Finally it was Fröbel who discovered the principle of work, *i. e.*, the law according to which nature creates and consequently man also (the crown of nature) must create, and by applying the law as the law of formation in all his games and occupations, he procures the child the pleasure of being able to *create* and be *productive* in his play, thus teaching the child through this work in play. Thus Fröbel effects the better development of all powers, physical and mental, from the very beginning of life in accordance with nature; and thus the development and strengthening of the limbs through games, and the development of the senses to a keener observation and sounder knowledge through all his gifts and occupations. Further, he uses the single impulses of the child for his education and improvement (rising from the impulses of nature to the impulses of culture). He educates through

action—work. With the help of his *New Education* he wishes to enable man to accomplish that for which his Creator appointed him, and so to prepare the way for a *happy and contented life on earth.*"

THE INTRODUCTION OF THE SCHOOL AND YOUTHGARDEN (SCHULE AND JUGENDGARTEN), THE CONTINUA- TION OF THE KINDERGARTEN.

MY aunt says in the "Handbook": "The establishment and spread of the Kindergartens of to-day *urgently demand a continuation* if the education desired by Fröbel is to be reached," and in another passage she continues:

"Since the last decade we have at last become sensible of the fact that in addition to the intellectual development which school instruction is to supply to childhood and youth, there is also needed an introduction to real productive work, in order as far as possible, to bring about a harmonious development of the human powers. And this not only for the so-called working classes, who have to get their living by manual labour, but also for all classes of society; as without this a general development of the human powers is not to be attained. If in maturity every training for a particular profession must in some measure produce a onesidedness in the qualification of certain organs and powers—not every one being able to do and know everything—still we should guard childhood and youth as much as possible from this onesidedness. Education must aim at training the *whole* man, even where the circumstances only allow a certain de-

gree of training. In consequence of which, the object of connecting school instruction with exercises in manual skill (*Handfertigkeit*) and physical work in general, is that it should in truth operate educationally. This means that the mental and physical powers are to be equally exercised according to the development of the child. This is so greatly wanting in the present system of education, especially in school teaching, and cannot be attained through the manual skill of to-day (*Handfertigkeit*). It is not saying too much that half the intellectual faculties must starve, because the organs are overstrained in the school, whilst the remaining physical powers are unused and are weakened through want of exercise. The instruction which, up to now, has been given in exercises of manual skill, cannot attain this object. Ways and means must be found to immediately connect knowledge and power to perform (*doing*). It is almost universally recognized that manual activity, for childhood and youth in conformity with nature must be generally introduced." We know that Fröbel made use of the historical development of man, as the model to be copied in his method, and that this method is not only calculated for the Kindergarten, but for the whole of education from beginning to end. We know how he leads the child in a most ingenious manner through his own little history of culture, and how he makes him execute little works of art even in his youth, giving him by his method the joy and satisfaction caused by *creative work*. It is quite inconceivable why this method is not added to the "*Handfertigkeit*" instruction now introduced into the schools, and why the application of Fröbel's law of formation, and the creation by the application of this law (*free imagination*) should not be introduced here also. But we may hope that the schools will be more and more recruited from the Kindergarten, and the children themselves will apply the method to the Hand-

fertigkeit, for it is impossible that well-trained Kindergarten children should be expected to work with a whole class according to a given pattern or model. It would be very tedious to them and they would soon prove that they are able to invent their own patterns. In order to show how the continuation of the Kindergarten is possible hand in hand with the present schools, my aunt founded two Schoolgardens in Dresden (now there are three), the children met twice in the week in the afternoon in order to work out the Fröbel occupations more extensively, and in a more artistic manner under the direction of a Kindergartner. As the Schoolgarden (and the Youthgarden) is to be continued through all the child's and youth's school years, the occupations can be carried out one after the other and as convenient. In the Schoolgarden also the principle should be followed that work must proceed from the spontaneous interest of the child. Pedagogic tact can achieve a great deal here by making use of this interest for the right development of the powers. The faculties exercised in the Kindergarten already permit a much greater artistic execution of the various works. Painting is now added to drawing, fretwork to cutting out in paper (wood carving and wood engraving), and all sorts of things are made with dried flowers. Artificial flowers are invented, modelling, basket work, etc., all that is carried out on a more and more artistic plan.

From time to time botanizing excursions should be made into the country and farms, mills, manufactories and markets should be inspected. What has been seen on these expeditions should then be freely worked out in the Schoolgarden. These farms, etc., made with the Fröbel materials, these butchers' and bakers' shops, in short, all these charming little representations and models made by children's hands, sprung from child imagination and child observation, the eyes of the little artists themselves when the work is completed—this

must be seen in order to understand the full significance of Fröbel's words: "*Man is a creative being.*" Building will be carried out more extensively here—sometimes with all the four gifts (those with blocks)—in order to produce more extensive edifices and creations. For instance, the growth of a town is represented through the medium of the bricks, the children following the course of the building and connecting the different buildings by an account of their gradual development. (History.) The Fröbel games as well as the finger plays, and those with balls, are continued and combined with drilling and marching (calisthenics), which in turn leads to the art of dancing. Dancing is combined with good recitation, declamation and acting (theatrical representation), and songs are of course introduced into all these occupations. *Gardening and the cultivation of the soil* is an important feature in the Schoolgarden. Each child should have his own flower bed and everything planted by the children in common, should belong to them all equally as in the Kindergarten. The school instruction in botany will thus be turned to account in these Schoolgardens.

NOTE.—Even in the year 1861, a Schoolgarden was founded by my aunt outside Berlin, as she herself notices in her book "Labour and the New Education," and Professor Erasmus Schwab was afterwards successful in establishing schoolgardens in various towns in Austria. The German teaching-world supported these endeavours with interest, and at the present day schoolgardens are no rarity even in villages. Through the kindness of the Dresden "Verein Volkswohl," we received a piece of forest land for our Fröbel Schoolgarden in the Fröbelstiftung, and this was cultivated by the pupils of the schoolgarden and of the Fröbelstiftung.

My aunt calls this outdoor labour an enormous acquisition to childhood and youth, developing as it does their physical

strength, and promoting good nature among the workers. The bigger boys and girls undertake the heavier work and the little ones help as they are able; here also the teachers enjoy the necessary recreation and diversion from the routine of the school room. Thus, many pieces of ground hitherto uncultivated in the environs of towns and villages might be made use of and turned into woods and gardens by the school children for the good of the community. And now we can realise the pedagogical value of these institutions which operate so powerfully on the field of national education. The child not only learns to fulfil his duty, but also to feel pleasure in doing so and in working for the general good. He learns to foster and to spare; he learns the names of the plants which grow in his native country, he learns their use, their value, and he sees their beauty. Let us then allow youth to make for themselves a home in nature, let them have a share of what they themselves have produced, of what their own labour has brought forth, a share of the fruit and flowers of that more ideal enjoyment, for instance, the shade of the self-planted tree, the fragrance of the self-tended rose. We shall surely be requited in seeing a more ideal character in the grown-up man. Those who, in this manner, have their little share of land and soil, no longer feel themselves shut out of their possession, and those who have contributed to the beautifying and utilization of the soil, feel so much love for their work, that it appears to them as a possession which they must guard, preserve and protect. Those who have worked in this way will rarely wish to destroy, for they know the trouble it has cost to accomplish; they feel joy in the result—the work of their own hands—for it means “Our garden, our wood, our field”—and on holidays they troop out and look at the tree “once” planted by them—“*My tree.*”

The Youthgarden naturally attaches itself to the School-

garden in this cultivation of the soil, for the children in the upper classes of the schools have to look after the heavier work (although they naturally still continue their flower gardening). Gymnastics, ball and other games are practised by the children in the present enthusiasm for sport and culminate later in the national games. But above all youth has the opportunity of further practising exercises in skill, side by side with the schools. The dexterity of hand, once acquired in the Kindergarten and Schoolgarden, is to be developed still further and turned to account in the school-workshops and ateliers established for this purpose. *With the Fröbel method and its law of formation, the PREPARATION for all handicrafts and for every art was GIVEN to the children.* My aunt says in the "Gesammelte Werke":— "Man must not be formed after one stamp. He must rise out of *himself*, and every unit also. Let every human being be a real personality. To this end the Kindergarten (the School and Youth-garden), should tend."

And in another passage we read in the Aphorisms: "All that which appeared as a beautiful impracticable dream of youth and which is rejected and forsaken in sorrow by the mature man, all that striving after the beautiful and great, which, only conceived in pain, led to no result, will express and realize itself in some form or other, as soon as the creative power in man is turned into its right course, and the suitable medium is placed at his disposal through *self-qualification*. The longing after what is quite out of the reach of man and which can only be attained in the heavenly life with its higher organization, will no longer be pain and anguish, when the achievements in the vocation, determined by the individuality, satisfy the higher claims or always finds, beyond the common work, another more ideal one. This higher, ennobled work of the human hand, which can only be carried out under the direct guidance of the spirit, which

imbues every mechanical work with spirit, making it organic, this work alone will lead man to dominate completely the whole material world with his forces, and to penetrate it with this spirit, in order to discover in it the spirit (vital power) which pervades all things. The complete knowledge and domination of matter, must lead to God and must confirm the God, who revealed Himself through the mouth of prophets and the Messiah."

I shall now cite some thoughts from my aunt's journals which have already been published in the volume of her "Gesammelte Beiträge" in the section entitled "Aphorisms."

"The tones which first rouse us from slumber can never die away. Therefore mothers should see to it that in the morning of life their children constantly hear pleasing tones and should utilize cradle-songs as a means of awaking the soul."

"Let the mother be furnished with wise instrumentalities for developing her child and instinct will both teach her how to use them and make her feel their value and their truth. Blind instinct will thereby be wakened into consciousness."

"It is impossible to retrieve losses occasioned by neglect. This is especially true of education. If caprice and self-will are fostered in the child during the first months of life then they must be uprooted in the following months, and the actual good to whose attainment this period should have been devoted is postponed. If the memory for words, numbers, etc., is not exercised during the first years of life it loses its plasticity and later can never be developed to a high degree. If the development of the hand is neglected in childhood it is impossible for it to attain later its full skill and dexterity, because its original elasticity and pliability have been lost. In the Kindergarten, selfishness can gain no

ground and unforced voluntary sacrifice is born of the corporate life, which, by its very existence, demands the self-control and self-renunciation of its individual members. The charm of an unaccustomed environment and the incentives arising from a number of playmates impel the child to good behavior. Every power in the child to which the good does not lay claim sin takes in its service. Unemployed powers run off the tracks of life. In them lies the beginning of evil, because the carnal man with his passions fills the space which the ideal man has left empty. God himself pointed to work as the instrument of regeneration for a humanity which had fallen into contradiction of the laws of its life, when he ordained that in the sweat of his brow man should win his bread. The exercise of power in all directions is the necessary means of education for the child, who must, therefore, from his earliest years find ways of exerting his activities. To this end the Creator has permitted the early awakening of two great impulses, the impulse of self-occupation and the impulse of imitation. Incited by these impulses the child seeks to recreate everything which his mind can grasp and his skill is adequate to produce. The effort of education should be to supply him with means to this end. So doing, education will vanquish sin, that disease of the sensuous nature which alike in the soul and in the world is the worst enemy of man. Since this conquest is the appointed task of man, a time must come when for all men mere mechanical work shall be transfigured into the joy of *Creative Activity!*"

"Fröbel's fundamental ideas are: All things are connected, and in the universe each thing is relative to all other things. There are no *absolute* antitheses. Each thing possesses some thing in common with every other thing and through this common element each pair of relative antitheses may blend in a new product. This

blending process is competent to make a synthesis even of the supreme antithesis,—Nature and God—Man and God—Man and Nature. The evolutions and metamorphoses produced by the continuous mediation of God, Nature and Man, proceeding from all eternity and destined to continue to all eternity, constitute the life process of the universe, which completes itself in many ways, according to the form of its manifestation. The deepest ground of all things is Unity. This Unity is God. Being Unity God must forever bring Unity to manifestation in nature and man. Each manifestation, however, bears within it a spark of the divine substance, and, therefore, the condition of a *personal* consciousness. To develop this personal consciousness towards approximation with the absolute and universal consciousness of God is its appointed task and destiny. In its highest sense personality is self-knowing. God is personal and in everything which proceeds from Him personality must be progressively realized in a series of stages which, beginning with complete unconsciousness, shall ceaselessly strive towards the ego of the universe—God. Up to the present time this truth has not been understood because the process of mediating opposites has been thought of from the materialistic point of view of natural science, and hence unity has been conceived as a mere point of indifference between contradictory extremes. We must learn that a unity indifferent to its included elements is not the highest unity. Internal and external, spirit and matter are both antithetic and identical. (*Entgegen-gesetzt-gleich*). They unite in a life process, but throughout all the particular forms of manifestation which in their union they assume they never become one and the same, never blend in a negative unity where their differences are lost. Rather must they always appear as mediated opposites. This is Fröbel's ground thought. It is held already by other leading spirits and is

destined to be accepted by many more. Not until it is so far understood that the implications I have suggested are perfectly clear will men know what Fröbel means by Life-Unity."

"It is passing strange that so many persons should still oppose any education during the period of infancy. It is amazing that so many should believe that the soul may, during this period, be left to itself, and that only the body needs care. Why do they not see that it is impossible to separate soul and body, particularly in this period of unconsciousness, or rather in this period when soul and body are unseparated and inseparable. Every one understands that a war cannot be waged without disciplined soldiers, and that soldiers are not disciplined until they have had the drill which capacitates them to make the requisite marches and go through the requisite manœuvres. Is it not just as necessary for the child to go through the exercises which prepare him to meet the demands of the next period of his life? Is it not important that he should learn to use the members of his body, his senses, and his mental faculties in the way that the immediately following stage of development requires? Is it not indispensable that this following stage should again prepare for its successor, and thus that the total period of childhood should fit the adult for life and work? Granting these self-evident truths it follows that a beginning of these preparatory exercises must be made and that they must be assisted by means corresponding to the desired ends. Doubtless, in this first period of life, when man is wholly given over to instinctive impulse, the greatest injury results from forcible attempts to bend or thwart the natural process of development. Perceiving this danger, parents have gone to the opposite extreme, contended that everything should be left to chance, and so have stunted and destroyed many spiritual germs in the very beginning of

life. Would that all men could realize that upon every plane of development nature needs to be nurtured, that true nurture can be given only when the appropriate instrumentalities for nurture have been supplied, and that it is most prejudicial to human culture when such instrumentalities are wanting in the first period of life. For in this early period the feeble stream of force should be bent into safe channels, in order that later the deep stream of mature life may flow in the direction of ideal human culture and exalted virtue. It is an old, yet ever recurrent error, to look upon nature and culture as irreconcilable antagonists. That culture is false which contradicts the nature of man or opposes itself to his essential being. If each generation is called upon to excel its predecessor in all that is good and beautiful, then it belongs to the essential nature of man to demand continuous and connected progress. In like manner it belongs to the essential nature of the individual man to demand that each successive period of his development should surpass its predecessor. Hence education must begin with the beginning of life. The little savage (the child) must be assisted in all his inborn efforts to struggle for development, and in proportion to his own weakness and unconsciousness, must receive more help from without. In every human soul lies aspiration for the highest, *i. e.*, for perfection. This aspiration for perfection is born in every child of man, and all individuals must contribute their share of effort in order that humanity may approach the goal towards which it points."

"The present desire for a smattering of many kinds of knowledge reacts upon our educational ideals and leads to a cramming of the child's mind which seriously interferes with that building of character through which alone true human dignity is attained. Ignorant both of life and its claims, the young are not permitted to win from their own

experience a standard by which they may form and test judgments of the true, good and beautiful. They are forced to waste that period of human life which should be sacred to the pure flame of emotion in efforts to force an entrance into every department of knowledge; in acquiring a mass of information about the views of men in every period of history; in learning the judgments of different authorities with regard to truth, and in attempts to harbour in their undeveloped minds opinions of mature thinkers, to which their own experience offers no illuminating commentary and which must, therefore, introduce confusion and chaos into their souls. So long as we continue to commit these offences against the young, how can we expect them to develop courage and enthusiasm; how dare we hope to find in them the ardent desire of achievement; how shall we awaken in them that strenuous impulse of activity through which alone character is developed? Untrained powers refuse their service when it is necessary with swift resolution to answer some pressing challenge, or solve some pressing problem. The mind has soared to heights where the feet cannot follow, and the small events of daily life are deemed unworthy a spirit which has long since learned by heart the highest questions of humanity and their answers. Since so much is already known, it would seem well that strength and courage should take in hand the apparently insignificant duties which most immediately concern each human being. A premature smattering of many kinds of knowledge is the Danaus gift which we bestow upon the youth of our age. Is it for this reason, that in those political uprisings, originally called into being by a higher view of life and by a desire to create conditions more worthy of human dignity, scarcely has the flame of enthusiasm leaped forth when the crudest barbarism becomes apparent? Does the power of heroic deed exist only in the rude masses? Surely it is not the

lack of development which fosters the ability to act! Rather is it that the primitive impulse of activity which incites man to the use of his strength, has been tamed and broken through premature knowledge. While on the other hand this aboriginal impulse falls into immoral excesses, without the guiding and restraining influence of clear thought and of pure and elevated emotions. If the development of thought and the development of will-power are to be harmonized, *then* in the period of childhood, thought, feeling and action must all coincide. Self-activity must be incited by suggestion and explanation. Thought must work in and through the executive powers in order that these may not remain mechanical; reflections must not be imposed upon the mind from without, but elicited from the experience arising from the productive exercise of human faculties. In this way thought will be stimulated by deed and deed will be followed almost immediately by new and original ideas. Such is the ideal of the Kindergarten! The Kindergarten restores the poetry of youth. This poetry shall, however, no longer evaporate in empty dreams, but in ideal productivity the young shall find the atmosphere wherein their deed-demanding spirit can breathe freely. Through representation and reproduction of what the child has inwardly experienced, the Kindergarten awakens poetic conceptions and by a series of imperceptible transitions prepares for the demands of actual life. To prepare *for* life *through* life and not through mere instruction, that is Fröbel's idea. According to this idea a fund of elementary knowledge acquired through individual experience, should lie at the foundation of all the information which later must inevitably be learned from others. When this idea is realized, new and original thoughts will again spring up in the young who now absorb so many foreign ideas in order that they may find their own. Each person tries now to convince

himself that whatever he thinks others have thought before him. Why then utter that which has been so long ago expressed? Too much mental food destroys youthful vigour. To withhold needed knowledge binds the soul in chains and prevents its development. The amount of knowledge needed by each individual is won through self-activity expressed in free production. Original production discloses the measure of strength and the trend of capacity. Hence it is that the child in his free play seeks to apply what he has learned in school. Following the Kindergarten, therefore, there should be school-workshops where free productive activity should be encouraged. The first productions of childhood should, however, be æsthetic creations, and not mere mechanical products destined to some immediate use. For the æsthetic sense must be nurtured and satisfied, in order that proportion and beauty may be introduced into life. The ideal side of man's nature must be early developed, so that from the beginning it may overbalance the lower impulses and reveal to aspiration a worthy goal. From art or the production of the beautiful to the appreciation of the beautiful! From the beautiful to the true, *i. e.*, from the concrete and visible, to the abstract, universal, invisible! This is the true method of development, though at present we proceed in exactly the opposite direction."

"There is one indivisible whole; one great unity; one self-exhaling divine life, eternally united with God! Concealed in each bud are blossom, fruit, seed. Potentially present in the ball of vapour is the plant which is thence evolved. Whatever is actual in one stage of development was germinal in its predecessor. In the first child of man there was foreshadowed the entire development of humanity, until it shall attain its transfiguration, more than this, there was even a foregleam of the angel that is one day to be. As each particular animal recapitulates in its development from embryo

to adult the life-history of its species; as the human being recapitulates and finally transcends all the stages of all natural evolution; so the physical and spiritual development of humanity, are repeated in the child of to-day. In the child lies the whole human history and it stirs prophetic longings in his soul. Each particular child carries in his instincts and impulses a past life which reaches back to the first origins of humanity. For all life is one life and all that has been has registered itself in the organism. Hence in our physical organism we find those mysterious reverberations of a past history which, descending from man to man, unite with the prophetic anticipation of higher development. Finally, to these reverberations which recall the past, and these presentiments which connect us with the future, there is added the prescient sense of our higher origin from the spirit of God, who, breathing into each new-born child the breath of divine life, confers therewith the gift of individuality, which makes each man a *new* creature. Thus the development of man in its three-fold aspect as proceeding from nature, from humanity and from the Holy Spirit, proceeds in reality from God and mirrors his own Triune Essence."

"The *essence* of all objects is disclosed in their manifestation. The internal must become *external*, the nomenon become phenomenon, the word be made flesh. As the first children of men sought satisfaction of soul in crude artistic activity, and stamped their own nature upon the works of their hands, so the child to-day satisfies himself in play. Since only what is allied to the soul can awaken the soul, since, moreover, only in its counterpart can it discover itself, the divine Teacher has granted man a counterpart in nature. The laws of nature are also the laws of man, the development of nature corresponds to that of man. The natural order and the spiritual order differ in degree, but not in kind, for the laws of both are those of the same Creator,

From the first rude instruments of flint and bone to the wonder-working machines of the present age;—from the first crude pictures made by tracing the outlines of shadows cast by different objects, to the marvels of sculpture and painting;—from imitation of the songs of birds and the sounds of nature to the symphonies of Beethoven;—from the simplest yard measure to the wonderful instruments which disclose the marvels of the farthest heavens;—for all that the human spirit has produced, nature has furnished the suggestion and the law. Man can be creative only as he imitates the works of the great Creator. All his models come from nature, though he ennobles and idealizes them by the divine power of the Genius of Art in his soul. The forms of nature, moreover, have been to man symbols of truth, visible signs of invisible realities. Through this revelation to sense he was prepared to receive a revelation made through speech to thought, and in the fullness of time to recognize his divine prototype in its perfect Incarnation. By a series of gradual, almost imperceptible, transitions, God, the divine teacher has led man from mere sense-perception to the expression of divine beauty in art and the expression of spiritual truth in words. He spoke to his child first through the images of nature and by means of their imitation. He called to him with the still small voice of conscience. Last of all, he anointed great prophets to declare his truth. Thus in his education of humanity God has taught us how we should educate the little ones committed to our care.

In the play of childhood the essential nature of humanity is revealed. Through reminiscence and prophecy the past and the future stir in the soul of the child. Groping in his blindness he seeks a clue which shall guide him through the labyrinth in which he wanders. In those earlier days, when nature with all her treasures was really his mother and

teacher; when the mother who bore him was guided in her nurture of him by an untroubled instinct faithful to fixed though unrecognized laws, and when still true to nature, the soul had not forsaken its originally simple needs and aspirations;—then, indeed, it was easy to find the clue to the labyrinth,—to discover the leading-strings through which man might be guided throughout his life. Now, however, the young child is cradled in an artificial culture which has wandered from the straight path which leads to the idealizing of nature. With a thousand confusing impressions this culture covers up the living germ, from which feeling, imagination, thought, strive upwards to the light. The slumbering life of the soul is unnaturally disturbed. A thousand uncomprehended pictures, tones, colours, invade with glare and tumult the holy of holies. Manifold impressions, in swift and disconnected sequence, attack and overpower the apperceptive faculty. The power to resist this inflowing stream of impressions is not developed (as it should be) by the efflux of the spirit in creative activity. Therefore, no single impression is clear and distinct. One sensation obliterates another, and the result is chaos. Form, tone, colour, movement, are not born in the child's soul from a single fundamental type which supplies a standard by which all later impressions may be measured. Therefore, expansive activity preponderates over that activity of concentration through which the self is strengthened in its inner citadel. Distraction of the mind through merely external activity prevents the attainment of that inward harmony in the early life of the soul which is the source of individual character. Premature knowledge won by no personal effort, but forced upon the mind from without, impedes the development of that will power which each individual must generate.

In the manner above described has been formed the stamp

whose impress the present generation bears. It is the stamp of knowledge divorced from deed; of action which lacks the impress of that creative power generated in the silent depths of the unconscious selfhood. It is the premature and abortive thought which has not waited for its fruition from the ripening of feeling and phantasy, it is the mastery of matter in the service of the physical man combined with refusal to idealize it in the forms of art or to enoble it by recognition of its indwelling divine law. Finally, it is the stamp of a humanity which knows no tribunal higher than its own finite understanding; which lacks all reverence for the omnipresent spirit of God and all faith in its omnipotence. Childhood which surrenders itself in prescient humility to the invisible ideal can no longer ripen in children, because the fountain spring of feeling and perception is choked with the rubbish we call knowledge, but which, alas! is no true knowledge and admits of no progressive development! Hence it is that a shiver of pain goes through the human race, that all men feel a tormenting impulse to seek an unknown peace, an unattained happiness. Through the most joyous of contemporary melodies, even through the music of our dances, sound forth ever and anon notes of pain which testify that in the very midst of its frivolous search for enjoyment the soul cries out with longing wail for those higher spiritual goods it has renounced, and which alone can quench its thirst for ideal happiness. One invention chases another in the effort to adorn lives which are barren, sterile, divested of the divine. All the forces of nature are pressed into service to heap pleasure upon pleasure and to create material luxuries of all kinds. And yet hearts are more and more emptied of happiness, because they have cut themselves off from that fountain of life which alone can satisfy man's thirst. What power is able to lead man back to this holy fountain? How shall the creature

be once more united with the Creator? How shall the great tree of humanity once more strike its roots deep in the ground whence it sprang and thus receive the nourishment it needs? The divine word, spoken by the divine man for our deliverance out of the night of corruption must once more energize with its own eternal might. The might of this word is indeed eternal, but blind eyes can not see it, deaf ears cannot hear it, closed hearts cannot receive it. Our first task is, therefore, to open the avenue over which it may pass into the soul. Eyes must be opened to see that which is hidden—to behold the truth of God concealed under the garment of nature. When man has learned to read the thought of God expressed in nature, then shall the thought of God as uttered by the Messiah be rightly understood. The eyes should learn to see truly before they begin to see falsely. In other words, the mind should not be wedded to that mere external culture which seduces man from the realm of law into the realm of human precepts, and hence, leads him not to freedom, but to caprice and to a falling away from nature, wherein dwells the spirit of God. What is the appointed destiny of man if not to break forth out of the realm of necessity into the realm of freedom? True freedom is the dower of souls which have burst their shackles; souls which have learned to use their bodily members in activities conformed to reason,—souls whose strong wings bear them upward into that unlimited realm which is the native home of the spirit. Such emancipation of the soul is a gradual process, as, indeed, all development is gradual and logical. But cannot the new-born senses, allied as they are to spirit, be developed with the same logical continuity by means of the products of human culture? Never! In order to understand this culture, it is necessary to know how it came to be, to retrace the steps by which, under the impulse of *creative* activity, it has attained its

present height, and finally, in retracing these steps we must always follow, never forsake the simple straightforward path."

"Each child is a new Adam or a new Eve, unfortunately weighted with an inheritance of error and of sin, but counterbalancing this inheritance with a legacy of virtue, be its remnant ever so small! How this Adam and Eve should be nurtured God has taught us by placing their prototypes in Eden, in order that, quickened by the beauty of nature, their souls might unfold in peaceful joy. This Eden is lost to humanity! It may, however, be recreated for the young child, for the beauty of nature has never faded. Only by the hand of beauty does God lead men to truth. But to the new born, unpracticed eyes of the child only the simple is the beautiful. Hence the child needs one fundamental form as a point of departure for his development. Lacking this his tree of life cannot put forth its full strength. To the young child the twofold world of nature and of human creation is without form and void. Out of this chaos particular forms must gradually emerge. That these forms may stand out clearly from the confusing multiplicity there is needed the sunlight of spirit, a guiding hand and a voice able to interpret the hidden sense of all the love notes which blend harmoniously in the rhythmic strain of the awakening soul and in the echo of this strain by the surrounding world. Not until all these needs are fulfilled shall we satisfy the demands made by the immortal being in mortal wrappage from the moment it draws its first breath and first beholds the light."

"To all enigmas and all secrets the human spirit diligently and unremittingly seeks the key. Many keys it has already found which open rich treasure chambers of knowledge and experience. One key, however, man has not yet found, because, strange as it may seem, he has not yet sought it.

This is the key to his own essential nature ; the key which would unlock the mystery of soul emerging from the womb of nature, and thus enable man to understand and answer the omens and oracles of the creature for whose birth the whole creation has borne the pangs of travail."

" The wonderful magnetic *rappor*t between mother and child has disclosed some of the secrets of this soul emergence, in order to meet instinctively instinctive needs. But the spirit, destined as it is to self-consciousness is not satisfied with merely instinctive responses to its demands. It needs and calls for a higher nurture. Thousands of men whose natural abilities have been marred and crippled,—thousands of perverted geniuses (as we call those unfortunates whose undeveloped and wayward creative powers have led them astray) testify to the grievous lack of that spiritual nurture in the beginning of life which should be supplementary to the physical nurture which has hitherto been deemed the only necessity. From this accent on physical nurture and this default of spiritual nurture spring also the misuse of creative power in anarchical and destructive movements, and that pitiable search for enjoyment which is so characteristic of the present generation. Because the misery resulting from unused power and from the failure to develop man's divine nature had reached its climax ; because in climbing the hill of culture men had wandered farther and farther away from the lawful path of a development conformed to nature ;—therefore, God sent help and allowed the long-hidden key of man's true nature to be found by one who had not forgotten the primitive condition of humanity revealed in childhood, who remembered his own unsatisfied yearnings, and who was impelled to seek help for all the children of men. God granted him the joy of finding what he sought : the law of development and the method of its application, because, searching for it where alone it could be

found, he studied the child, observed, in him, humanity from the moment of its origin and learned to understand its evolutionary history,—because, once more, he surprised the secret of development in nature and recognized the law of this development as identical with the law of all development, and last, but not least, because he recognized in the Divine Man the prototype of humanity and so understood on the one hand that man had fallen away from his divine destiny, and on the other that it was possible for the flesh to be made so freely subservient and serviceable to spirit that all men might fulfill the commands of the World Redeemer and thus become co-partners in his redemption."

"The key is found! He who found it went to his eternal home unrecognized as a benefactor of men, as an instrument of God and a bearer of his truth. The consecrated hands which should be opened to receive him are still closed. The hearts of mothers, priestesses in the temple of humanity, have not opened to him. Through the confused babble of our age sounds from the depths a solitary voice. May mothers hear its call and understand that it is a call from God! May they dedicate themselves to the new work it bids them undertake; may they realize that in performing it they will have begun the regeneration of humanity and will have claimed and won for woman those high rights through which she may influence and bless the world, and thus take her part in the conquest and development of the earth. This is the call of Friédrich Fröbel as educator, to the mothers of humanity. The words of the call are: Come, let us live with our children!"

"In the teachings of Fröbel the recognition of divinity in nature does not imply pantheism, because he likewise recognizes the individualizing of the divine essence in human personalities and thus accepts the fundamental idea of Christianity. Fröbel does not hold that individual personality is

extinguished in a universal consciousness. He believes that participation in the universal consciousness enhances the individual consciousness. Each individual consciousness participates in the divine consciousness. Conversely, the divine consciousness manifesting itself in each and every individual announces the eternal and absolute unity of all self-consciousness."

"The fundamental principle of all education should be: Let children remain children. So long as childhood lasts, let children live as children, in the world of childhood. Unless this first condition of education be fulfilled, or in other words, unless development according to nature be not interfered with, the most perfect education, the best instruction given in later years will be fruitless. Despite the fact that education according to nature has been preached for centuries, we are as far as ever from realizing its ideal and constantly thwart the natural process of development by our attempts to give too early teaching, to teach too many things, and to carry our teaching too far. With justice does Fröbel complain: We give the young plantlet time and space to unfold according to its nature. We do the same for the young animal. We do not hinder the duckling from seeking water. We do not require of the sapling that it shall bear fruit. But we constantly interfere with the poor little child, torment him with restrictions and prohibitions, and never allow him to follow his nature and teach him to know the world through his own experience."

"The reason we do these things is because we do not understand child-nature, because we do not know how to grant children the privilege of learning through experience without exposing them to danger and injury, and finally, because the conventional world in which we live has been accommodated wholly to men and women and a world for childhood does not exist."

“ The Kindergarten, as Fröbel conceives it, offers to children the world of childhood. It is a world in which childhood can vent itself freely and enjoy its own peculiar and characteristic life, and in which it finds opportunity for the exercise of all the powers and capacities whose exertion is necessary for its development. So soon as the Kindergarten becomes universal it will be the workshop in which unsuspected powers of humanity will develop, and in the course of time it will prepare the way for that renewal of a decrepit world, which must spring from the aboriginal life of true childhood or, if you will, from the germinal life of the human soul. The world to-day possesses less of this true childhood than ever before, because men dream that culture can be forced upon the soul from without. Such culture is only a varnish; it is an empty pretence which injures the soul. True culture must spring from seeds indigenous to the soul. When we give these seeds the nurture they demand, we need fear no lack of growth and development. To tamper with the life-process in childhood is to ruin humanity. This destruction of life is the great sin of our age. Yet, men will not recognize the help which God has sent, because it seems small and insignificant. Yet, in this form all truths enter the world.”

“ To create the beautiful and good is the highest joy of humanity; it is also the greatest happiness of childhood. To assure to the first period of life this high joy is the mission of the Kindergarten, which should be followed by school-gardens and gardens for youth. Through founding such institutions and conducting them according to the idea of their originator we shall make possible for childhood and youth a life conformed to their nature and needs, and shall thereby accomplish a gradual transformation of the human race into the image of its divine ideal!”

A N incalculable amount of work, in fact the work of the whole large association, devolved upon my aunt, for she not only had the organization and direction of the Fröbelstiftung and the training of the teachers on her shoulders, but she was also overwhelmed with a large amount of correspondence with people who wrote to her for advice from all parts of the world. Last, but not least, she had many, many meetings, councils and inspections to attend, and yet, with all this, she was able to find time in the first winter at Dresden to bring out the new editions of her books, "*Labour and New Education*" and "*The Child and Child's Nature*," 1874 and 1878. In 1876 she also published her "*Reminiscences of Frederic Fröbel*," which was followed the year after by the "*Gesammelte Beiträge zum Verständniss der Fröbelschen Erziehungslehre*." In addition to this, she wrote for the newly-edited periodical the *Erziehung der Gegenwart*, a number of longer and shorter treatises, articles, essays and other writings the names of which have been already mentioned. My aunt still wrote much of all this in her bedroom in the morning, but for my sake she gave up writing at night. The evening belonged to visitors and to me. I see her in my memory, in the early hours of the afternoon, working at her writing table; before her, on a high pedestal, Fröbel's colossal bust (by Bregmann) decorated with the laurel wreath with which I honoured it every year on his birthday on the 21st of April. Quickly, yes, very quickly, her pen traveled across the paper. Without stopping, she wrote on. When at last, she made a pause, she used to moisten her eyes and forehead with Eau de Cologne of "the genuine sort." She poured a little out of the bottle, always near her, into the palm of her hand and inhaled it with avidity, and for some time walked up and down the room, almost running, in fact, "to bring about the circula-

tion of the blood," she said. During that time she thought over the continuation of her work, but sometimes she talked to me, and I of course took care to be within reach at such times.

After finishing her work she always used to walk up and down, and later, after 1882, when she wrote very little with her own hand, she used to pace the room rather stormily whilst dictating, and for this reason she liked to live in large rooms.

In her very last years, she dictated mostly in the morning in bed. In this way we did her beautiful "Handbook," and if I look back on that very great work with a feeling of fatigue the recollection is nevertheless a most beautiful one. By that time I had become well able to follow the flight of her great mind and to write down these splendid thoughts, or rather dash them on to paper, for they came—poured forth—and my aunt dictated very quickly. The next day, I had to read to her, the dictation, and at first I was almost a little wounded, when she said, quite annoyed, "God forbid! I never said that!" and then she used to dictate the same thought again, but more clearly and more beautifully expressed. I soon learnt to be silent in reverent admiration, and I gladly wrote on again to her dictation, and afterwards made a copy. Sometimes we worked in this way two or three times over, until it at last satisfied my aunt herself. Thus this masterpiece came into existence, and there is probably no other book in the Fröbel literature that can approach this last book of my aunt and that initiates so thoroughly into the quintessence of the Fröbel method.

At that time Frau Cossime Wagner sent her two eldest daughters, Daniella and Blaudine von Bülow to the Luisenstift in the Loesnitz, and they now visited us on free Sundays. My aunt loved her godchild Blaudine as well as the intelligent Daniella, who always thought of and cared for

her younger sister. Unfortunately they were soon taken away from the Luisenstift. Through them we heard a great many interesting things about their stepfather Richard Wagner, his life and his mode of working.

The other dear visitor was Consistorialrath Werner from New Strelitz.

In 1874, my Aunt's grandson, Albrecht, the second son of her stepson Gebhard, who lived in Hannover, came to Dresden. It was a great joy to her. He entered the Cadet College at Dresden and spent all his free days with his grandmother. He always brought life, movement and gaiety into the house. We played, I must confess, as children in the first years (he was eleven years old at the time). I even remember him making my fine white sea sand run through a kitchen sieve, and my aunt laughed merrily at it. To make the boy more comfortable we peeled him out of his padded warm uniform and clothed him in different jackets of my aunt's and mine.

It was a good joke for us all, but obliged him to disappear when visitors came. He was a dear, fair boy, enjoying life, and we shared his little and great sorrows. In the first naïve years, we supplied him with the necessary provisions, as sausages, etc., all of which had to be smuggled and stuffed into his pockets very artfully. My aunt never could imagine why he had to smuggle them !! His Sundays under arrest were a great grief to us, as we did not know what he had done—but in most cases it was really nothing. When he was ill, my aunt drove to the distant Cadet College to look after him. She then carried his oranges and apples in her hand, declining to smuggle them. She was present at his confirmation and received the sacrament with him. Shortly afterwards she had the satisfaction of his passing his officer's examination when only sixteen years of age. Later, in 1882, he was again at Dresden at the Military Riding School, and

was a great comfort to us in my aunt's severe illness. In the following years he visited us, a gay Hussar Lieutenant, from his garrisons in Grimma and Lausick. We missed the dear boy very much when he took leave, and left Saxony on account of his health. His easy-going, gay temperament, and *his great gift of telling stories*, used to cheer my aunt, and, with large eyes, she listened eagerly to his plans, always so heartily rejoiced over his efforts and his diligence. It was almost her last great joy when he visited her, a few months before her death, and told her of his travels and his plans. With tears in her eyes, she said: "Albrecht is a man who wishes to achieve something, and therefore will achieve something—the dear boy."

With all the work, little time remained for other enjoyments of life. My aunt did not wish to be presented at the court at Dresden, for a large social intercourse would have been too much for her strength. But in addition to many strangers, many dear friends and acquaintances came to our house, first to the Lüttichausr. 4 and then to the Villa Wienerstr., then No. 13, where we lived in the parterre for five years. My aunt liked this house, which had a large drawing-room and a covered veranda where she could walk about in bad weather. With great taste and joy, she arranged a little turret room for me as a greenhouse. My aunt managed the arrangement of houses and rooms in a masterly way and, under her hand, every place was tasteful, comfortable and homelike, and she herself took pleasure in her work, and used to say: "Formerly, I have arranged many a castle—Marenholtz also used to ask me for advice." She could daily be seen walking for hours in the little garden of the villa. Our dearest and best friend, the retired Colonel von Uechtritz, used to pay us visits several times in the week, and these were always greeted with joy by my aunt. His good advice, his always ready kindness and help, his

mild, just and right judgment and his uncommon delicacy of feeling, made him dear and indispensable to her, and on all occasions, joyful and unpleasant, we took refuge in this dear friend. My aunt used to say of him:

“He is one of the best and most self-sacrificing men, a man of honor through and through, and a perfect gentleman.” She always spoke of him in a loving and friendly way as “the good Uechtritz.”

Countess Hoffmannsegg, an English lady by birth, and her daughter Countess Josephine, now Frau von Haesler, were our dear friends; also the family of Counselor von Lessing, the two Fräuleins von der Decken (who had long been acquainted with my aunt) and the von Pawel-Rammingers from Brunswick, and our neighbour Frau Wesendonk, a lady interested in art and science, who always hospitably entertained in her beautiful house all notable strangers and important Dresden people. The custom had gradually arisen that my aunt’s friends had to come to see her, for, at that time, she only paid visits herself in quite single instances. Her little “philosophic evenings” specially interested her. The well-known scholar and speaker Professor Fritz Schulze was present as well as Dr. Gustav Dierks, celebrated for his travels, especially in Spain and Portugal, and my aunt’s enthusiastic pupil, Dr. Hugo Göhring, later Professor in Basle, and the creator of the “New German School.” My aunt was very interested in hearing of it. We never stayed longer than seven or eight months in Dresden. We left generally in May. My homesickness for the cool air of the north and for water and woods usually set in tormentingly as soon as it became warm and my aunt felt anxious about me. For a long time I could not accustom myself to the Dresden climate and my aunt could never bear heat. The Fröbelstiftung could be left to its quiet course. Everyone knew what they had to do and did their duty conscien-

tiously. As far as possible my aunt still made use of her journeys for propagating the "Cause," and in addition to the annual meetings of the Zweigverein in different times, a part of the summer was always devoted to the object "*of winning people over and of making them acquainted with the 'Cause.'*"

Thus we stayed for some weeks, once at Waldenburg, as my aunt had to discuss the method with Director Hauschmann. We lived in a peasant house surrounded by fields, and quite near to the splendid old park in which the jasmine was flowering most abundantly, covering all the statues and stone pavilions gray with age. Its scent penetrated intoxicatingly across the fields into our rooms and we had to fly from it. Another time we stayed for many weeks in the Rheinpfalz at Sarnthal (Sauthal), a village near the little town of Anweiler, where my aunt wished to speak to Pastor Bähring about the Fröbel method. At Heidelberg, on the way, we met Gebhard Marenholtz with his wife and two daughters, Adeline and Else. Gebhard was consulting a well-known physician there. It was always a great pleasure to my aunt to be among her family and to watch the development of the grandchildren. Adelinchen, a charming, gentle girl, with long fair curls, had inherited something of her mother's charm, and Else's gaiety amused my aunt. We spent some beautiful days in Heidelberg and were sorry to go away when the time came. When Gebhard took us to the station, our maid, whom I had sent on to see after the luggage, was nowhere to be found. At last Gebhard hurried to the other station, and there he found her, sitting on the box, crying. She had lost the address I gave her, and wished to send off the luggage "to the Rhine." She came with us, the luggage was left behind, and I see my aunt, that same evening, as she sat in front of her bed very indignant, combless and spongeless and dressed in a flowery

jacket of the peasant woman. It required all I could do to cheer her up a little. I sprang round the room in a petticoat which had been tied round my neck, as gay as I *could* be after the inspection of this country abode—one thing was certain, dunghills were in front, at the back, and on both sides of the house. Then when I discovered, in the straw of my rural bed, a colony of mice, which ran round the room just as frightened as I, I stumbled against something very hot and burnt myself. It turned out that the pipe of the kitchen stove went through my room, so I had the prospect of a heated room during the summer. I could not stop laughing, and then in the distance, but still near enough to disturb our sleep, a dog barked and my aunt opened the window and cried out: “Will you be quiet!” But he, of course, paid no attention, whilst other dogs a little nearer to us, heard the voice and began to bark too; and as soon as they stopped my aunt’s clear voice rang through the night: “Will you be quiet now!” and immediately they all began again. We laughed, but I believe on that night my aunt was a little annoyed by all these misfortunes. For walking, there only remained the dusty high road, which led zig-zag round the corner of the mountains. We often went far along it, always hoping that round the next corner they would come to an end, and that we might be able to look out into the open country. But in vain, another mountain was always there. But in the village the geese attacked me, and my aunt had to defend me with her umbrella, for I was afraid of the wicked gander. In the garden there were cabbages. They became our one consolation, as we were in the same condition with regard to food, as we had been at Kufstein. There was literally nothing to be had, so I had to fall back on filled cabbage heads. I have no idea how many we and our guests had to eat, but my aunt was satisfied with everything, and I only mention this visit

among many others of the same kind, to prove how true Madame de Calcar's utterance was:—"Where the 'Cause' was concerned, she forgot all, comfort, fatigue, deprivation, heat and cold."

When the pastor did not happen to be present, I read to my aunt some of Dickens' novels from the Anaweiler lending library. Then she sat on the hard sofa, and I on a little wooden milking stool, nestling close to her knee. The sun shone in through five of the ten windows of our drawing-room which was without curtains and blinds. Now and again a cow lowed in its stall, yet my aunt was perfectly contented all the time. Even when the elderly peasant-aunt of the house, began to sing to her zither with her thin voice, in the gallery in front of the house, she only said: "Oh! Good Heavens!" and to me: "Why are you laughing, silly child?" But I was glad to see her so happy. I would have gladly taken up my abode with her even in the wilderness, or as Prof. Hanne said: "round the corner behind the rocks!"

We met a revered old friend of my aunt, Prof. Hanne, at Kissingen. He was unfortunately then in great trouble about his wife, who was dangerously ill, and whom he lost a few days after our departure. Next year, he visited us on the Baltic, at Misdray. He was tall, thin, and rather stooping. His face was finely cut and interesting; his eyes were deeply set and shone from behind his spectacles, often they stared fixedly. In bad or cold weather he was generally wrapped up in a professor's brown plaid, for which he was always most anxious to find a place in the room. He was always ready to dispute, yet his heart was tender and loving, and though a touch of pessimism was in his nature, yet he had a great understanding for "humour." True to his convictions and to himself, true to his friends and family, thus was Prof. Hanne.

His constantly busy, searching and thinking mind dwelt—alas!—in an ailing body. Hanne never felt really well; he was easily fatigued, and on such occasions became quite absent minded.

On his arrival at Misdray, when I happened to open the door to him, he did not recognize me in his absent mindedness—but handed over to me his traveling bag to carry it to his room, which I did, smiling. He followed me and at once attacked the bed, dragged all the bedclothes off and begged me to help him move the mattress, and so we made the bed in his own way. Thus my aunt found us to her boundless astonishment. He had just engaged himself at that time to his second wife and evidently did not know how to break it to my aunt. We were sitting on the shore under the beeches and with his piercing black eyes he stared at the steel blue, glittering sea. Then he suddenly said abruptly: “I am engaged.” My aunt paid no attention. “I am engaged” he repeated louder, “why should I not be engaged!” “Ah, well! Hanne!” said my aunt, rather impatiently, “do not talk nonsense, but tell me how Martha is.” His daughters, Martha and Gaudi, had been Berlin Kindergarten pupils. But it was no joke of Hanne’s and in the same half absent, half joyous way, he told us of his engagement.

At Misdray, we lived in a little solitary house, far away in a meadow, absolutely alone. Our servants or as they called themselves proudly, fishermen’s daughters, went home in the evening. I bolted the house door after them and to my aunt’s great amusement I called down into the horribly dark deep cellar: “Is any one there!” and quickly ran upstairs to her protection and her kind smile. But once my aunt fell ill in the night. She was attacked with colic and we were helpless. Then I experienced to my cost, what it was to be quite alone with my aunt in the house, which I had

at first found so very interesting, and then, too, I learnt to bless our Homeopathic remedies for they helped at once, the pains abated and my aunt fell asleep.

We met Professor Hanne later, nearly every year, at Carlsbad, with his second charming wife, who looked after him most attentively and perhaps spoilt him a little. They came nearly every evening to see us and shared our simple supper, and then "the spirits clashed", as his wife expressed it. As Hanne was rather deaf, there was a good deal of loud talking, for he was quite in his element when arguing. An ardent and well-known member of the Protestant Association, he had often been obliged to engage in many a fight with contrary opinions. My aunt always liked to tell me of his faithfulness to his convictions. He seemed to enjoy the recollections of all these fights. Once in mentioning a scholar who denied personal immortality he added: "Well, if the rascal happens to meet me on the other side, I will take off my hat, make him a low bow, and say: 'Are you here, too, dear sir?'" His many writings are very full of thought, and are scholarly, and he liked to tell my aunt of his scientific works. As he too, like my aunt, was disturbed in his sleep by the slightest noise, he was naturally often awakened from his morning slumbers by the other visitors at the Bath and was very much annoyed by it. I recommended my excellent and oft-tried remedy, not to listen, but with peace of mind just to say: "Let it be, let it be." He stared at me with his black eyes until I began to laugh; then he laughed too, but the following morning he appeared with the announcement: "Well, I have tried it! During the infernal brushing of clothes and boots outside our door, I said with 'peace of mind': 'Let it be, let it be.' Perhaps I might really have gone to sleep again, had not my dear wife felt herself obliged to say each time:

'What do you mean, dear Hanne?' as if anyone could go to sleep with that!" he concluded, indignantly.

During the course of years, Carlsbad was almost like home to us. Altogether my aunt went there twenty-four times, and I was there eighteen times with her.

She stayed on twenty-two occasions in the same house on the Schlossberg, in the "Duke of Edinburgh", second story. A bridge led direct from this story to the orchard on the sloping Hirschenbergsprung, and in this rather desolate garden my aunt used to drink the waters. In the first years only she went occasionally herself to the Schlossbrunnen. My aunt was, of course, a much honoured and revered guest in the house, and I think Frau Urban, the landlady, was really proud of having her. Much was done to please the "Frau Baronin", but every year the same story occurred. We wrote to Frau Urban and asked if the apartment was to be had, and the answer regularly came:—"Unfortunately, still occupied, no idea when free." Then suddenly followed the news:—"Your rooms have been free for three days. Am I to reserve them longer?" and when we got there, the first week was already past and had to be paid for. Then my aunt felt obliged to go down and give the old lady a lecture on her conduct. She listened piously all the while as to a penitential sermon in church, but she never mended her ways! We got what we wanted, and she even cooked us bouillon. Some summers, she even allowed our servant to cook for us in her kitchen,—a very special favour, as she seldom allowed anybody to approach her cooking-stove. The little stone pavilion was reserved for us. It was a damp horrible hole, but my aunt loved to breakfast there. I could never see why. Although no one had ever thought of sitting there before we did, we had hardly begun to use it, when all the other "parties" wanted to breakfast there too,

and it was very difficult to keep it for us. But the greatest difficulty was with the baths, for the water-carrier found it much more convenient to draw tepid water from the tap in the bathroom and only to carry up one tub of boiling water from the springs, instead of putting sufficient water from the springs to cool. This worry was quite exasperating to me. Otherwise we lived at Carlsbad as at home; we seldom went down among the other people, and my aunt's one joy was the many children, principally the American and English ones. She spent many hours with them, made them boats and hats out of paper; and when we wished to go for a walk, we really did our walk "standing;" for we stopped at every perambulator and every child, to look and to talk. So very charming was my aunt's delight when she was with children, also the bright smile with which she looked at them. Many will remember how, at the Kindergartens at Dresden on the "Uebungsabende", and on her walks, she used to delight in children, how they pressed round her knee, showed her their work, and how lovingly she used to look down on them. It was unique, and not easily forgotten.

Once in Carlsbad, there was a small three-year-old boy from San Francisco, with a nice little face and brown eyes, called Johnnie. The child was really more with us than with his parents, and was passionately devoted to my aunt. Every day she had to make him a little boat, and I used to cut out elephants and donkeys for him. He always wounded me with the question: "Is this an elephant or is it a donkey?" Then a thread was attached to the bow of the boat, and my aunt had to drag it round the table in the room without stopping, always in the way he wanted, and when to tease him, she once went round the wrong way, with most tremendous emphasis he called out: "No, oh no!" Much amused, my aunt did what he wanted. On Johnnie's departure, she looked after him with tears in her eyes, and

often in later years, she used to say: "Where will little Johnnie be now?"

In Carlsbad we met every year many distinguished and well-known people from all nations, and generally some visitors came to see us, who had come to Carlsbad for the express purpose of seeing my aunt. Of the family, we saw her brother Albert, his eldest grandchild Willi, and her daughter Pauline.

Direktor Hanschmann, Direktor Schröter, Pastor Steinacker, Frl. Herwardt, and others visited us there. We made the acquaintance of the venerable Lady Stanley of Alderney; we saw the infirm old Princess Metschertzki, and one of the most prominent of Fröbel's advocates in England, the clever and charming Miss Emily Shirreff, as well as another able and well-deserving representative of the Fröbel cause from Alsace, Frau Loepert-Housselle, Prince Rohan and many others. But above all, my aunt's friend, Dr. Wichard Lange, from Hamburg—Mittendorf's son-in-law, and the editor of Fröbel's works.

Wichard Lange, probably one of the greatest authorities on the Fröbel method, known in the teaching-world by the publication of the "Rheinische Blätter" after Diesterweg's death, was very dear to, and much valued by my aunt. Powerful, at times rather brusque and downright, a little uncertain in disposition, sometimes up in the clouds with joy, sometimes very depressed, but withal a noble, open, and loving nature, he interested me particularly. His characteristic head, with its bright blue eyes, was surrounded by fair hair like the mane of a lion, his figure was strong but slightly stooping. He was always encircled by the nimbus of having known Fröbel intimately. Thus he aroused the interest of all disciples of Fröbel to the highest degree. He worshipped my aunt with a certain frank veneration, and always called her: "Your *splendid* aunt." In 1882, to please her, he delivered

the chief speech on the occasion of Fröbel's one hundredth birthday. He was then more depressed than usual, as my aunt was far too ill to be able to receive him, and he sat at my side at the banquet in a sort of angry frame of mind. Alas! who would have then thought, that so soon—even in the following year—death would snatch him away, and under such sad conditions! On the death of his deeply loved wife, he is said to have fallen a prey to melancholia, and one morning he was found in the canal which he had to cross daily on the way to his school. My aunt and I always had the conviction that a false step in the mist, or some other accident, had plunged him into his watery grave. Another thought was to us inconceivable.

My aunt used to fly from intercourse with the visitors at the Baths, but every year the Baths themselves did wonders for her. She felt herself strengthened, and full of new life, to the great triumph of her doctor there "Geheimrath" Dr. Preiss who had attended her for many years. I must recall another interesting personality whom we used to meet in Carlsbad in the first years, the already very venerable Director of Railways Hausmann, from Potsdam. He and his wife had lived for some time in the parterre apartment of the grandfather's house near the Augustthor, in Brunswick. They knew the whole family, and remembered the good old times with a youthful zeal and fire, such as I have often admired in the inhabitants of Brunswick, even in their old age; they also spoke of the beauty, kindness and most refined mode of living of the whole family and the festivities at which they have been allowed to be present.

My aunt saw her brother Albert again in Carlsbad for the first time after many years. He told me a good deal about his childhood, and used to smoke his Turkish cigarettes, modestly and secretly in his own room, the smell of tobacco being rather disagreeable to my aunt. I, sympathetically,

stopped up the key-holes with cotton wool, and the chinks of the doors with paper, but nevertheless the smell penetrated through. The fight with this and other smells, together with the terrible piano playing and early morning noises, bothered us many times over. I had cunningly hired Frl. Urban's piano at the very outset, so that nobody could play on it. Alas! they hired other pianos.

We had visited Uncle Albert in 1873 at Krems on the Danube, where he lived in a nice country house in the circle of his family, with his wife and daughter Gabriele, then married to the Hannoverian Hans von Kobbe (now General in Lemberg). We spent several days there among the charming people, and then returned to Vienna. The great exhibition was just being held there, and my aunt had business to transact with Professor Erasmus Schwab, the representative of the "Schulwerkstätte" and "Schulgärten." These Schulgärtens only represent the agricultural side, whilst the Fröbel Schulgärten prescribe, as is well-known, the continuation of Fröbel's occupations in addition to this. We saw very little of the exhibition on the whole, as the Professor always held us fast in his department of the exhibition. As deeply as my aunt's interest was aroused by all the manual employments of the schoolchildren, as greatly moreover as she disliked one-sided "mental training," it was a constant struggle to her—her eager endeavour—to point out to the representatives of manual labour, *that a purely mechanical, imitating activity cannot possibly be of the same use for the child's development, as the free, creative work according to Fröbel's method.* Here in Vienna she took endless pains to make known to Professor Schwab, Fröbel's law of formation (Gestaltungsgesetz) for the purpose of applying it also in his "Schulwerkstätten." My aunt, moreover, visited the well-known Professor Dittes and went over the Pedagogium in which Frau Selber *née* Bodouin, a

former Berlin pupil, directed a training school for Kindergartners and a Kindergarten.

We did not stay long in Vienna, for after a few days we were driven away by the terrific heat, and we fled to the cool Seminary Mountains, to an hôtel, formerly a cloister, in Mürzzuschlag, within the cool walls of which, we took refuge.

Of the many journeys we undertook in the summer months of those years, I shall always remember a trip on the Rhine. We went down the German river from Wiesbaden to Bonn—in the hope of meeting Professor Delius, but he had unfortunately left. But we could never forget Bonn, for on taking the tickets, we found out that we had not changed enough money. It was too late to hurry to the bankers, and I stood despairingly in front of the ticket office, so that my aunt said sympathetically: "Don't be so anxious, child!" and the man at the ticket office smiled. He offered us then the necessary money—quite of his own accord—and of course his own money. He even did not ask for our names. I have forgotten the name of this obliging and kind official, but not the thankful relief that I felt. From Eisenach, we returned him his money with a thousand thanks. In the golden sunshine, my aunt showed me her beloved Wartburg, and we looked at Fritz Reuter-Heim.

Some weeks of the summer months were always reserved for the family. In Harzburg we heard of Adelinchen's engagement to Baron Ernst von Guestedt of Bersel. My aunt was radiant over the happiness of her dear grandchild and over the blissful young couple and amused herself heartily over Else's jealousy who called them contemptuously the "Küsswürmer." Unfortunately this happiness was saddened by a terrible accident from fire which visited the Hôtel

the day before we arrived. A large vessel with petroleum, which was used in the kitchen, took fire and immediately the kitchen was in flames. The proprietress and a number of waiters lost their lives, and everything burned away fearfully. The lamentations of the poor victims and their heartrending cries which resounded night and day from the Dependance were terrible and our fright, on being told even on the journey there, that the Hôtel and many people with it had been burned up, was very great. It was a great relief to see Albrecht with a most tranquil expression as he hurried past us to the station to meet Grandmama, whilst we drove past him to the Hôtel. His watch had again happened to stop!

Little Else's cheerful person and her smart, clever answers were then and afterwards at Schwülper and Dresden a great delight to my aunt. When she once told her of the fairy tale ghost Rübezahl, who walks over the mountains in seven-leagued boots, Else was determined on seeing him and on my aunt's replying that he only walked about at night, she said "If I could only understand why he walks *at night!* Other sensible people are asleep." When my aunt once admonished her not to be so wild, she ran away but was back in a moment, triumphant, with the news: "Grandmama, Mama says, when I am big, I shall not be wild any more. Well, what do you say now?"

Every year at the end of our summer trip, we tried to spend four to six weeks at Gross Schwülper, to my aunt's great joy, for nowhere in the world have I seen her so happy and so really content, as at her beloved Schwülper. Even on arriving at Brunswick, this cheerful frame of mind came over her, and she looked so happily at the large asparagus fields surrounded by the Brunswick brown cabbages, as if this was the most beautiful landscape in the world. We were staying with the daughter-in-law Marie, who used to reside there during the summer months. The large estates

were still under guardianship for the grandson Gebhard (the son of the late William) a minor, and my aunt made no use of her rights as widow. The guardian, Counsellor von der Osten and his daughter Clothilde, usually spent some weeks with us at Schwülper. My aunt used to meet her daughter Pauline, and when Gebhardchen, as we called him, to distinguish him from big Gebhard, came home for the holidays from his school at Rossleben, we used to be very gay. My aunt was always the one to protect us in our amusement on such occasions, and the Ocker among its reeds was the only piece of water on which she used to allow Gebhard to row me about without anxiety. On our arrival, the news ran through the village like wild-fire that the Geheimeräthin was there. The Hannoverians say "Geheimeräthin," laying the accent on the *e*. Then the old retired servants of the house used to come one after the other to see my aunt; Kraul, the old keeper, Esmann, the old underkeeper and Oese, the gardener who had served the family for fifty years and who appeared in a green coat, with very narrow sleeve and a very narrow top hat, each a legacy of my aunt's husband. He paid his visit, taking off his hat even before the gate of the castle court yard, we never knew whether out of respect, or in order to spare his tuft of hair in the front, which was artfully brushed together over his forehead, by two strokes of the brush on either side, and which, together with coat and hat represented the fashion of 1830-40.

The old carpenter, Müller, insisted on convincing himself of the good state of health of the Frau Geheimeräthin, the very day after her arrival. He said to me once: "The younger noble ladies in Gross Schwülper, will have much to do before they can rival the gracious Frau Geheimeräthin, in her loving and careful forethought for the inhabitants of

Schwülpér. Her ladyship's kindness is not forgotten in the place."

The old charwoman, Fuermann, and the old messenger-woman Lilien, who went to Brunswick with thirty commissions in her head, and could not read, or write or do accounts, and yet never forgot anything, and never made a mistake even about a penny;—the gardener's assistant, Eggeling—all appeared with beaming faces. And how kindly and lovingly and naturally, my aunt spoke with them all, how she entered into their interests, how she had for each a friendly word and a small gift. On the first Sunday, when we all walked up to the church in our best costumes, it was said all over the village: "Have you seen the Frau Geheimeräthin yet. It is said that she is looking extremely well, etc."

Within the first few days, we paid our visits, in our best clothes, as my aunt ordered—she in front, then Pauline, then I—one after the other—according to rank and dignity. We first went to the steward, who lived quite near the castle, Herr Müller by name. (His son, Reudant Müller has now taken his place.) He had been for many years in the service of the family. And thus we always walked—according to rank and dignity—along the narrow village footpath, towards the vicarage, and thus we climbed over the stiles, which protected the old churchyard and the church, from the dogs and geese of the village, and thus we sat in the vicarage—according to rank and dignity—my aunt on the sofa, Pauline on the basket chair, and I, on an ordinary chair and informed them as to our state of health. Fräulein Emilie, the good, unselfish daughter, received us, whilst the dear hearty pastor's wife quickly put on her best cap, and then appeared the worthy pastor Nymeier, who even in old age was as erect and proud in his carriage as a young

man. He spoke with my aunt about the events of the day, principally about politics, and we listened. They always began with Germany, of course—Prussia—(at that time the name was still spoken with a certain emphasis in Hannover). They went through all the European countries, and at last the pastor always said: “And in *America . . .*” and when *that* was done with we shortly went back to the castle in the same ceremonious manner, but I felt that my aunt had made happy those good and faithful people. The reverend pastor accompanied us, hat in hand, as far as the stile and we again climbed over it one after the other. But in spite of all this strict etiquette, every thing was so friendly and natural, and the faces which looked out from the windows of the peasant and village houses, had all such a friendly, sympathetic, heart-rejoicing expression, that I felt convinced that it must be a pleasure to my aunt to notice it. The pastor and his family returned the visit.

Once every year, we went to Gross Schwülper, to see the well-known Almshouse. Inspector Voss and his wife, old people also grown grey in service of the family, informed us as to the health and welfare of all the old inmates of the house. Then a few complaints were made about the present conduct of a certain imbecile, who lived there, and then my aunt used to say: “But that’s bad—why does he do it?” whilst old Voss shook his head. But even this imbecile, who had to look after the geese, showed his best side to-day and when we departed, he took off his cap to the Frau Geheimeräthin, and cracked his whip after the geese to make them walk in good order, as Frau Voss, the kind old lady, said maternally: “He wishes to show that he also is amiable to-day.” In the spinning-room, the old people were sitting, and with joyful faces, they all got up, for now there would be cake with their coffee. My aunt never forgot to see to this.

Everybody could now talk away, and make their reports and complaints about their personal troubles to their heart's content. And then we looked for a moment into the little chapel, the altar of which was on this occasion covered in my aunt's honour by our altar-cloth once given by her. And then we inspected the melancholy looking portrait of the ancestor who had founded this Almshouse. The legend tells that he killed his best friend in a duel and that he then gave away all his possessions to the poor, ending his days in the Almshouse among them, probably as a penance.

My aunt's daughter-in-law, Marie, was even then a great invalid, though she still had a beautiful face and always an active mind. She was much interested in the social and intellectual life of the day, in politics, science and art and also in society. Consequently the papers were often read aloud in the evening. She perhaps of all the family understood most about my aunt's endeavours. Otherwise I have never heard my aunt speak about the "Cause" in the family; occasionally she used just to say "That is exactly what our Fröbel desires with his method." When a young newly-engaged teacher taught the schoolchildren the Fröbel games, and when they drew up in the courtyard and the rather rough voices of the village children struck up our well-known Kindergarten songs in front of the Schwülper house, my aunt listened from the front steps with a beaming smile. Unfortunately this young and promising teacher died the following year.

As my aunt in her modesty, never spoke of herself, I did not fail to tell the family all that was necessary and thus it became known in the family also—and was a source of great pride—how important and celebrated a woman "Grossmamachen" was. My aunt's granddaughter Mariechen, a dear, clever, and very pretty girl called her this. Fraulein Ernestine Kahle, Mariechen's governess and companion

for years, looked after our bodily comforts in the kindest way. There was an old gentleman in the Schwülper house, called "the uncle" or "the old Captain," a cousin of Marie. The old gentleman was nearly stone deaf, and had become on account of this difficulty of intercourse with other people, rather an original. In earlier years we used to see him in desperately shabby old costumes, going out shooting. The small, neat, very slim figure of the old man, with his long gray beard, and with his sharp penetrating eyes, stole across the fields, and behind him with drooping and hanging ears, stole his faithful old pointer Mare. One day the old Captain had to part with this old friend, worn out with age, Mare died, and was buried in the park. The old uncle always spoke of him with deep emotion as "the blessed Mare," but shooting was no longer any pleasure to him, and he would not have another dog. A little secret jealousy of other dogs, however, remained with him, and induced him to enliven Mariechen's little "Sally" with a few powerful blows, whenever he could catch him. When "Sally's" yells called together the whole house in the reverberating hall and Frl. Ernestine, a little annoyed, shouted down his speaking trumpet: "Why do you beat 'Sally?'" the old uncle used to answer quite innocently: "'Sally,' I have not touched her!" He had not heard a sound!

Sometimes he frightened us nearly to death, by jumping round a corner with a loud roar to scare away the intruding village hens and geese or possibly a beggar. The latter he abhorred. At dinner and in the evening the difficult and exhausting task of drawing him into conversation fell to Marie. They used to begin in this way: "My mother-in-law says," "Oh!" roared the old gentleman without listening any further in his impatience, "that's what I am thinking and just what I always said!" and he spoke of something quite different. And Marie said, with suffering voice: "Oh Heav-

ens!—well, my mother-in-law says," and thus they went on several times. He honoured my aunt specially, and he was also friendly toward me, although neither she nor I ever could exchange a word with him, our voices being much too weak for his speaking trumpet. A friendly sort of pantomimic intercourse took place between us however.

The old man was with heart and soul a Prussian, and therefore not very much beloved in the Hannoverian village. I unfortunately wounded him once by remarking that General Moltke was a Mecklenburger, and somebody repeated it to him. But he wished to make him out a Prussian, was so hurt, that he had to drink some Camomilla tea in the evening. So I feared that he would never forget it, when in spite of this he continued to give me, on the sly, fruit collected by him in the garden, and with a voice which would be heard for miles, he bellowed: "Take it quickly, so that nobody sees;" this was certainly a mark of good feeling.

Marie, Pauline and Mariechen disliked the wind, and used to walk up and down in the vegetable garden. But my aunt absented herself on such occasions, and when the wind shook the old oaks, and the acorns showered down like rain, she ran up and down several times in her beloved avenue of oaks, in rivalry with the storm. On looking for her, I saw her at the end of the long avenue, and watched her approaching. She came quickly, and with such a glorious, happy expression, such a fresh pink and white color, and such shining eyes! I ran to meet her; we met in the middle of the avenue and fell into each other's arms. But quickly she ran on again and I beside her. My aunt loved the wind and walking in the wind.

In fine weather, she often disappeared from my sight for long hours, and I, who was always anxious when she was not near me, and I did not know exactly where she was, ran round the park crying: "Mütterchen — Mütterchen!"

She, meanwhile, without hearing or seeing me, was sitting in some thicket, deep in her reading, and when at last, quite breathless and most anxious, I found her, she laughed at me.

Once every year we used to visit the farming property at Warxbüttel, and there also I admired the splendid giant oaks. Every year we drove to the distant Hundsholz, and drank coffee and ate honey at Lautelman's, the underkeeper, who had also been one of the old servants of the family for many years. The road led across wide stretches of heath, through the flowering purple heather; and we passed, with some awe, the solitary house where a mad peasant family lived, who suffered periodically from religious mania, and then were to be seen running about with torches, and unclothed, all over the wide heath.

Sometimes, on dark autumn evenings, it was rather eerie in the enormous rooms of Schwülper. It required a certain courage to linger in the large dark rooms, with a single candle, where the ancestral pictures looked down from their frames, and the large figures in the gobelin tapestries on the walls, appeared to be alive. In 1883, we again did some acting on the little stage, which dated from the French emigrant period. My aunt's grandson, Gebhard, became of age, and this event was to be celebrated in a large way. This celebration was the one occasion on which I ever saw my aunt take the initiative in Schwülper; otherwise, she never interfered in anything—quite contrary to the mode of most mothers-in-law. But Gebhard's coming of age was a great occasion, and she determined on having it duly celebrated. He himself and the whole of Schwülper were to retain a lasting recollection of this important event, "as of a great joy and a great hope," as she said. She believed that her grandson would fulfill these hopes and that he would become a worthy member of his family, do honor to his rank, and achieve something for his country. She hoped to see him

in a distinguished position, in which he could achieve something—something very great. His coming of age she regarded as the beginning of his beautiful and world's career as a real nobleman. My aunt dearly loved Gebhard; she valued his loving disposition, his heart still as pure as a child's, his keen interest in everything good and beautiful, and his understanding nature. If she may, perhaps, have wished that his education had been a little different in some points, she was convinced that life among people of his own rank and his own clear reason, would soon teach him what was right.

My aunt herself drew up the programme for the festive day, and arranged everything for it whilst we had been making poems diligently for weeks beforehand. The family arrived one by one, first of all Gebhard's cousins Willi and Albrecht, the Dieckhorster relations Moritz von Marenholtz and his wife, his two sons and four pretty daughters, the van der Ostens, and Gebhard's godfather, the prime minister from Brunswick, Graf von Görz-Wriesberg. At the banquet, one could look round with pride at the many pretty faces, but the opinion was unanimous that the grandmama was still the most beautiful of all. She looked marvelously beautiful in a black moiree-antique dress, and in spite of the severe illness from which she had recovered the year before, still fresh, stately, full of dignity, and, as Count Wriesberg whispered to me at dinner, delighted: "Still so lovely."

Towards evening, the whole village was on its feet. My aunt had managed to arrange, that anyone who could find a place, might come into the large hall to look on. We had much fun over the dressing up, etc. The whole affair, with the various requisites for the tableaux vivant, was most amusing—as, for instance, when a very wee pig was carried in, squealing horribly, by one of the peasants, to take part

in the tableau, and the latter confessed with a broad grin that he would willingly sacrifice three such pigs for the pleasure of being at the festival. Essmann also came into one tableau, with two dachshunds on the leash, and stood solemnly for the Defregger picture as if he was about to be executed, or on the point of dying for his country—ready to suffer anything faithfully and courageously. Suddenly, one of the dachshunds began to bark in the middle of the tableau. Essmann was petrified with horror and assured us afterwards that it had really not been *his* fault!

In the little comedy: "Bei Wasser und Brod," Clothilde von der Osten as Wolkenschieber, and I as Elsie, covered ourselves with glory, and what pure nonsense we put into it! After this came the tableaux vivant, and last of all, a Harvest festival. We danced a quadrille in ideal peasant costumes on the stage, and how skillfully and quite professionally did the cousins sharpen their scythes! Then I stepped forward and said the ancient German poem of the harvest girls, when they bring the garland to the Baron:—

"I cannot make ye compliments,
But let me tell my heart's contents:—
We wish the Baron a golden dish—
On all four corners roasted fish,
On all the four sides golden wine—
And all things good to drink and dine," etc.

Then I walked down into the hall and presented Gebhard and the elder members of the family with little bouquets, with motto attached.

As a conclusion to the whole, the Marenholtz arms were represented, the white rose by Mariechen, as was said in the accompanying explanation: "The youngest, sweetest rose-bud blushing on Marenholtz stem."

Afterwards we all danced, old and young, in the large hall. How gay, how happy, was my aunt that night among all her dear ones; how she thought of all, and how she enjoyed the general pleasure!

ONE of our most charming recollections was a stay at Mecklenburg at the end of the seventies. I was so proud of showing to my aunt again the beloved old obotrite country. To me it was still as the promised land. "Oh, look, lakes—water, water all round—and look how freshly green all the trees and all the fields are, even now in the late summer—another pond, and now quite a large, large lake," I said in high glee; and so it went on the whole journey long, and my aunt stroked my cheek, smiling. And now the dear Plattdeutsch struck our ear. The first we heard of it was at a station on the frontier, where several milk cans from an estate were waiting for the train, and the man in charge of them said just at that moment: "De Deubel soll dat olle Minsch halen, wat het de olle Satan hütwedder taurecht smuddelt." ("The devil take the old cuss, I should very much like to know what that old Satan has again made a muddle of.") My aunt looked out of the window a little alarmed, but she only saw the laughing, innocent, pink and white face of a lad with the fair complexion of an angel. He looked at us with clear blue eyes happily and friendly, notwithstanding his bad-sounding words. In Schwerin, we were received with music, and, till late in the night, concertina players walked round the Pfaffenteich, some with little colored lanterns. Music, light and merriness are what we like up in the north. At four o'clock in the morning, the hostler whistled very prettily in the stall, while currying the horses. At five o'clock the maids in the kitchen began part singing, and outside our door the boot-

boy sang discreetly—and very nicely—the bass to it. Laughter resounded from the yard, from the corridor, and from the awakening neighbours next door to our room. I peeped at my aunt quite anxiously, but she was smiling in her bed. So I flew to her and kissed her, with the question: "*Is it not heavenly, Mütterchen?*" "Will it go on in that way, with music and laughter—laughter and music?" she asked. "Oh, of course," I said, "and if anybody ventured to weep, we would stroke him and laugh at him, and we would butter for him a large, large piece of bread thickly, like that—till he became comforted and laughed once more—and you see that with the laughter and the kindness, and the good, good food—that's it—the only secret *why we are so nice.*" And my aunt kissed me and laughed.

That is all as it should be. ("Dats allens as dat ledder is"), said Bräsig. My aunt was a very great admirer of Fritz Reuter's Plattdeutsch writings, and I have cheered her many a time with dear Uncle Bräsig. Her favourite story was when Bräsig comes back from his watercure and tells Haverwoun: "You, Carl (Charles), you think water is water. It does not think of it. It does not occur to it. There are a great many other things in it. First, there is the Shatishoff, (he means Stickstoff, nitrogen), and I noticed that myself." . . . Once in Carlsbad, when he saw Tunckermann (the celebrated Reuter actor), as Uncle Bräsig, my aunt wept tears of emotion, but the whole public had been moved to tears with us.

Music and laughter surrounded us till we again crossed the frontier. But what my aunt liked so much was, that although such strong expressions, as that above mentioned, are often heard among that northern people, they never sound rough, and twenty years ago comparatively little roughness was to be met with in Mecklenburg except among the foreign sailors. Up till now very few strangers had

settled in the country, and for that reason they led their own lives, untouched by modern culture. When I came to my aunt I still believed that everybody must be good, and in my opinion, I had only known two undesirable people; and the old Mecklenburg blood in my aunt made her, too, believe in the goodness of people. In our seaside places, nobody would ever shut his door on going out, and on asking for a key they said, quite astonished: "But who on earth would wish to steal anything," and nothing was ever stolen.

We stayed for four delightful weeks at the wonderfully beautiful Heiligen Damm—which was, as before mentioned, one of my aunt's dear recollections from her childhood. She said, with shining eyes: "Here, by these beeches, we sat with our father; the immense stone block, with the inscription of the grand duke Friedrich Franz I, lay already there." Over our heads rustled the grey-trunked beeches, reaching up to heaven, whilst their roots hung down to the sea over the so-called Heilige dam of stones. The air from the sea was beautifully mild and scented by the woods. We took part here in the most exclusive life of the court watering-place, for the Mecklenburg court used to stay some weeks at Heiligen Damm, and the Mecklenburg nobility streamed in those months to do homage to their princes. The relationship is quite unique in its way. The princes live with those presentable at court as *en famille*; they eat even at the table *d'hôte*, having only one course more, and being served by their own servants. After dinner the Princess always made the "cercle".

A delightful gaiety lay over everything. Wherever one looked—colour,—green trees, blue sea, fluttering flags and streams which our grand duke liked so much. The light, delicate toilettes of the ladies and the smart, cherry-coloured liveries of the numerous servants of the princes enlivened the whole, and above all this glow of colour, the brilliant

August sun shone, warm, but never hot. In the evening, after sunset, there was pearly dew, and, when the darkness set in, the stars shone brightly over sea and land. In the month of August they sometimes fell like a golden rain into the sea, and when we saw it from our windows I whispered to my aunt: "Wherever they fall, a golden treasure is to be found."

My heart rose within me and my aunt enjoyed my delight.

Our grand duke Friedrich Franz II, beloved and honoured by everybody—this pearl among princes and German men, this model of a wise, pure, good and really pious man, was possibly the most genuine Mecklenburger whom one can imagine, in all his doings, his inclinations, and his whole being. The reigning grand duchess, the beautiful daughter of the grand duke, the grand princess Vladimir with her husband and children, and the mother of the grand duke, the old grand duchess Mercoadive, the sister of old Emperor William, and the one surviving daughter of Queen Louise of Prussia, were all most gracious. But the grand duke was the most gracious of all.

The grand duke liked to converse with my aunt and to tease me a little. My aunt had told him, in her kindness for me, that I always called him: "My *landesvater*" (father of my country). This amused him, and he always called me: "Landeskind" (child of my country), and his silvery, charming laugh my aunt loved so dearly to hear and always remembered so well, still rings in my soul when I think of my noble "Landeskinder." In the evening there was sometimes dancing, or we had now and then those magnificent fireworks by the water, which we Mecklenburgers love so much. If my aunt willingly withdrew at times from all those doings, she put up with a good deal of "this corvée," as she called it, for my sake. But she laughed when I came back from dancing, quite tired out by making so many

low—quite low courtesies. For instance, a quadrille among the grand princess, the grand prince Vladimir as vis-a-vis, the grand duchess and the Duke Paul on both sides, the grand duchess as one neighbour and the grand duke as the other, and behind us the grand duchess's mother looking on—was no joke. We had also to be very much on the lookout for the grand duke, who, like all Mecklenburgers, loved dancing, and danced admirably, and did not easily excuse a mistake in the quadrille, I breathed again when he said to me in the grand round, "Now, Landeskind, let us jump!"

The grand princess Vladimir was charmed at my aunt's delight in her children. She begged my aunt for all her books, and thanked her for them so kindly and heartily.

One day the grand duke invited the company to take a trip to the watering place Warnemünde. We arrived there on a steamer. All the country people in the neighbourhood had streamed together to see their beloved Grand Duke. All Rostock was assembled there. Pressed together on the seashore and by the river they stood head to head, and now began the waving of handkerchiefs and hats, cheers without end, and the singing of our hymn: "Heil dir im Siegerkranz"—jubilation—enthusiasm—and all the time, order, friendliness—it was charming! I was standing beside our Grand Duke on deck, and ventured to say: "That *must* rejoice the heart of my Landesvater! Where else would we find such enthusiastic veneration!" He looked at me with his light blue eyes, which seemed to penetrate into the innermost heart, and said: "It does, Landeskind!" and it seemed to me as if for one moment there shone a moist glimmer in his eyes. Suddenly, they lit up, and with great vivacity he walked to a flag decoration and said in Pattdeutsch: "Wat is dit! Na so wat levt nich! De Hamburger Flag *vorrup?* da sla de Deubel in!" (What's this! That's unheard of!

Don't you know things better? The Hamburg Flag first? Oh, no!) and he continued to instruct the poor fellow: "*First* aways, Mecklenburg!" but in the goodness of his heart, seeing that the sailor was very alarmed, he added: "Well, see that you do things better next time," and he passed a bright thaler into his hand.

In Doberan we looked at our before-mentioned old Bülow chapel (page 4), and after a short stay in dear old Rostock with my guardian and his family (my dear friend Wischen), we drove on to Poppendorf, to my maternal relations, who received us with open arms. They worshipped my aunt and she loved them all, especially my refined, gentle and musical uncle, to whose playing she used to listen with delight in the evening. Everybody was enchanted that my aunt took such interest in everything, even in the internal arrangements of the place. She went through the whole house with Aunt Adelheid and felt, as I did, very much at home, and very comfortable among all those dear, kind people who vied in looking after her and nursing her. She enjoyed seeing all the old servants, who had loved me as a child and who now said so delightedly: "Our Fraülein Börting (Bertha) is here again!" She admired my very pretty cousins and taught them how to dig flowers and to make charming bouquets of our beautiful field, meadow, and woodland flowers. My aunt had the wonderful knack of making everything graceful and artistic by the mere touch of her hand, so to speak. The nosegay in the flower glass first became really tasteful when she had arranged it—just a little pull—a little alteration—and the thing was done. Every bow, every trifle was *chic* when touched by her hand. Our new hats only then became quite pretty and becoming after she had pulled them about a little, "crushed them a little," and my most beautiful wreaths for the balls were arranged by her. She herself used to fasten them in my hair. She

herself ordered and planned my costumes for the famous Dresden artists' festivals and "made it all ready," as I called it. Then when I was dressed I went to her and she gave the finishing touch. No ribbon or bow would ever be lost which she had pinned on; it was sure to last the whole ball, for I have never seen anybody work with more accuracy and order than my aunt.

During our stay in Poppendorf, the interesting and touching celebration of the anniversary of the battle of the Sedan took place. On the 2d of September, after sunset, all the inhabitants of the village and estate assembled, in a stubble field near the garden, where a bonfire of wooden slats and straw had been erected. One of the men stood on a milking stool and delivered a fairly good patriotic speech on the importance of the day. Then we all sang our "Wacht am Rhein" and our "Heil dir im Siegerkranz; heil unserm Friedrich Franz, heil Herzog dir. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!!!"

With the last hurrah, the straw was set on fire and old and young took hands in a large double circle and we sprang round the fire until the last spark had died away. Then we all sang 2, 3, and 4 part songs,—all our "Lieblingslieder" as the people call them; for instance: "I loved a lassie of eighteen years, I loved a lassie to pass the time," with the refrain, "I must say it once again, fine are the years of youth and joy." Meanwhile, absolute darkness had fallen on us. My uncle spoke a few suitable words, and then came the usual "Well, folk, now go home; good night to ye all." "Good night, sir, good night," was answered on all sides, first, in the deep bass of the men, then in the treble of the women and girls, and then in the shrill voices of the many little village children, and we knew, even in the darkness, that the men pulled their forelocks having no caps to take off at that time of night. And then was heard the quiet, orderly

marching off through the dried-up ditches to the highroad towards the village. In the distance they again struck up the "Wacht am Rhein." But we fell into line like geese, one after the other, holding each other's coat-tails, my uncle in front, with a lighted cigar, and amidst much laughter and joking we groped our way through the pitch dark garden towards the house, my aunt always in the middle.

My aunt liked also to go into the fields, and to see the last carrying in of the barley; and the netting of the fish in the large lake-like pond near the courtyard always interested her particularly; most of all, when the large pike were stuck with hayforks, or when they were shot.

The going away was very distressing. I melted into tears of downright sorrow over the separation, and cried for a long, long time in the carriage, when we drove out of the courtyard. But my aunt drew me to her heart, and I felt deeply that there was my safest resting-place and my happiness.

The next winter, my very pretty cousin Clara (called Jeta in the family), made a longer stay with us in Dresden, and my aunt enjoyed our gaiety. That was the time of the "old Johanna," as we used to say afterwards; one of the elderly, so-called, perfect cooks who are usually more or less originals, and who nearly all like to "drink a drop," as they delicately call it themselves. Johanna's drop was, at that time, Bavarian beer. She had wandered into Dresden on foot as a fourteen-year-old maiden—all her goods and chattels in a bundle under her arm—but a better cook, a better servant, we never had in Dresden, and we can at least vouch for the development of her capacities from the age of fourteen to that of fifty-two. We were wise enough not to notice for four years her drinking propensities. In the time of old Johanna, we saw many guests in our house, and a good

deal was asked of the servants—but I have never had less trouble and worry than at that time. She, Johanna, looked after everything, and managed the maids splendidly, and kept them to their duties. But many a night have I got her to bed when I found her blissfully asleep in the kitchen, with her head between the lighted lamp and the plate rack. I used to stare at her eyes fixedly, and spellbound by this look, she did what she was told, got up and staggered into the servants' room. There she disappeared behind a mignonette-coloured curtain of her own choice—and beneath her pillow reposed the kitchen hatchet as a weapon of defence. We had endless amusement with this most original person. Among these perfect cooks, we had about six or seven drunkards in the course of those years; once, even, a young and beautiful person; also, one who was stone deaf, and with whom I could only converse in writing. When she was drunk, she used to wipe off what was written on the slate without reading it, and I had to write it again. I tell all this to point out how many occasions my aunt had, even in our own home, of being reminded of the necessity of a better "education for the people." The cooking department fell to me; my aunt did not choose to interfere, but she taught me a great deal, and at every opportunity I took refuge in her knowledge, whether in the preparation of some delicate dish, or the best mode of preserving, or if I wanted to know how this or that spot could be taken out, how real laces were washed or mended, how curtains are put up, or ball dresses trimmed, how artificial flowers worn at a dance are revived, or how ox-tongues are best pickled. My aunt always knew, and could show me. That is being a German "Hausfrau," and if I mention this, too, it is to show that the culture of my aunt was at its height in everything; and that she represented in her own person a good deal of that mental and physical development and culture,

going hand in hand as Fröbel demands. On the whole even the drunken cooks, who understood their cooking, were more preferable to my aunt than the young house and parlour maids, with whom she could never be satisfied. The training of uneducated grown-up girls is extraordinarily difficult, the more so as they have never learnt to see or to hear in the right way. All the deficiencies in their physical and mental development have to be supplied, and for the mistress who has other things to do this is almost impossible. So, the burning servant question was always a fresh proof to my aunt, how absolutely necessary it is to begin education with the small children, and how true the word is, which says: "What is neglected to-day can never be made up to-morrow." The so-called servant class could not be reckoned among my aunt's favourites. In Berlin she had had most disagreeable experiences in this respect, and our Dresden experiences, with a few exceptions, had not been much better. But these exceptions my aunt valued highly. I remember once on the occasion of an expedition, that she gave her own shawl to her maid Cecilia so that she should not take cold. It is true she had it cleaned afterwards; for my aunt, in all her affairs, was not only painfully tidy, but also painfully cleanly and particular. She always kept her own cupboard in order. Everything laid tidily in its place, and, as she said, even in the dark she could find her things at once; and between everything she liked to scatter a few violets and rose leaves and let them dry there, to give a very delicate smell. She treated her things so carefully; she was so very economical *for herself, had so few wants, needed so little*. She often had her old things done up, but they had always to sit very well and be most tidy, and the simplest thing on her seemed elegant and beautiful. As my aunt was usually most unwilling to try on her new dresses,

and immediately declared that she could not stand any longer, so that the making of her toilettes was not without difficulties to the dressmakers, I asked for permission to make her dresses, and I was so happy in being able to make most of her things for her. For love of me, she even endured the trying on, and I was able to avail myself of the time most convenient to her, and when she was in the right humour for it. I was also allowed to make her hats for her, and she only gave them just that beautifying little touch. And when she appeared in the clothes made by me looking so beautiful, refined and dignified, I was happy; and she used to say: "Very good, my Putt! You have done it beautifully!"

A Congress of authors took place in Dresden at that time. Frau Siegel Löhn invited my aunt to it, and introduced to her many authors in the assembly, as far as I can remember:—Claire von Glumer, Thekla von Gumpert, Anna Wünn, Dr. Ziel and the great poet Adolph Wollbroadt (I was proud of those two compatriots of mine), Dr. Döhn and others.

Among our yearly visitors were Dr. Rudolph Benfey, a highly educated, learned man, but a true original in his external appearance. We once heard that in his youth he was entirely given up to study, and that his physical development had been, consequently, totally neglected. Thus he had become very helpless and unpractical. He could not look after his clothes himself, and these left much to be desired. To my aunt, the consequences of this one-sided, wholly *mental education*, planned for him by his relations, were naturally most interesting. She mournfully said: "He is not able now to do it himself, poor Benfey." Which of us cannot still remember him at our meetings, with those light blue or pink woolen shawls, which had the missing collar in front, and hung down at the back below his over-

coat in two little tails. At table, also, he was terribly hindered by his helplessness. He was always at a loss with his knife and fork. He was an extraordinarily learned man in many different directions. He had known Fröbel personally and treasured his doctrines, and he was a good man, too, but one could never think of him and of his old age but with pity. But now comes what was really unique and most touching. He won the love of a lady, an authoress and composer, Anna Shuppe. I believe the one German lady composer of orchestra music at that time. Shortly afterwards, when he was very ill in Bavaria, she traveled to him, and he, absolutely paralyzed by an apoplectic stroke, was nursed and waited on by her as a child and saved from certain death. But still more. She made a man of him, even externally, and after he had gone over to Catholicism—her own faith—she married him, the solitary wanderer—she married him and made him the happiest and most thankful man, as he himself told us, with deep emotion, when he visited us with his wife, and we saw him transformed into a real gentleman with white cuffs and top hat in hand. His wife heard with great difficulty, but she *felt* the meaning of his words, for she laid her hand softly on his with an indescribably tender expression. My aunt would never speak of this truly self-sacrificing woman but with tears in her eyes.

The five years in the Wienerstrasse were undoubtedly the most sociable during our stay in Dresden. My dear friend Louise Zur Nedden Wischen (now Frau Delling), visited us also for some time, and my aunt was very fond of her.

My aunt's grandchildren, Willi, Albrecht and Gebhard, as well as her daughter-in-law, Gertrude, with Elschen, stayed with us. It was very painful to my aunt, when Adelinen's glorious happiness in love came so soon to an end. After two blissful years she was taken

away from the husband who adored her, a few days after her father's death, who succumbed to the same insidious disease as poor Alfred, and his eldest sister Sophie. This double loss in so short a time, was a great grief to my aunt. Of her stepchildren, her daughter Pauline alone survived in her own home at Hannover. She visited us sometimes in Dresden, and my aunt was with her at Schwülper, and we saw each other many times at Carlsbad.

Of the Bülow relations, we were visited by cousin Arthur (the son of my aunt's eldest brother Herman, and now the head of the family), when he went to see his aged mother, who lived in Mecklenburg Strelitz. We loved him and his charming wife Paula, *née* von Schwaiger-Dürnstein. Cousin Arthur lives in the winter in Vienna, in the summer on his estate at Tesdorf, near to Vienna, where he is a keen gentleman farmer. In his language and mode of life, he has become a Viennese, but in his features and disposition he has remained a true Bülow. My aunt specially loved her nephew Arthur, and said of him: "Arthur is one of the pleasantest people I know, and is very highly educated. In every respect his judgment is so sound and right. It is a great loss to us that we see him so seldom."

And now arises in my memory the figure of the dearest, and to me, the most interesting visitor of those years, our dear friend Countess Krockow, for to me, also, she had long ago become a *friend*. She lived at that time with her husband in their villa near Liegnitz and used to spend some weeks in Dresden during the spring. On account of this delightful visit, Spring was to me the best time of the whole year, for with the first roses and the magnolias so beloved by her, she appeared, always full of interest for each and all—sharing our joys and sorrows—always in admiring love and

friendship for my aunt—*always this wonderful unique personality*—such as existed one only in the world—Countess Krockow.

She could not exactly be called beautiful, but she had a tall, imposing figure and a remarkable, pale, interesting face, with a high clever forehead, surrounded by short black curls. Beneath this forehead lay rather deeply-set, dark eyes—not large, not even very bright, but eyes which held people spellbound, which could not be forgotten, and by which she could attract everybody she wished. I remember her saying once on an Elb steamer: "I see journalist H. over there. I do not know him, but I wish to know him. He is to come here." "But Krockow, how could you do that?" asked my aunt, "what an idea!" "In ten minutes he will be here!" answered the countess. The whole thing was unpleasant to my aunt, but the countess said, with a smile, "Do not be anxious, dear Marenholtz, I will not disgrace you." And in ten minutes, the journalist H. stood, hat in hand, before the countess, who had done nothing but look at him very quietly. She fascinated people; she had some extraordinary influence over them.

By birth an Irishwoman, she came as Elisabeth Micherly with her mother and sister to Dresden. During my aunt's first stay in Dresden in 1841, she made her acquaintance was immensely taken by her, and loved her. Later she accompanied my aunt on her first mission to England. She knew half the world, most of the well-known and celebrated personalities of her time, many scholars, and above all, many artists. Very intimate with Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn, she was converted, as I heard, by her to Catholicism, and followed her to a convent on the Rhine. But she did not stand it long. After having turned the heads of all the nuns—as she told me herself—she escaped, fortunately, before she took the veil, and long after, when I got to know

her, she still felt annoyed, that the nuns had kept her good real India shawls. As she dearly loved music, and was an enthusiastic admirer of Richard Wagner, and his wife, Cosima, she was a faithful attendant at the Bayreuth Bühnenfestspiele."

She had nursed in his last illness, the pianist, Tausig; she knew Hans von Bülow and his mother and sister; she knew nearly all my aunt's acquaintances; she knew the life, the past, the present—and often guessed the future—of all these people. She studied them. I never heard a harsh judgment pronounced by her; she judged all fairly—rightly—for the gift of observation was hers to a peculiar degree. She noticed, looked people through, and knew them, but on the whole she had come to the conclusion that "they were all monsters." "They are all monsters, don't you think so, little Bertha? Only your aunt not—the dear Marenholtz"—she used to add. She abhorred *stupid* people. No longer very young, Elisabeth Micherly had married Carl Count von Krockow of the Wickeran, hereditary cupbearer of the Duchy of Hinterpommern (Pomerania), the descendant of a very ancient distinguished Prussian family. Although considerably younger than she, he gave up everything for her sake, and handed the Majorat, the entailed estate, over to his younger brother. The Count, a handsome, stately man, with real, aristocratic features, blue eyes and a splendid long fair beard, was a great sportsman. His book on his African travels and sport is well known, and whenever the countess came alone to Dresden, she used to announce: "I come alone—Karlo could not come with me—*he has to shoot.*"

When I became acquainted with them, they still were a remarkably fine couple, she, with her stately appearance and still dark hair, beautiful in her long ermine cape; he already gray and tormented by gout; but, when decorated on great

occasions with the Sohanniter cross, a picture of refinement. A German housewife, the countess really never became; it lay too far from her nature. The count looked after what was necessary, whilst the countess devoted herself to her studies. She had almost the knowledge of a many-sided scholar, and had gone fairly far into several sciences. A mystic tendency attracted her to all those ancient and modern sciences, recognized and unrecognized, which occupy themselves with the human being as such. She knew much of anatomy, physiology, pathology, psychology, also of phrenology and chronology, and last, not least, in my opinion, telling fortunes by means of cards, and she liked to teach me the last three sciences.(?) She interested herself in the dark sides of humanity and tried to fathom their depths; but, with great composure, she always remained on the brink of those dark waters and took note of all that interested her from the sure standpoint of the inner purity of her own soul.

On the day after my arrival in Dresden, my aunt brought me to the countess. She soon examined my head, phrenologically, and studied the lines in my hand. These must not have spoken unfavourably for me, for she took me into her heart; and I shall never forget how she first spoke to me of my aunt, with such genuine veneration and admiration. I felt that she who could recognize and understand with such unreserved, such real admiration, the greatness of another, and moreover, one of so different a nature, must herself possess some greatness of soul. One could not think of two more opposite natures than my aunt's and Countess Krockow's. They were different even in their external appearances. Sometimes, dear Krockow was a little surprising, to my aunt, who never wished to attract attention, and though perhaps at times she could not quite understand

things the countess liked, she took it as a mark of her strange individuality, and the whole—“*Die Krockow*”—she loved.

She used to relate rather amusing little stories at times with a certain dry humour. For instance, the charming little story how, at her Villa “*Bella Vista*” at Loschitz, during the absence of the count, she heard late one evening a rattling at the shutters of the window. Without hesitating, she tore them open, took a half empty water bottle from the table, and held the neck of it like a gun barrel out of the window, with the words: “Be off, or I will shoot.” Then, a little whimpering voice was heard, saying: “Oh, my dear madam, I am Dora’s Fritz.” Dora was the cook. But the countess said, coolly: “Run, or I will shoot!” and a stream of water poured down into the garden, and Dora’s Fritz speedily made off. “They are, indeed, all monsters,” said the countess.

A peculiarity of the countess was that though she had lived nearly her whole life in Germany, she still spoke German very brokenly. With her husband, it is true, she always spoke English. Some years before her death, she had the misfortune to fall and break her hip bone, and from that time she limped, and had to support herself with a stick; but she appeared to me even more stately than before.

I shall never forget the friendship, goodness and love which the countess showed me also, till her death, and never her words of real comfort during my aunt’s severe illness in 1882. Herself, suffering much at that time, she was not able to come to Dresden at once, but she wrote to me as often and as much as she could, and gave me every possible advice. She impressed on me the duty of looking after my aunt well, so that I recognized to the full her great love. One letter especially, I shall never forget, in which she represented to me that in cases of apoplexy a person’s na-

ture often quite changes, and, should this take place with my aunt, I was never to let her *feel herself that she was changed*, but to go on patiently nursing her. Fortunately, this did not happen, but it was still most touching of the countess to have thought of it.

The countess, quite naturally, was interested in all my aunt's endeavours, and she was, of course, one of the first members of the *Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein*, and appeared also on the occasion of Fröbel's hundredth anniversary, where I, as my aunt's representative, had to sit between Wichard Lange, who had made the festival speech, and the Countess Krockow—as my aunt had wished. Even then, the countess was ailing, but we never dreamt on saying good bye, that so soon we should have to lose her. But next autumn she was struck down by an apoplectic fit and died some weeks later in the arms of her husband and of an American lady, who was very devoted to her, and who, on the news of her severe illness, had hurried across the ocean to nurse her. Her death was a terrible blow to us; my aunt felt it deeply. Countess Krockow's loss is still mourned by me, and I cannot get over it, even now, after so many years have elapsed. When spring comes into the country, and when the first roses and magnolias are blooming, my longing awakens for the beloved friend and for the intercourse with this interesting and original soul.

Whilst the *Fröbelstiftung* was flourishing and an ever increasing number of strangers and deputies from different governments visited it, and it had already become *world renowned*, the *Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein* gave my aunt more and more trouble. After the first six or eight years of its existence, during which it had founded twenty-three *Zweigvereine* and had established most of the Dresden *Volkskindergartens*, a remarkable cessation took place in its activity. It cannot be concealed that the association,

through no fault of its own, or of anybody else, had made an enemy, who, according to the manner of such wicked and small spirits, sought to stifle his own conscience by the further injury of that which had already suffered by his action. Thus it is often possible that some evil spirit, although not great in any direction itself, is yet able to do an uncommon amount of injury by gradual, secret undermining, and by all sorts of discoveries, and can also bring it to pass that some other small spirits should be filled with animosity, who, in their turn, assist in the work of undermining. Thus the original principle can become a large hole by constant systematic pricking.

Our excellent president, Stadtrath Heubner, resigned. This was very distressing for my aunt, for we valued him highly, and besides being a very true friend to the association he was a very valuable legal help. Fortunately, he remained on the managing board. Heubner had known Fröbel; he knew the "Cause," and had recognized its importance, and to his influence it is due that the *Volkskindergarten* received the support of the town of Dresden. My aunt never spoke of Stadtrath Heubner but with great esteem, and she used to say: "I asked him to help me, and wished him to be president, *for the man has suffered for his convictions*, and that prejudiced me in his favour from the very beginning —even before I knew him personally." His successor made it possible, within the short period of his tenure of office, so to alienate and molest our twenty-three "Zweigvereine," that from that time they went their own ways fairly decidedly. The unity of the Association was interrupted, and above all, the interest undermined. In the same way, under this régime, half the aid which had been given by the royal Amalienstiftung was lost to our Association, and when my aunt, from among all the different parties of the Diet, had

won over influential persons for our "Cause," in order to have powerful support from those quarters, and had made the thing a certainty, that president opposed the presentation of the petition. His successor found the Association in a state of advancing dissolution, and did not know how to effect an improvement, and in spite of my aunt's indefatigable work, the devotion of her whole thought and forethought—in short, in spite of her trouble, in spite of her universal influence, in spite of her eloquence, in spite of her logical representation and elucidation of the real state of affairs, in spite of the fact that every well-meaning member of the Board saw all this clearly, and knew that she was in the right, yet she could not fight against the stream which was fed so secretly and so subtly by an opposition always freshly devised, behind the back of all the others who meant well. It was as hopeless as the work of the Danaides, always something invisible and underhand, which opposed, worked against and destroyed what had been gained with so much hard work, and just when we thought the thing would now be carried through, then came one discordant vote at the next meeting of the board which shattered all hopes, and the labour began anew. Here we saw again the great defect in the activity of the Association, where *one person* has to think and to work for all, whilst others who are not even acquainted with the rights of the matter and are possibly pre-occupied with other thoughts and other affairs, have to judge and determine.

If anything could have raised my unbounded admiration for my aunt, it was her course of action at this time, for, in spite of everything, she always remained so devoted to and so patient towards the "Cause" and again and again began at the beginning, when a less great spirit would have undoubtedly given it up as hopeless. But even to the giant powers of a giant nature such as my aunt's was, this became

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too much at the end. She began to fear that all the splendid work she had built up so bravely with her friends would gradually fall into ruins, and, that in spite of all her efforts, she could not prevent it.

On the 14th of January, 1882, after one of these agitating meetings, in which, in spite of everything that she probably—for she seldom spoke of it—felt and suffered, although she was always obliged to maintain an externally quiet and noble dignity, an apoplectic stroke confined her to a long bed of sickness.

It was exactly at the time when all the preparations for the anniversary of Fröbel's one hundredth birthday had been set on foot, and the Board of our Association, as the well-known centre point of all the Fröbel endeavours, felt itself bound to send its invitations throughout the whole world.

In addressing these invitations, it was clearly apparent *how enormously the Kindergarten Cause had gained ground in the thirty years since Fröbel's death.* As far north as Iceland, as far south as Africa, the invitations had to be sent to all the representatives of the "Cause." The summons to this celebration was drawn up by the members of the Board in August, 1881, and runs:

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to the Centennial Anniversary of the birthday of Friedrich Fröbel, the 21st of April, 1882.

"To the numerous anniversaries which the German nation has to celebrate, and in which other civilized nations join, to the honour of all those great and noble men whom it has produced, another and no less important one will shortly be added, the 100th birthday of Friedrich Fröbel, the 21st April, 1882. . . . Fröbel would never have been a *real* German if he had not been more than a German, as love for the fatherland, real, cosmopolitan; love for his own peo-

ple and for humanity at large, do not exclude, but promote and complete each other in him. Just as little was there in him a conflict between the world and religion, or as he himself called it: "oneness." No, unity of life with nature, with humanity, with God—these were the three great triphthongs of his thought, feelings, desires and work. Yet the unique importance of Fr. Fröbel did not consist in that he united these only in his person and endeavoured to communicate the same to others, but that he has found a sure way, a deeply-considered, deeply-felt, and at the same time vigorous method, to raise the child, childhood in general, and youth, to the sublime object of the unity of life. Fröbel was able to discover this way, because he was not only merely conscious at all times of that splendid aim, but because he was unable to sink himself, as no one had before him, and possibly no one will after him, in the innermost life of childhood, and this with the tenderness of a mother, and at the same time with the profoundness of a savant. He was thus able to give the right direction to childlike utterances. Fröbel is the psychologist of childhood, and up till to-day, the last great genius on the field of education—its science and art.

"Indeed, the name of Fröbel is in all mouths. In all parts of the earth he is known as the creator of the Kindergarten, but few know that in Fröbel's mind the Kindergarten is only one stage of those educational institutions which have to follow each other. Few only know that the Kindergarten in and in addition to the school, is to be continued and worked out as the "Schulgarten." Still fewer have penetrated into the innermost spirit of his teaching and work so as to be able to indicate how this can be brought about, and by what laws and through what means this must be effected.

"It is this proposed celebration which specially reminds us how little Fröbel is even yet known in his whole significance,

but it is this celebration which shall be an opportunity to all the devotees of the "Cause," and especially to the women—as mothers, to whom Fröbel, above all, appealed—to point anew to Fröbel and to propagate his ideas as sincerely and clearly as possible without adulteration or forgery. The Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein believes itself the more called upon to give the impulse to a celebration worthy of Fröbel, as it was founded in the year 1871, only for the purpose of working on in the spirit of Fröbel; and, therefore, the site of the Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein—Dresden—seems also the most appropriate place for such a celebration. . . . "

When my aunt's illness set in late in the evening, signs of paralysis were visible in the left side—which, fortunately, did not extend to the face or affect the speech, but she could only reach her bedroom by dint of her extraordinary strength of will. It had always been most unpleasant to my aunt to be touched by other people. Possibly for this reason she had never allowed even her maid to help her to dress. It was always quite disagreeable to her if anyone politely wished to help her into her cloak or shawl. I only was allowed to assist her. But in consequence of this attack such a nervous visitation came on, that, on that first evening, it was unbearable for her to be touched by anyone, even by me; and I was neither allowed to support her nor help her on going to bed. I had to go away and shut the door. As she had excited herself unnecessarily about her illness, probably to her own injury, I had to retire, and I spent the night in deadly agony listening outside her door. I heard my aunt fall several times to the floor, but she managed, nevertheless, to get to bed. This terrible night which I passed standing near the door of my aunt's room, was the first of many others. For seven weeks I watched in the same way, without sleep, and for nine whole weeks I did not get out of my clothes nor rest in a bed. My aunt would not have

a nurse, and the overburden of anxiety which I had to bear at that time, might well have killed a less elastic nature than mine.

I was then little skilled in the art of sick nursing. All I did was by instinct, or because I was aided by my anxiety and love for her. But my aunt herself taught me much. Even here, she was still able to arrange things herself and think about everything. After the first nervous irritation, and when those terrible pains in the limbs had passed off—all borne with so much patience, she was always contented, happy, kind and very loving—the dearest patient possible. We did not have a doctor at that time, as since the death of good Dr. Hirschel, there was no very distinguished homeopathist in Dresden in whom my aunt had confidence.

Only Uechtritz's and Albrecht's efforts prevailed in obtaining her consent to call in a doctor on the second day of this dreadful illness. But my aunt soon declined his visits. In our inexperience, his instructions to lay her on a cold water-bag were observed to the letter, and we could hardly bring my aunt out of the numb condition into which this treatment had thrown her. For years afterwards, she suffered from sudden attacks of catarrh, which were most unpleasant and inconvenient to her, and which she always attributed to this unhappy cold water bag.

Good Herr von Uechtritz and cousin Albrecht were my only consolation. Both appeared every day—the first to inquire, and the second coming to us every evening in his free hours, most unselfishly: "Ah, Cousinchen," he often said, compassionately, "When shall I see you again without those terrible felt slippers?" (My feet had become quite swollen from the want of rest and the eternal walking and standing.) But as my aunt was so much better we laughed heartily over my enormous feet. One night when the pains in her limbs were specially acute, in my anxiety I lay down

by my aunt's side, and gently stroked and massaged the aching limbs with my hands. I had the joy and surprise of shortly seeing the patient fall asleep. On the very next day, just a fortnight after the beginning of the illness, we were about to arrange a second bed for her in the next room, meaning to wheel her to it in an armchair, when she suddenly walked in and said quietly: "I cannot wait so long." Never in my life have I felt a more triumphant and thankful joy than I felt at that moment. When we had laid my aunt safely and warmly in her bed, I sank on my knees in the next room and thanked God for his goodness, and that my magnetic power had also been able to help in relieving the pains and paralysis. I had distinctly felt on massaging my aunt's limbs, that the pains were passing into my own arms, though, fortunately, they did not last long.

From that time we could breathe once more. Very gradually, with uninterrupted nursing and great, great care, my aunt recovered. Hofrath Dr. Warnetz, a clever masseur, massaged her, and taught me, later, how to do it. Every worry and unpleasantness was kept far from her, and when warm weather set in specially early that spring, my aunt could once more walk in the garden, and I could again sleep in bed, after all those weeks spent in watching. At that time I thought that a bed was the best thing in this world.

My aunt could even occupy herself once more with the preparations for the celebration, and it was most fortunate and high time that she should do so, for nobody appeared to know what they proposed to do with all the guests who were bidden from all quarters of the globe for the 21st of April, nor what they could offer them.

Every year since the foundation of the Fröbelstiftung on the 21st of April, we used to celebrate Fröbel's birthday with the pupils, the teachers and the Association; and my aunt was inexhaustible in planning little festivities, particu-

larly tableaux vivant which she was wonderful in inventing and in which she liked to group the children, whose dramatic impulse (this highest grade of imitative impulse) she wished to make use of for the development of the taste for, and sense of, the beautiful and good. As children are far too concentrated at the moment in what they are doing, and in the endeavour to act their part, there is no danger of this leading to precocious vanity, if they are not influenced in that direction by the grown-up people. Thus we once had some tableaux vivant with several children representing groups of statues in white marble, whilst the full, cheerful busy life and doing of childhood appeared as a gay colored background. At other times the day was celebrated with a speech and banquet, but Fröbel's one hundredth birthday must and should bring something out of the ordinary, and it was brought.

For to group about 400 small children from three to six years of age in tableaux, on a small stage, every tableau full of deep-meaning, charming in the grouping, full of life, full of poetry, and withal, everything in perfect quiet and order, without any sort of disturbance—was certainly new. My aunt had invented the tableaux, composed the matter, and induced the celebrated poetess, Frau Louitätsrath Kayser-Langerhausz to write the text. (Her great work, "Odin," on northern mythology, is well known.) In the same way, my aunt had persuaded Frau Marie Nettke *née* Schwendy (now Frau Dr. Schram McDonald), the daughter of our charming landlady in the Lüttchaustrasse, to recite the verses. Our Kindergartners chose out the suitable children from their classes, and the costumes were supplied most kindly by the parents of the little ones. My aunt planned each tableau, even down to its minutest details, and the celebrated painter, Professor Krause, entered into her ideas, and undertook the grouping of the tableaux. The Kinder-

gartners were to bring life and expression into the little artists, and the splendid discipline of the Kindergartens made it possible to maintain order in the coming on and going off of the large crowd in the small space allowed them. The programme included, moreover, Dr. Wichard Lange's speech, a recitation from Frau Silvia Brand, and the choruses of the Dresden "Münnergesong verein," under the strong direction of Herr Hugo Yüngst, and a banquet was, of course, to follow. On the 20th of April, the guests were to be received at a meeting, and on the 22nd a treat for the children of the Kindergarten was arranged to take place on the Royal Belvedere, in imitation of that on the Altenstein, near Liebenstein, some thirty-five years before.

The committee of ladies had been urgently requested by the Board to undertake all the arrangements of the festival, under my aunt's direction. We met several times in our house, so that I was able to ask my aunt's advice at every step, and she arranged everything from her sick room. We had managed to get possession of the largest hall in Dresden (the Gewerbehaus). We had reckoned most carefully the number of places in the hall and gallery, and cards of admission had been printed in proportion. We had considered each and every detail, and all was in the best order possible. It has remained a mystery to us why a second committee, consisting only of gentlemen, was suddenly formed. A second programme was drawn up, different from that accepted by the Board, and only a speech and banquet were desired. We heard in explanation of this strange decision, after everything had been already settled, the still more strange announcement: "That it was not suitable to let children run about, where celebrated pedagogues were sitting." Surely, a most extraordinary utterance in connection with a Friedrich Fröbel celebration!

But the preparations, according to our programme, had

progressed too far to be undone, and all might have been well, had not the second committee ordered the printing of another set of admission tickets. (We had chosen yellow, but the others preferred red.)

Unfortunately they then sent these out, and so with the red and the yellow tickets together a double filling of the hall was unavoidable. The proprietor declared energetically that he would call in the police for his gallery, and we were at our wits' end. But none of us had a suspicion of the strange plan which was made to exclude half the number of those invited.

Probably few of the arriving guests had an idea of the difficulties which we unfortunate ladies, intrusted with the arrangements, had to combat secretly. And when, in spite of all, the celebration passed off worthily and well, without any apparent disturbance, we owed it to my aunt's practical and minute directions, even during her illness; to the self-sacrificing willingness of all the ladies, to the Kindergartners, and to some of our gentlemen. I had to represent my aunt, and I was well conscious of my responsibility. At my aunt's wish, her grandson, Albrecht, had to accompany me, as the representative of the Marenholtz family.

On the 20th of April, at the preparatory meeting in the small hall of the Gewerbehause, when the Oberburgermeister Dr. Stübel greeted the guests in the name of the town of Dresden and the then President of the Allgemeine Erziehungsverein welcomed them, a considerable number of foreign and Saxon friends of the Kindergarten Cause had already arrived: Countess Krockow, Wichard Lange, Fr. Dr. H. Goldschmidt, the able and enthusiastic representative from Leipzig, the two well known Kindergartners and supporters of the "Cause", Frau von Portugall (Geneva), Fräulein E. Heerwardt (Thuringia and England), the Italian deputy, Commodore Pick, who had been sent by the Italian

government, and many others. The news of my aunt's serious illness had, of course, kept away many friends who would otherwise have come to Dresden. In addition to this, the day was celebrated in an unexpectedly grand way in many other places, which did not wish to part with their own representatives. My aunt was very distressed at not being able to receive them in her house and to show them hospitality. The condition of her health, extreme weakness resulting from her illness, did not allow it. How different the festival would have been a year earlier or later, when my aunt was in the full possession of her powers! Everybody felt that! Prof. Pick and Dr. Lange were really grieved and quite beside themselves when they heard that they could not see my aunt. The two faithful souls, Frau von Portugall and Frl. Heerwardt were admitted by me to see her, but only under the promise of shaking hands with her in silence. It was very touching to see them and others go up and down in front of our house for hours, merely to see her walking about for a moment on the veranda.

My aunt was in fact still far too weak even to wish herself amidst the bustle of the festival, but it was with a certain solemnity and emotion that she saw Albrecht and me depart. We were both in our very best attire, he in his Hussar gala uniform, I, in pink silk covered with old lace, and my aunt, summoning her weak powers, had fastened a rose in my hair when I knelt before her and kissed her hands and said good-bye. I drove away, meaning to go through with it at any cost, and with the intention of remaining absolutely calm, whatever might happen. We reached the Queckbrunnen side of the Gewerbehause, where the Council, the strangers, and all the children with their parents had been told to come, so as to avoid all crowding at the principal entrance. Meanwhile it had been arranged otherwise, secretly, as it appeared. We found the door shut. After some powerful

blows with Albrecht's sword, at last a little chink of the door opened, into which he quickly thrust the point of his scabbard. Then the door was opened by the frightened porter.

I then issued energetic orders concerning this same door, and it was later a source of constant amusement to my aunt and myself, how the different ladies on the committee who were already in the hall, were *asked to leave the hall again to go out of the Queckbrunnen door, and to come again into the hall through the Ostraallee, and how they protested against this request, full of astonishment and indignation.* We could never forget how Countess Krockow quietly raised her crutch at this suggestion, pressed a spring, whereupon a sharp dagger protruded, at which her interrogator started back in alarm. She then proceeded on her way to her place, proudly, saying to me in passing: "They are monsters, little Bertha—do not be annoyed."

The parents of the children who were to act, for the most part, fared, unfortunately, much worse—for when they had to run from the Queckbrunnen to the Ostraallee—on reaching the door of the building, they were told that the hall was overfilled—and would not hold any more. In this manner, the overfilling of the hall, caused by the double issue of admission cards, was to be obviated, but for the most part this exclusion struck those who had spared no cost and trouble for our festival arrangements.

This was, of course, a bitter grief to us, and on hearing of it afterwards, our indignation was necessarily just and great.

It was a very brilliant assembly in the hall. Beside the strangers from afar, from Saxony and the environs of Dresden, the representatives of the "Cause," and members of the Association, nearly all the officials of the government and the town were represented; most of the distinguished and better known persons of Dresden, a large number of Dresden and other journalists, among them the editors of all the Dres-

den daily papers, many former and all the present pupils of the Fröbelstiftung, were amongst the assembled. The missing laurel wreath for Fröbel's bust (the gardener had not been admitted into the hall) was quickly made by me from some cut branches. A kind substitute for the master of the Ceremonies, who had been shut up somewhere in the most malicious way, was quickly found. I had the piano forced open unnoticed with a pocket-knife, the key having disappeared. Other contrempts of the same sort had taken place. Probably nobody had an idea of these little "entre-actes", all of which were calculated to interrupt the celebration and to introduce a disorder which would otherwise not have existed. Only we, the initiated, felt a deep disgust and indignation over these petty intrigues, and yet the blame of the disorder should have fallen on those, who wished to appear before the public as the managing board, and who seem to have forgotten this circumstance!!

The sounds of Richard Wagner's festival chorus pealed through the mighty hall, and beautiful words were spoken by Frau Silvia Brand. Then our Wichard Lange walked up to the platform. He explained in concise and powerful words what Fröbel had wished and what he had achieved, and the impression of the enormous progress made by the Kindergarten "Cause" since Fröbel's death was deeply felt by all the listeners. When, with real emotion, he *then thanked my aunt in the name of humanity at large, for all she had done, performed, and suffered in the service of the Fröbel Cause*, unanimous applause resounded throughout the hall for some minutes, and many eyes filled with tears. Then I looked round at my aunt's grandson, who was sitting behind me, and to whom at this moment it first became clear, that his grandmother was indeed a great and noble woman. After some fine musical compositions by Prof. Pollack Daniels, the Italian delegate, Commodore Pick, from

Venice, mounted the platform. My aunt had asked Frau Mirus and Fraulein von Fromberg, who had been members of the Board for many years, to receive with me the large Album which was to be presented, and we walked on to the platform with the President of the Association (Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein Dr Hansmann). The most enthusiastic words of the Italian, were followed by the President's words of thanks, in the name of my aunt, and that of the Fröbelstiftung. In her great modesty, my aunt had asked them not to dedicate the Album to her alone, but to the Fröbelstiftung and her together. This valuable album, to which, the Italian government, and also the towns of Venice, Rome, Naples, Genoa, Palermo and Florence contributed, contains modern water colour works of art, and is very much admired by all connoisseurs. A few days later, after we had already left Dresden, two gentlemen from the north of Italy presented a second album, to which the towns of Bologna, Imola, Ferrara, Ceuto, Bondeno, Argenta, Comachio, Modena, Parma, Guostalla, Piacenza, Laguao, Tacenza, Forli and Lavignovo di Romagno had contributed. In all these towns, splendid Kindergartens are flourishing, with hundreds of children. My aunt was exceedingly touched on hearing that the beautifully painted arms of those towns in the album, were done by her very aged friend, the Marchesa Tanari at Florence.

And now came the charming tableaux vivant of the children, remembered by all who saw them. The beautiful accompanying verses, recited by Frau Nettke, explained the tableaux. *My aunt's motto* for the whole series of tableaux was: "Fröbel is the first and only Pedagogue who brought the recognized truth, that the development of mankind offers the model for the development of the individual, to a practical application in education, in that

he found the means of satisfying the human impulses of culture slumbering in every child, by making use of its own activity, and by repeating, even in its play, the *work of culture* of the human race in its elements. But the only right leading thread for an education of the human being, *in conformity with nature*, is achieved by this."

Tableau I. *The Virgin Mary and Christ Child.* (The educating mother and the Kindergartner.) Motto: "The divinity of the maternal calling will only first come to light through Fröbel's education of mankind." The Madonna della Sedia by Raphael, in the middle of the tableau, was wonderfully represented by Frl. Bräter and two children.

Tableau II was very charming: *The first human works of culture.* (The earth as the divine workshop for the development of mankind.) Motto: "Work was the beginning of human development in the workshop of creation—let work be the beginning of the child's education." Ideal little fishermen, peasants, gardeners and hunters were grouped here.

Tableau III. *Manual labour.* (The preparation of the Kindergarten for Manual labour.) Motto: "The Kindergarten offers the exercise of the powers for every craft." Different handicrafts, most charming little bakers, butchers, smiths, etc., began suddenly to work; and so it became a real tableau vivant.

Tableau IV. *The arts.* (The preparation of the Kindergarten for the arts.) Motto: "With the awakening of the sense of beauty, begins all higher education. Hence the beginning of all arts belongs to first education."

Tableau V was most charming of all. *The Sciences.* (The preparation of the Kindergarten for the sciences.) Motto: "All true and real knowledge rests on experience. This experience is offered to the child by the Kindergarten,"

The children, as little students, sat in tiers, with students' caps, etc, and sideways, a small Archimedes in a professor's hood, drew large circles on the floor.

And now came Tableau VI. On thinking out this tableau: *The golden age*, my aunt, with moist, shining eyes, saw in spirit the Kindergarten of the future, and then spoke words to me, which I shall never forget. She gave me an insight into her most secret feelings,—so seldom uttered by this great soul,—the feelings with which she looked forward in hope to the consummation of mankind here on earth, when the golden age would have come, and blissful happiness on earth would prevail. Then the Christmas promise also would be fulfilled, *and peace would be on earth*. Then the glorified spirits of past ages will no longer be invisible, and beyond the reach of the then spiritualized men on earth. Like the angels on that holy Christmas night, they will float downwards and upwards, and rejoice in the happiness on earth, and blessed, blessed all will be who were able to contribute even but a little in their way toward this happiness. It sounded so modest, but the shining blue eyes looked away so hopefully, far, far, into the distance.

Some days later many of the children came to my aunt, and acted before her single groups of the tableau. She took pleasure in everything, as she had also taken pleasure in all the many presents made for her by the children, and which were brought to her in those days. But when the little couple from the tableau of the golden age appeared on the stage, offering to each other with smiles the golden balls of peace, tears ran down her cheeks. This was Tableau VI: *The Kindergarten of the future*. (The golden age of man.) Motto: "When once all mothers resemble Mary, humanity is ripe for the golden age. The Kindergarten of the future will help to prepare the way for this."

Finally, as a conclusion, in Tableau VII, nearly all the

children of the preceding tableau appeared, *encircling the monument on Fröbel's grave*, which was to be unveiled on the 22d of July in the cemetery of Schwine near Liebenstein. It was touching to see how in this tableau, which again became a real tableau vivant, one group of children after the other came onto the stage, to lay their wreaths and flowers on the monument; they crowded round it, and in the background, so that it appeared by a masterly perspective, as if thousands of children were grouped right up to the ceiling, behind the monument, as if childhood were streaming thither to honour its friend. Motto: "The genius of mankind appears on earth nearly always incarnated in modest form, and only after death its importance is recognised." The beautiful verses accompanying this tableau concluded with the words:

" When thankfully we raise to thee a stone
Our glances meet thy image and thy name,
Engraved now deeply what we long have known,
Written in golden characters they shone.
With flowers we crown thy monument sublime,
Immortal thou,' immortal to all time."

Then we all, inspired, began to join in the singing of the Kindergartners, and the whole large audience repeated: "Immortal thou," and these words were sung by the children's voices and melted away in jubilation that was still heard, whilst the curtain was falling, like voices from afar off and from heaven—this impression will not be forgotten by us.

At the banquet numerous telegrams from all quarters of the globe arrived, and wreaths from Greece, from Russia, orange blossoms from Naples, flowers from near and far came for my aunt. Speech followed speech in ever increasing

enthusiasm, and above all, again and again my aunt's name was mentioned. It was quite self-evident, and we understood why one of the Dresden papers: "The Nachrichten," asserted on the following day "that the celebration had been as much a Marenholtz-Bülow celebration, as a celebration of Friedrich Fröbel. Both names belonging inseparably together."

Late in the night, I knelt by my aunt's bed and told her that the whole celebration had passed off worthily and beautifully, and she clasped her hands and said fervently: "Thank God."

The children's festival on the Belvedere Dresden passed off very well, in splendid warm weather. All the children in white dresses, with flowers in their hair, was a charming sight. Above all, the ancient Fröbel Kindergarten plays were performed, for example, "the wreaths" (known to every Kindergartner.)

The festival days were concluded by a very business-like meeting (annual meeting). The uncommonly able direction of Stadtrath Heubner and Professor Paul Habfeld was successful in bringing this meeting to a satisfactory conclusion (for here also difficulties and disturbances had been threatened).

Thus, in spite of all the planned interruptions, a higher power seemed to have spread its hand protectingly over the Fröbel celebration. We were able a few days afterwards to leave for Thuringia *in the joyous hope that now, on the part of our Board, everything would be done to keep warm and profit by the interest, which was awakened in the public, and especially in all the authoritative officials, by this celebration for the support and promotion of our Kindergarten Cause.*

We traveled in short stages to Sonneberg in Thuringia, and at the end of April, stayed two weeks there, and then went on to Liebenstein for the whole summer. Here we

lived in a villa, belonging to the Liebenstein apothecary, situated pleasantly on a hill above the Baths and were very comfortable, especially as long as we were alone with the good proprietors. Later on, our usual struggle for peace in those summer abodes began, for to keep the working hours, as well as one hour after dinner, quiet for my aunt's sleep, was often a very great art, and I came in contact with great want of consideration in the different occupants of the house. But gradually we were nearly always successful, due, for the most part, to my friendly requests, and to my aunt's venerable appearance. If people had children with them, then the game was won, for my aunt attracted them by her hundred and one friendlinesses; and what parent's heart can resist this, and not melt away in pure love and admiration! Soon everybody walked on tiptoe, and took care to shut the doors without a sound; people who before had stumped about and slammed doors. Here in Liebenstein, it only became really bad on the arrival of a family with nine rather naughty children. One boy, especially, was a real little monster. But my aunt's kindness won over even him, and when she arranged some shooting at a sham bird with little prizes for the children, he ceased to invent extraordinary and dreadful noises, and joyous peace prevailed generally.

The baths and fresh air contributed much to my aunt's recovery, so that she was able even to climb up to the top of the hill behind our house, and to look for mushrooms under the white birch trees. We often went for drives. My aunt showed me all the dear memorable places of the Fröbel days. These recollections met her at every step. We drove to the Altenstein (see my aunt's book, "Reminiscences of Fr. Fröbel"). We visited his grave in Schwerin: we lingered at the different spots, where my aunt had so often walked and spoken with her friend. She showed me the peasant estate where Fröbel had lived before he owed Marienthal to

her influence. It lay only a few steps away from our house. That outlook from the wood from which Fröbel loved to watch the sunset was also visited several times by us. There we found, re-erected, the first smaller monument which my aunt and Middendorf had placed to Fröbel's memory on his grave. It represented the second gift: a ball, cube, and cylinder, because in it the Fröbel law: "the connection of opposites" in form is best illustrated. We also watched from that point the setting of the sun. At that time I first heard from my aunt the beautiful line out of George Herwegh's poem: "I should like to fade away and die like evening red." Later she often expressed this wish—and it was fulfilled at last.

In Marienthal, we sat for a long time on Fröbel's bench under the beautiful tree, where my aunt had exchanged with him so many marvellous thoughts, and with great emotion, she looked up at the window of the room in which he had died. On the window-sill a number of pots of Aaron's rod plants were standing, and my aunt thought they dated from Fröbel's time, as they *were known to be his favourite flowers.*

On the 21st of July, the unveiling of the new monument, an enlarged copy of the first, took place at Fröbel's grave. For years money had been collected for this monument, and the Hamburg committee, Herr Wibé and Herr Heinrich Hoffmann, as well as the Liebenstein Committee, the President of which was the apothecary Herr Biedermann, had taken much trouble about it. My aunt was now able to see the visitors, the assembled representatives of "the Cause", but she was unable to take part in the celebration, and she sent me in her place. So I had to walk on one side of the pastor of Schwerin at the head of the procession to the grave, whilst on the other side walked the touching figure of Fröbel's widow.

Little did we suspect that whilst my aunt was collecting at Liebenstein new strength for new work in the Cause, our Fröbelstiftung in Dresden had been quietly and silently set upon, and its destruction was already a foregone conclusion. Indeed, I thought I was dreaming a very queer dream, when Frau Weiss at last asked me in her trouble what was ever to be done. She did not dare to ask my aunt for fear of being the first to tell her the bad news, but she had not only been told to leave in the autumn, but she had even been told to give an inventory of her own furniture (!) and she wished to know if this was to be taken away from her. Moreover, she had been given notice to leave our charming old spot in the Feldgasse 14. The periodical of the Association, the "Erziehung der Gegenwart" was also to come to an end. The school garden and the class for nurserymaids were to cease, and the class for Kindergartners was to be transferred to another school, and as for the boarding house managed by Frau Weiss, people had been found only too ready to take it over. When it at last became clear to me that this was not a bad dream, but a most astounding reality, I did not know how to tell my aunt. I feared that a second attack of apoplexy might be the result, and so I first told her of it as a good jest. But she had to learn the truth in the end, and then I was astonished at her calmness.

With extreme calmness, she merely said: "Is it possible?"

We learned afterwards that from a quarter, regarded as reliable, by the few members of the Board who had been present in the summer, an absurd report had been spread that the festival had swallowed up all our means, and that bankruptcy stared us in the face. (Later the by-word: "only five farthings remain in the bank," passed among the associates.) This news had been fired as an alarm-shot, and we could only wonder that it did not seem to have occurred to any-

body, how particularly easy it would have been for us to collect funds precisely at this moment, when, on the occasion of our celebration of Fröbel's birthday, all our institutions had been recognized and so highly commended by the whole world.

All this must seem very strange, and the more so as the whole thing was perpetrated behind my aunt's back. She knew very well that beside the funds of the Stiftung itself, far more than a thousand marks in ready money were in hand at that moment to cover current expenses; and, as it turned out, this calculation proved to be exact.

My aunt comforted Frau Weiss and others by telling them that she would soon be returning, but I was told that it would first be necessary for her to go to Carlsbad. This was the result of the inevitable inward perturbation caused by these worries, and so we left Liebenstein at the end of August and went there.

The Baths, as usual, did my aunt a great deal of good, and at the end of September we were able to return to Dresden.

"I must put my work into the hands of women, after all," said my aunt, when she had once got to the root of the evil:—"they will see to it for me." And she did not err in this confidence in her sex. *Within four weeks, with the help of her faithful assistants, she had collected about a thousand women, all most willing to guarantee funds for the Fröbelstiftung by a small monthly contribution of ten pennies.*

My aunt now hoped that the over anxious hearts would thus be relieved, but this hope remained, alas! unfulfilled. So a new constitution of the Board became necessary the next year. At my aunt's request the father-in-law of our Seminaroberlehrer Thieme, Herr Clauss, the Director of the Industrial School, was nominated President. Herr Mende and Herr Schönherr were elected Secretary and Treasurer respectively, and when these gentlemen were obliged to retire

through illness and overwork, the Archdeacon of the Annen Kirche, Dr. Lieschke, universally beloved and esteemed, took over the Presidency. The office of Treasurer was undertaken by Count von der Recke Volmerstein, and as Secretary of the Association, Secretary Looss offered his valuable services. Herr Thieme remained our Vice-President, as before.

But my aunt insisted that half of the members of the Engere Vorstand must consist of ladies sent from the Board of the newly founded Frauen Verein for the Fröbelstiftung. The "Engere Vorstand" agreed to this and approved the statutes of the Frauen Verein, into which our former committee of ladies had resolved themselves. Besides my aunt, Frau Mirus, Fraulein von Fromburg and myself, who had for a long time been members of the Engere Vorstand, my aunt now appointed two other ladies, and these were sent from the Board of the "Frauen Verein" to the Board of the "Engere Vorstand." We could not save our nice house in the Feldgasse 14, as the owner had sold it after the sudden notice to quit, and thus the Fröbelstiftung had to occupy two floors of the house in Ammon street 82.

My aunt and I left our charming parterre Wienerstrasse 13 in the autumn of 1882, because my aunt thought that her illness was due to the coldness of the floors in this house. (Our kind landlord, old Herr Lechla, had died meanwhile.) We moved to the first story of a house in the Wienerstr. No. 19, but only for a year. Then we took the first story of a house in the Kaitzerstrasse; this also was no happy choice. The house was so exposed to the wind, and was so thinly built that only one room out of seven was habitable for my aunt, and so my poor aunt had to put up with this one room, until we could escape. At last, we moved to the first story in Tumpelt's manufactory, Hohestrasse 18, and here my aunt lived till her death very comfortably. This apartment was as if made for her. Here she had those high, wide, large rooms

to which she had been accustomed since her childhood, and which are in the modern houses. Here she had the thick walls, and the large, shady, parklike garden she loved so much, and quiet, for which the kind consideration of our landlord sought to provide on every occasion.

My aunt felt at home and well here, where none of the noise and bustle of the town, no piano music reached her. With two steps the open field was to be gained. Here we wandered at springtime, in the cornfield, and my aunt could thoroughly enjoy her beloved storm and wind along the interminable Cellische Strasse, where only few houses existed. The Fröbelstiftung was not far off, and was afterwards quite near us, and a good coachman of the name of Thomas close at hand had a comfortable coupé. My aunt used to say: "I have had my own carriage for many years in my life without having much enjoyment from it. Sometimes the horses were ill, sometimes they were on no account to wait a minute, sometimes my father, afterwards Marenholz, wanted them themselves—Thomas has to come when I want him and waits at my convenience." She even allowed Thomas to help her in the carriage and I state this here to please the good old man.

In the first winter Hohestrasse 18, my aunt had an attack of pleurisy. Unwisely, the Doctor of 1882 had told me that the stroke of apoplexy would return after some time—and from that unfortunate moment I had no peace of mind any more. If my aunt slept a little longer than usual, if I did not have her before my eyes, if she felt a little unwell, I was seized by such anxiety, that I became quite ill. How many hours by day and by night have I spent listening at her door? January was to me a dreaded and terrible month, especially the 14th, when my aunt had fallen ill in 1882. Curiously enough, the pleurisy also set in on the 14th of January, and my despair and fear were great until the arrival of Dr.

Hackspihl, for whom I had sent. The fever soon passed off, and my aunt recovered quickly, but both her severe attacks of influenza set in also in January, and the 9th of January was the day of her death. In the Wienerstr, in 1883, my aunt still gave her instruction in the "First education by the mother" in the Fröbelstiftung once a week, and once more we were able to listen reverently and with enthusiasm to her words. But when we moved to the Kaitzerstrasse, Fraülein Marianne Bräter undertook this instruction for her. My aunt used to appear at the lectures which the Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein held on educational themes in the winter months—since its foundation,—until these gradually came to an end; and she also attended again from 1884, the meetings of the Engere Vorstand. Nevertheless, she did not wish to have them any more in her house, and they were held in the Fröbelstiftung. Only the Board of the Frauen Verein met in my aunt's drawingroom. To the delight of all, she could still in those years be present at the monthly Uebungsabenden of the pupils; which we held for years in the beautiful hall of the Plagge dancing academy, and there she loved to amuse herself by watching the children and seeing their games. But she did not like to be from home in the evening, and it was only when we held the yearly Bazaar for the benefit of the Fröbelstiftung, which was usually combined with every possible sort of amusement, such as fairs with everybody in costume, Christmas fairs and even Chinese bazaars, that she appeared in the evening. Towards six o'clock we all looked expectantly towards the door: "The Frau Baronin must soon be coming now." Then she appeared, and amidst the throng of visitors, the noble, unique figure was seen at once by everybody, and every heart went out to her respectfully and lovingly.

Two new Volks Kindergartens were founded by the Alle-

meine Erziehungs Verein in these years. One for the poorer classes, principally for the children of the factories in the suburb of Neudorf, and one in our neighbourhood, belonging to the Fröbelstiftung, in the Feldschlösschen; and though my aunt had a good deal of hard work in establishing these Volks Kindergartens, they were a source of much joy to her. She frequently visited the Kindergarten of the Fröbelstiftung, always rejoicing in the progress of the children. In Neudorf we had heart-rejoicing examples of how the Kindergarten is able to work through the children on parents even depraved. For instance, there was a little girl—an ugly, miserable child—whose life hitherto had been nothing but one long struggle to defend herself. My aunt had given her a place among the other children at a school-feast, and on our going away, she clung to my aunt's dress with the pitiful cry: "Oh, don't go away, kind lady." She only became appeased when my aunt promised her that she should go every day to the Kindergarten. This child later reclaimed her parents to a better mode of life. A small vagabond, brought to the Kindergarten by the police, dressed only in a long coarse shirt, who lived like a little homeless dog, and in the first days in the Kindergarten behaved like a wild squirrel, managed at last to reclaim her father on his coming out of prison, so that he prayed with the child and began to work; and, if space allowed, I could relate many other surprising events of Kindergarten education that deeply touched my aunt.

At last, in 1889, my aunt's great wish, for her Fröbelstiftung to possess a sight of its own, was fulfilled. Quite near to us, in the Chemnitzers No. 17 she discovered a little, little, rather tumbled-down house in a large garden. It proved on inquiry to be within our means; and that a part of the garden might be bought. In the course of years, several little bequests and presents had been made to the Fröbelstiftung.

A loving, well-wishing and true friend of the Fröbelstiftung, Frau Dr. Hanitzsh, another friend of the Cause, kind Bergmeister Fisher, and some others had made over to the institution some thousands of marks. All this formed a capital which we could make use of to buy the house; and our Stadtrath Heubner devoted the sum, which the town of Dresden had granted him on the occasion of his jubilee, to the benefit of the Fröbelstiftung. The husband of our Frau Mirus, the architect Mirus, undertook most kindly the building, and now my aunt was in her element. Everything was arranged according to her plan. A hall for the Kindergarten, another large room for the training class of the Kindergartners in an upper story, a dormitory for the girls of the boarding-house, etc., and a charming little building was erected, with a small garden behind and in front of the house and with sufficient accommodation for all the requirements of our different classes, and for Frau Weiss and twelve girls in the Pensionat.

My aunt was radiant with happiness when she looked at the completed building and when she presented the new hall with the beautiful colossal busts of Fröbel and Middendorf.

At Easter, 1887, the Fröbelstiftung moved to its own home. Of course, we had a very fine opening celebration, at which the children expressed their childish thanks, (in verses and games), to my aunt, to Stadtrath Heubner and the Architect Mirus for his kind assistance for the beautiful home, a home of the real true Fröbel method. From that time all our meetings, etc., were held in our Fröbelstiftung's home.

Dr. Preiss, in Carlsbad, the Medicinntrath, who was very proud of having advised our old Emperor William to go to the baths of Gastein, was now sending all his patients there after the Carlsbad cure. He advised my aunt also to visit this mountain resort in 1883.

When I look back at those Gastein days, three things rise before my memory and stand out vividly in a bright light, notwithstanding the difficulties connected with those mountain ascents for my aunt:—

My aunt's pleasure—hopeful in the rejuvenating powers of the bath; then the picture of our old Emperor William, so inspiring, so venerable, and so overwhelming to the soul; and lastly, a wealth of bright and gaily-coloured mountain flowers.

Even on the road to Gastein, the celebrated Gastein pinks shone down in brilliant red colours from the windows of the cottages and houses. They decorated the hats of the village lads. They adorned the hair of the peasant girls, who sometimes hung them over the left ear—much to my aunt's amusement. Flowers bloomed round us on all sides, and on the mountain plateau behind our house, dark-blue gentians and hare-bells, pink thyme and far-scenting white laburnum, as well as thousands of other flowers waved round us like a sea of joy and colour. Bees and brilliantly-coloured butterflies filled the air. And behind all this colour rose the white glacier to the sky, dark grey rocks, green, smiling mountains. Pure and aromatic air floated over the meadows.

The whole, magic spell of the Alp-world surrounded us. As if carried away by the sunshine and general happiness, we listened to the melodious bells of the cows on the slope, and to the thundering roar of the great Gastein waterfall further down the hill.

We pilgrimaged in short stages to this promised land, resting at Munich, then at Salzburg, then at Lent in the nice comfortable inn right in the mountains, with trout streams and "Schmarren."

After resting there, on the third day came the beautiful carriage-drive through the Clam, where the road gradually

winds up the mountain like a narrow, white thread, between the dark precipices and rocks towering among the clouds. On the left side, far, far below us, the wild mountain waters of the Gastein Waterfall dash over the stones.

The road is not without danger. If a boulder were to free itself from the mountain-side, and be hurled onto the high-road below, the carriage would be crushed. If any one of the four, sometimes even six, horses of the carriage, were to shy, and the carriage were to be thrown from the low ridges down the precipice, it would be certain death to the passengers. Hence no driver neglects to place his offering—a kreutzer—into the box at the little chapel at the entrance to the Clam. He lifts his hat there, piously crossing himself—and implores the aid of the holy Mother of God.

My aunt used to watch this with interest. When the driver raised his hat before the little sacred images along the road, she used to give me a gentle poke to draw my attention to it, but always with a certain respectful emotion, as she naturally always treated other people's beliefs with consideration. "They believe that," she said, and when at times, for example, at Carlsbad and other places, we went to the synagogues, to my aunt, this was not only an interesting visit to a strange church, but she very respectfully observed their usages—in part, quite incomprehensible to us. Wherever God is honoured and worshipped, she also could be devout and lift her heart to God. How often have I seen her pray in Catholic churches with the deepest devotion, but she always sought God, "In spirit and in truth." How often have I found her in bed in the morning with clasped hands! Then I knew that she was praying and went quietly aside. Her face was as if glorified by devotion and love. In hours of deep emotion, when, for instance, I was dangerously ill, she clasped

her hands in prayer, as if in passionate, fervent entreaty, and her lips moved. But she never approached God otherwise than in a sacred, devotional spirit, and she wished, with Fröbel that children should be taught to seek God first with the heart and the whole soul, before the lips spoke the prayers. “Use, not vain repetitions, as the heathen do, stands in the Bible,” she used to say.

On the way to the glacier near Gastein, on the bank of the wild mountain river Ache, there stands a votive tablet, placed there by a former owner of a farm close by. In this picture, an angel is pouring blessing from the clouds (out of a milk pail) in the form of a golden corn rain, over the farm depicted below. When we once saw two lads laughing mockingly at the picture, my aunt said very indignantly: “I could not laugh at that. Those peasants do not know any other form of blessing, in their imagination, but of beautiful corn, and they could only give their God in this image what they had—they could only represent their prayer for blessing as they understood it.”

My aunt felt wonderfully strengthened by this “Wildbad.” The wonderful, unique water, in its magic blue shimmer, softly glistening in the white marble, was delicious to step into. Over the water moves, “The spirit of the springs,” as the people say, in the form of a clear vapour. The human form, when in this water, appears like a beautiful alabaster statue and it emerges new-born, strengthened and rejuvenated. But those with whom this water does not agree must take care. I, for instance, had the feeling as if all my strength and life were drawn from the soles of my feet. Weak and miserable, I crawled with difficulty out of the water, and had to remain some time in the splendid air before I recovered. My aunt was very sad about it. In her great love and forethought, she always

wanted me to have what did her good, and she thought it, I fear, very contrary of me, when I refused.

During the time when the old Emperor William was in Gastein, the whole life of the Baths was centered in him. With feelings of indescribable and respectful enthusiasm, we looked forward to his coming. To my aunt, who had danced with him many a time, when he was still Prince of Prussia, and who had admired him then more than the other princes, he had long ago become the ideal of a hero, not only, as she often said, for that which had been acquired by Germany under his rule, and for what he himself had accomplished in his wisdom and highmindedness, but she admired him especially for his exceptional faithfulness to duty, and his unquestioned righteousness. All the elevating feelings which, since 1871, had made the German heart beat higher, rose at the sight of the venerable figure of the old hero, who drove about so simply in a simple carriage. In his old fashioned paletot with the velvet collar, or with the gray Kaiser mantle, indefatigably lifting or touching his hat, he greeted even the servants and village boys! His benevolent, mild, blue eyes, showed in a friendly manner towards the passersby, often conversing with his Adjutant, gesticulating sometimes with his hands, at times sitting rather bent in his carriage, but, in our first visits to Gastein, still wonderfully stately and fresh, thus the old Emperor drove past our house every afternoon, and looked up to our balcony and bowed. When he drove along the same highroad, day after day, the numerous secret police who were posted along the whole road, watch in hand, discreetly timed the progress of the carriage, recognizable from afar by its two white horses. He had to appear by precise calculation, now at this corner, now at the opening, and, in the same precise way, the drive was to finish after a short hour. Watching with the police,

all the visitors of the Baths used also to calculate these daily drives. I remember that sometimes the white horses were a minute or two late in appearing at the different places, and general excitement seized all the people, until at last the white horses issued from the darkness of the wood.

I very much wanted to see the Emperor nearer. I trimmed my hat with a wreath of blue corn flowers (Kaiser blume*) and sat down quite alone on a bench by the road along which the carriage always passed. With feelings of deep emotion, elevation and enthusiasm, I waited for my Emperor. My heart was beating, and I was trembling when the great moment came, and I, standing close to the Emperor, was able to look into his eyes. He started when he saw me, then bowed. He took off his hat and smiled at me in a particularly forcible manner and then said to the gentleman sitting by him something very flattering and even looked back at me. I was blissful, and flew home to my aunt rather than walked. With her peculiar shyness, she had not accompanied me, but the following day, she sat with me on the bench. With the unique memory, proper to the Hohenzoller, the Emperor knew at once that he had seen her before. We heard him say: "Who is it?" and some days later, on the Kaiser promenade, where I had, so to speak, plagued my aunt to go, he addressed her and knew exactly who she was. He exchanged youthful reminiscences with her very conversationally and animatedly. He remembered even those particularly beautiful roses and her simple frisure at the Wartensleben dance, fifty years before. He laughed to think that they could now celebrate the jubilee of their fifty years acquaintance. He graciously remembered the balls in the house of

* NOTE.—The blue Cyanea had been the flower which the Queen Louise, the Emperor's mother, most loved, so he adopted it also as his badge, and people presented him with them and adorned themselves with them in his honour.

my aunt's parents at Brunswick, near the Augustthor, also the house at the Lange Laube, and the balls at Hannover, and he was most gracious to me when my aunt presented me to him. "Yes, Madam, your aunt, she was once a beautiful rose, too," he said, "And she is extremely well preserved." And he drew himself up straight, as if he wished to indicate my aunt's stateliness. "Then I was almost a boy—that is a long time ago, and you feel it in your bones after all. Now, on the Bülow stem, we have new, charming and lovely roses. Well, God preserve you your bright eyes, your roselike complexion and your sweet smiles." (Grübchen in Wangen—Liebriz umfangen. Dimples in cheeks—charm on all sides.)

And he spoke of the Fröbel's occupations, and said: "Oh! I know them well! My grandchildren presented me with many of them"—and he imitated the weaving. The Emperor often spoke with us when we met on the Kaiser promenade, and never forgot to look up at our balcony. He looked up, when still a long way off, sometimes waving his hand to us. Of course, we never failed to be there, and once, when it was raining slightly, and I stood there with an umbrella, which I naturally shut on making my courtesy, according to etiquette, at his approach, he laughed heartily and made all sorts of pantomime-gestures, shaking his head.

As we dined at the hour of the imperial dinner, we were served with the same dishes, and we were able to provide my aunt with some good strong soup and a little tender meat. That was all she wanted, and this was not exactly easy to find in Gastein by all those who ate in the house. My aunt paid her visit to Countess Lehndorf, née Countess Hahn-Basse-dow, my compatriot, who did the honours for the Emperor, and to whom he went in the evening to see the little amusements, acting, etc., that were prepared. But, she had to avoid society in general, on account of her health.

Sometimes we stood in the market place, beneath the Emperor's windows and saw him writing at his desk. He sat there for long, long hours, reading through one document after the other through his glasses, thinking deeply, and then signing them. From time to time, he stood up, and appeared at the window, as at the historical corner window at Berlin, for he knew that here, as well as there, a numerous public was waiting for him respectfully and silently, longing for the moment when the venerable figure would appear at the window. The Emperor was penetrated with the idea that his people had the right to see him, and he always felt it his duty to show them this favour. But at the same time there was something so touching and kind in him. Dressed in their Sunday clothes, the Protestants hurried to the little chapel on the side of the hill, where the court preacher, Dr. Kögel, conducted the service. And when every seat in the little space was filled by an expectant, silent congregation, then the little bell announced the arrival of the Emperor, who drove up before the porch. Then the Emperor walked up the aisle which had only been kept free for him with difficulty. Everybody stood up whilst he walked to his place near the altar, his venerable head uncovered, without support, full of dignity, stately—every inch Emperor William the Great—and yet approaching the altar of his God so simply, and so humbly. Then the preacher, who had waited at the altar, stepped forward, and bowed low before the Emperor, who sat down in his chair with his suite behind him, and the service began. The Emperor liked to find the verse in his book himself. He took part in the singing so devoutly, and listened attentively to the words of the preacher, who spoke immediately in front of him by the altar.

I have never experienced more devotional, more sublime or devout feelings in a church than in this little chapel in

Gastein, when our old Emperor prayed with us; and I think that all the others felt the same. From this can be seen how right Fröbel's idea is, that the good and noble feelings of man must be made use of to bring him nearer to God.

Five summers, one after the other, we met the Emperor at Gastein; he was always equally gracious to my aunt and even to me. The last summer we thought him looking more tired and more exhausted, but he was always kind to all. Yet we felt that it was becoming harder to him, and that he was more sensible of the burden of his years and duties, and at times, as for instance, in church, it was as if he thought in his heart:—“Children, it is becoming hard to me, but you see indeed I am doing it—I am doing it all—I *have not time to be tired.*” (Known to be the Emperor's last words.)

On the day before the Emperor left I took up my position on the highroad with the intention of throwing a beautiful rose into his carriage. When the carriage came I was too shy after all to carry out my intention. But the old Emperor saw me, and had the carriage stopped a moment. He took the rose from my hand, but he seemed already too moved at his own departure from Gastein to speak. He only gave me his hand, which I kissed reverentially, nodded to me, and the carriage drove on. “My compliments to Her Excellency,” murmured the Emperor. I stood sobbing on the dusty highroad and watched the old Emperor from afar. On telling my aunt of this, she wept also with emotion.

The following year, on our arrival, the Emperor had just left Gastein. As we drove past the large Hôtel de l'Europe in Salzburg, we saw him standing on the balcony, leaning against the wall—a tall, proud, and yet—we felt it—a vanishing picture—and that was the last we saw of our old Emperor in this life.

“*Prince Bismarck is here.*” The news spread through Gastein like wildfire, on our third visit there; and, on the

same afternoon, we saw the tall stately figure in a black paletot with velvet collar, similar to that of the Emperor, a white muffler, and large squash hat, pass by our balcony, at his heels the beautiful large hound, "Der Reichshund." All the people rushed out of the houses, crying, "Hurrah," and waving their hats. They pressed round him on all sides, and he looked at them with his violet-blue eyes, which seemed to be looking within. He bowed, and slowly went his way. Every day he either drove or walked past our house, always accompanied by his wife and son Herbert, the latter pale and weak from the severe illness from which he was just recovering.

The Empress of Austria also stayed at Gastein sometimes, often with her daughter, the Erzherzogin Valerie, and once we saw the venerable Emperor, Franz Joseph, so beloved by his people. Nearly every year the esteemed and generous-hearted Grand Duchess, Sophie von Weimar, was there also. We usually had to wait some days in Salzburg, at the Hôtel de l' Europe—once, even for weeks—for our engaged apartment at Gastein. We were already quite well known there, and were soon indeed known along the whole route south of Munich. There, in the Hotel Leinfelder, where we always stayed the night on our journeys to and fro, we were cared for as old acquaintances; even the omnibus conductor was our friend. He provided us with the best small coupée in the train, and used to tell me at once all the news of Munich. We were well known in Salzburg, in Lent, and in Gastein, and people used to say: "Your Excellency is coming early," or, "Your Excellency is coming late. His Majesty is coming," or, "has already left." Everybody was obliging and kind to my aunt, even the Gastein landladies.

My aunt, it is true, did sometimes want more than other visitors, both with regard to quiet and to attentive service; and to the great astonishment of our landlords, who always

think it rather inconvenient, we were far, far more in our rooms than other visitors.

But my aunt's extreme goodness and kindness soon won all hearts, and thus we experienced more civility and kindly consideration than most. Unfortunately our stay in Gastein was saddened in the last years by two events. Once it rained uninterruptedly for three weeks (on our fourth visit). It was quite impossible in the end to get either our clothes or our boots and shoes dry; a wet mist filled the rooms, and even the beds were damp. It was a miracle that my aunt remained cheerful notwithstanding, and that the baths did her good all the same. I contracted a severe cold, which hung about me until the following year. The second thing was that, on arriving at Gastein for the fifth time, my aunt had nothing but worry and distress about me, for I had become very ill on the way there. Once arrived, I immediately retired to bed, and was severely ill for a fortnight, probably with pleurisy; the allopathic doctor did not seem quite to know. We stayed in the Hotel Elizabethhof, and my aunt's situation may be imagined. She had to go through with the cure, and at the same time was exhausted by sick nursing. She had to do without the usual help rendered by me, and all the time was shut up with me in the one room, airless by the doctor's orders, for which room we had to pay 100 guldens per week. Meanwhile outside, the most brilliant, sunshiny mountain-weather was rejoicing the heart of everyone. At last, I began to use, on my own initiative, our homeopathic remedies, and soon got better. But I was very weak, probably more from the anxiety I had felt for my aunt, than from the illness itself. My poor Mütterchen looked back afterwards to that time with horror. One week spent in the glorious, strengthening air of the wood behind the hotel, sufficed to make me capable of traveling, and we could hurry homewards once more.

For many years I had become an experienced courier to my aunt, and that first three days' journey to Johannishbad at the very beginning of our traveling together seemed to us like a fairy tale. I used to think sometimes with a feeling of relief, how very glad I was that I was able to help my aunt in everything, and I regretted deeply all the worries she must have had in those long years of her Propaganda for the "Cause" in foreign countries, when she was quite alone.

On this journey home, however, I again did one of those, "Silly things," over which my aunt used to laugh so heartily afterwards. I had, as usual, gone through one of my traveling attacks of migraine, and was feeling quite shattered. We were to go to Nürnberg, but somehow I muddled the names, and took tickets to a place which we had already passed.

The train was just starting, our boxes were barely thrown in, when the conductor happened to mention the name of the place. My aunt exclaimed: "But we want to go to Nürnberg." We climbed out in all speed and our baggage was pulled out, whilst I tore back to the ticket office with the bewildered omnibus conductor. "Just let me do it," he said, reassuringly, but to his great astonishment, the tickets, although stamped, were readily exchanged. He murmured to himself: "Well, if a man had done that, there would have been a nice fuss!" We hurried back to my aunt, and found her quite non-plussed before the inspector, who had said to her that usually one knew where one wanted to go. She had assured him she really had known quite well—as she afterwards told me. The snorting inspector received me with the words: "The train has had to wait five minutes on your account. If an accident happens," and he shrugged his shoulders. I murmured an excuse, and added: "Oh, how well the day is beginning." "But it is already mid-

day," and he looked at us, suspiciously: "Please sit down." Under the curious eyes of the railway officials, we then got into the right train; but, for some time the conductor still continued to look into our window, grinning, at every station. My aunt was very quiet at first, and looked at me anxiously out of the corner of her eye. I believe she thought I had lost my reason, but, when I burst out laughing, she laughed heartily, too. Otherwise, our journeys were most orderly, and for keeping the carriage free from other passengers, I had acquired quite a special talent. It is well known that my aunt had no feeling of pride. She would talk with any one who showed interest in "The Cause," but traveling in the same carriage with, "Other unknown people," was always most repugnant to her; when once people had managed to get into our carriage despite all my efforts she used to open her very large fan and retire behind it, thus erecting a barrier between herself and the intruders. My friendly way of asking, our getting into the carriage in good time, and many, many large and secret tips were usually successful in keeping other people out. I was heartily glad when my aunt settled herself down comfortably in the solitude I had managed to obtain, and when she could get a little sleep and enjoy the provisions we had brought. We always took everything with us in the carriage in a large basket (in fact we usually had four or five large packages with us), so that we had not to get out at all, to my very great peace of mind. When the train stopped, my aunt had to appear at the window with me, to, "Scare" people away, as I called it. They were to think, by our blocking up the window, that the carriage was quite full, and when we had thus managed to get them safely past our carriage, and the train was once more in motion, I laughed triumphantly, and my aunt joined in my merriment, saying: "Oh, you stupid child." And then for

some time we had a little peace and I was happy—as far as it was possible to be, at least, with all the difficulties of traveling and my arduous duties as courier.

In the course of those long years I could not help seeing clearly how often the Fröbel cause was injured by people who did not know, or who were merely egotistic, and how often my aunt had to defend it against them.

She conducted the defense on such occasions as something natural and inevitable, and, of course, could not herself feel any personal animosity towards such persons.

“What do these people concern me? It is a question of the ‘Cause’ only.” But in the first years especially, she *had* been annoyed by such attacks, though in the course of time she appeared to forget these occurrences, and, if one of those people happened to be mentioned, she used merely to say: “He once wished this or that, unfortunately. It did great damage to the ‘Cause.’” Or, “Did not he once wish to—?” etc. Then, with a certain half-astonished, half-indignant expression, she said, “The sheep’s heads!” (The one strong expression I ever heard her use.)

As, her whole life long, she had always received with open arms all who wished to serve the “Cause,” and presupposed good intentions until the most complete evidence to the contrary, so, on the other hand, she absolutely ignored those “traitors” with whom she had finished and seemed to wipe them from her memory. She was far too large-minded, and had too little time, to concern herself with the people’s shortcomings, and was never known to bear a grudge. The constant “cribbing” from her writings was always a source of no very pleasant surprise to her, and I trembled when new pamphlets concerning the Fröbel method appeared, for at

that time my aunt still read much of that sort of literature herself. In the first place, there were those who, not knowing much about the subject themselves, copied her books, but acknowledged the source. There were others, who were not so honest, who also copied word for word, but forgot the acknowledgment. In the last place, there were those who had read my aunt's writings, but suddenly imagined that they themselves had once thought precisely *that* same thing. Unfortunately, these productions could not be regarded on the whole as clearly representing Fröbel's ideas, and hence could not assist much towards their recognition. It was some comfort to me when my aunt began to leave most of these, "Phenomena of the day," unread. Here, too, the vigil of her life's work had broken.

That many claims were made on my aunt's purse, on all sides, may easily be imagined. She gave as much as she could, but she was not rich. Through peculiar circumstances, she was no longer in receipt of the largest share of the fortune inherited from her parents. She lived on her dowry, and, as is well known in the old families, where primogeniture prevails, this is no very large sum, even for the widow of the head of the family.

THE FRÖBELSTIFTUNG.

THE teachers of the Fröbelstiftung often came in the evening, and my aunt used to discuss with them, especially with Frau Weiss, Frl. Bräter and Herr Thieme, the affairs of the Institute and its instruction. How very patiently used she to consider all their wishes, and to listen to their views, entering thoroughly into all the small particulars! She liked to take into consideration the various opinions of all these good and worthy people, who devoted all their powers to the service of the "Cause". She was so just towards all who dedicated their work and efforts to the Seminary, and was always impersonal in everything. How often was she heard to say to the other ladies in the meetings: "They do their duty, this must be remembered and recognized. Whether *we like them personally* is quite outside the question." She always refused to listen to all gossip. On such occasions, she drew herself up with dignity and said: "*Who* says that?" If the name was given, she used to make sure that the person was really informed of the truth. If the name was not forthcoming, she used to say: "*I never listen to the gossip of the town. The opinion of those who will not come forward with their names is quite worthless to me.*" When she became annoyed, if her meaning was not quite understood, she used to say: "But, dearest," and if something happened of which she did not approve, she said: "One does not do that—"

The visits of her nephew, Arthur Bülow, as well as those

of Pauline, and Willi, the oldest grandson, were a source of great joy to my aunt. Her grandson, Willi, was very dear to her. She expected a great deal from him, and from his work for his fellow men. She hoped that in his profession he would be an honor to the Marenholtz name. His talents justified these great hopes. He took up both Law and Medicine, obtaining in the former the degree of, "Referendary," in the latter the degree of, "Doctor," although he was much hindered by a disease of the eyes. That he, the owner of a fine estate, should devote himself to the sciences, made her very happy, being a sign of his "Great endeavours." With his dry humour, his keen power of observation, and his refined education, he was always a welcome companion to her. She admired his true, Marenholtz exterior, his beautiful, corn-flower-blue eyes. She was glad to see him in good spirits and joined gaily in the laughter—his visits always made her cheerful.

Much young happiness blossomed in the family at that time. Gebhard brought to the grandmamma his charming young bride, Margarethe, Countess von der Schulenburg, Nord Steinke (from the house of Wolfsburg). Little Else, now big, though still very young, became engaged in Florence (where she had lived for years with her ailing mother), to Baron von Nolde, a Curlander, and they visited us on their honeymoon. In the following years, my aunt had four, little greatgrandchildren in quick succession, two at Schwülper, Ilse, born May 22, 1889, and Maria, born Feb. 27, 1891; and two in Florence, Harold, born December 25, 1890, and Alexander, born December 28, 1891. The portrait of the little ones soon stood on my aunt's table. She could not look long enough at them, and her thoughts were now much occupied with the "Little creatures."

This happiness tempered the pain of many a loss which befell my aunt in these ten years. Her two brothers died.

Albert, who lived at that time with his wife in his daughter's house at Leitmeritz, died after a long illness. His wife nursed him devotedly. He left one son, August, and one daughter, Gabriele (the wife of General von Kobbe), two granddaughters and one grandson. And then my aunt lost her youngest brother, Bernhard, after an unlucky fall in France. Only the sister Emma (Countess Puysegur) remained of all my aunt's brothers and sisters. Her daughter-in-law, Marie, also died in Brunswick after a short illness, resulting from a fall in her room.

Where were they now—all these old friends? Not only had my aunt to lose Fichte, Leonhardi, and Countess Krockow—but now her faithful, old friend, Hanne, also departed this life. One day, my aunt suddenly asked me to go with her to the, "Annenfriedhof," to choose the place for her own grave. She told me she wished to be buried in this cemetery, as it was the nearest to the town, and because I should be able to reach it more easily. She put her arms round me and kissed me lovingly as she said this.

Whenever we got a new cook, my aunt herself used to tell her carefully to keep all the remains of soup, dripping and fat—as well as tea and coffee—and to keep things warm for the cold and hungry who appeared day by day at our door. "At my door," said my aunt, "no poor man shall ask in vain. The most arrant rascal is hungry." The poor seldom received money—though always when it seemed necessary. They always got bread, and no hungry person ever went away without having received some warm soup or something of the same sort. The doors of our étage stood open the whole day (to the horror of the Dresden people) in order to air the passage. My aunt wanted to have good,

pure air always. She could not live without it, and in these wide, open doors, poor people and many a tramp also appeared, sometimes even armed with thick-knobbed sticks. But they were all polite, and behaved well, and even used fine modes of speech, such as: "I will take the liberty to —" and such like. One of them had written in pencil on our door, some words, in the language of the criminals (we, of course, could not understand it), and I noticed that when the tramps read them they at once became more polite, and in those nine long years, nothing was ever stolen from us. When, shortly before my aunt's death, a poor woman stole a shirt and a shawl from the passage, my aunt was quite distressed about it, as if it were something unheard-of.

We experienced, nevertheless, a good deal of ungratefulness from the very poor (I always hid it as far as possible from my aunt), but from the professional beggars, never. On the other hand, touching recollections of thankfulness rise in my memory; for instance, of that old woman nearly blind, with the one friend in this world, the white poodle. She had seen better days, for she had been the wife of an officer, who had fallen long years ago in the war. Now, she was very poor, old and miserable. My aunt took pity on her, and raised a little collection for her, and the gratitude of the old woman knew no bounds. For many years, for the Easter festival, she baked a cake for my aunt with her own hands at the baker's shop. It had a good deal of saffron on it, and in the middle, shone her spring greeting—a splendid bunch of yellow daffodils. My aunt's eyes always filled with tears, when she received this present. The thought that she might have helped and did not do so, would have been terribly bitter to her. I remember a little story, for instance, of some one of the name of Halste, who had written to her, who said he would drown himself in the Elbe if my aunt could not help him. We were just in the middle of our

moving and I could not waste time with the man, who came for his answer before his letter had reached my aunt. When she read the sad epistle, the following morning she said to me, with a lamentable expression: "Well, Bertha, I have not been able to sleep the whole night. Suppose he has really drowned himself in the Elbe, because you told him to be off, and because I have not helped him in his trouble." I was alarmed, too, now, and the end was that I had to drive with Thomas to the police station, to his great annoyance, to ask Halste's address. It was not to be found, but a gendarme who stood on guard in front of the police station, knew him and showed me his brother, a copy of the first, who was just carrying past some food for the prisoners. He knew the whole miserable family well, and in this case, there was no reason for us to fear that Halste had drowned himself.

"Make it appetizing for the poor people," my aunt used to say. "One must never let the poor think that one imagines that anything is good enough for them. On no account will I have anyone who has asked me for help badly treated at my door." How many such utterances, how many touching little stories of my aunt's goodness could I relate if space allowed! But, whether she gave her last piece of money or her own clothes to the poor—whether she carefully planned little presents for people dear to her, and kept nothing for herself—or, when she would not have the children interrupted in their amusements—when the cook had her Sunday out, and she used to say with a little amused smile: "Has the old tippler taken the key with her lest she should have to lie outside the door and freeze?"—or when her eyes filled with tears at the happiness or pain of others—it was always, always *the outflow of this unique and noble goodness of heart, which showed itself in this or that way, even in little*

things, as it had always shown itself throughout her life and work for humanity.

Hence, all hearts were drawn to her in love, above all the child-world. No trouble was too great for her where children were concerned. They were allowed to keep her even from her sleep; they eat the best morsels from her plate; turned her room into the wildest disorder; made noises like savages; yet she was always patient—even greatly interested.

Two daughters and two sons of our landlord were married shortly after our coming to the house, one of the daughters to a merchant of the name of Teuchert, and the other to a musician from the royal orchestra, Fricke. They lived in a villa in the garden, and gradually house and garden peopled themselves with "Little creatures," as my aunt called them. She used to watch their growth and development with the greatest interest. Then there was the eldest boy, a nephew of Frau Tumpelt, Fritzchen Benedise, who had a good deal of talent for mechanical occupations, and my aunt interested herself much in these. There were Willi, Kättie, Hans, Paulchen, Rosel and Louis. They played round my aunt in the garden, and round the sofa, and the little ones used even to sit on her bed. Her eyes always shone when she saw them, and she always said: "*Leave them alone; don't disturb them.*" They were even allowed to strike matches, (possibly one of the greatest pleasures of a child). "But carefully, carefully, lest they should burn themselves." They were allowed to burn quantities of paper and wood in the fireplace, "and learn to be very cautious over it."

My aunt's greatest enjoyment was to go occasionally for a drive in fine weather. It was her one pleasure and the one luxury she allowed herself. "Once in a way to have a breath of fresh air." Sometimes she took a whole swarm of children with her, and Thomas, on the box, used to look

round at the carriage quite astonished and horrified, shaking his head over the noise which the Frau Baronin, had to endure, and murmuring to himself: "Well, if somebody else were to do that." But my aunt looked happily and even delightedly at this little pack. "Leave them alone, they are so happy." Real naughtiness was the only thing that she would not stand. Whenever the Kindergarten of the Fröbelstiftung went for a walk in good weather, the many-headed little troop appeared before our windows! Then all the little voices shouted: "Good morning, Frau Baronin," until my aunt appeared at the window, rejoicing at the cries of: "There she is, the Frau Baronin, she is nodding her head; now she is waving her hand." With waving of hats, shouts of, "Hurrah," and great jubilation, the little troop moved on. The Tumpelt children always had little wishes, and my aunt loved to satisfy these for them.

For herself, she had so few needs; her mode of life was as simple as her dress. Our table was always plain, but every dish had to be good and very carefully prepared, and had to consist of the very best ingredients. This was the rock on which so many a "perfect cook" floundered. Some tender meat, strong soup, a little ripe fruit, or some very sweet compôte was all my aunt required. She ate frequently during the day, but always very little, and eating was a burden to her, as a rule. How often have I heard her say: "If we only did not need to eat!" She used to eat with better appetite, except when she was ill, good milk, fresh eggs, and perhaps an apple or baked apple, for her supper, and for breakfast I liked to procure her a little caviar or something of that sort. But she regarded this already as a great luxury. Later I sometimes used to prepare for her specially good things myself. These she ate laughingly. She sat down at the table on such occasions, as if something important were going to happen; but if it had

not been good, on no account would she have touched it, although it was cooked by me. Two things she allowed herself, which had become a need to her, despite *her great simplicity*. One or two glasses of quite strong, pure, red wine, and a cheerful fire of beech wood. Nearly the whole year round, whilst we lived in Dresden, my aunt liked to have a little fire in her room on cold days. She lay on her chair-lounge in the far end of her large room, lightly covered with a rug and I was allowed to read to her for hours; often during the day and always in the evening. Many days I have read to her from five to six hours. When I myself happened to write some little things, they were my aunt's special joy. I had to read them to her and she used to kiss and hug me, because I was always just a little ashamed over it. A little book about our lands on the Baltic, and the northern mythology, I once read to her in one single night. We began at seven o'clock in the evening, and at four o'clock in the morning everything was sunk below the sea, proud, "Vineta, love, youth and beauty and only the 'fata morgana' hung over the waters."

Then we sank weeping in each other's arms. My throat was swollen from the long reading, my eyes half blind, but the joy of that moment when my aunt said to me: "I would not have interrupted it for the world; I had to hear that right through." I shall never forget.

At that time we had a good deal to do with the celebrated publisher, Otto Spamer, of Leipzig (since dead) as man an original, but as man and businessman equally interesting. He was so kind, as my aunt said, "To take the cat in the bag," for, without reading it, he published this little book, as well as a book of fairy tales, I suppose, because I was my aunt's niece. Later, when he had read it in print, he wrote to me that it was the most beautiful book that he had ever published. This was, of course, rather flattering, and my aunt

was made more happy over it than I; for as ideal as I might think in material matters, I could not but grieve over the fate of the poor authors, who never draw much profit from their labour. Ah! if one had to live by that. Once we had the interesting experience of Spamer's publishing firm being attached for having published Fröbel's figures in a book on games. My aunt, as first authority in the matter, *had to prove in court, that these figures can always be produced by the application of the method (by Fröbel's law), and therefore belong to the method, and not to those who make use of the method, and that nobody could consequently claim them as his property.*

My aunt was very fond of our large garden. Book in hand she walked about there for hours, and sat in shady and retired places. She specially liked the artificial hill near the pond, and there, beneath the trees, she used to read, read in her way. In latter years, she always took Gerock's poems, "Palmblätter" with her to the garden, and this was probably the last thing she read herself. I found her mark after her death most characteristically at the, "Children's service," a favourite poem of hers.

Herr Tumpelt gave us a little bit of garden of our own, and there my aunt used to watch me digging and planting. There, too, she sat among the lilacs we had planted ourselves, and was enchanted by the spring flowers which I liked to grow best of all. She also enjoyed taming some little chaffinches and titmice, though I have never noticed that my aunt was really much interested in animals. She liked to watch them, and used to admire, for instance, the animals in the Zoological Gardens. Once, large sea lions happened to be on exhibition, and she drove there with me and looked at them with great interest. In spite of their unwieldiness they had a peculiar grace of their own, when they dived into the water—their own element. Once I had a little, tame finch

and some goldfish, and she took a great interest in these, also, and used to feed a little sick fish called, "Ernestinchen," which knew her voice, and showed its joy at her approach by swimming merrily round and jumping. I teased her at Carlsbad about a tame snail, which she fed for some time with pieces of sopped bread. It looked most funny when the snail opened an astonishingly wide mouth to swallow the morsel. Another time in the Wienerstrasse, we had a little bird friend, a chaffinch, which followed us about the room and demanded its food with a good deal of commotion. My aunt used to wake up from her afternoon nap when she heard the bird coming, and called out to me quite kindly: "Here he is, Bertha." She was sorry for the bird when we went away that summer, and when the little friend, who had become so trusting, and even a little intrusive, had to be left behind.

Even in bad weather, my aunt used to walk about in the garden, wrapped in a long cloak. On my saying: "Oh, dear, it's pouring, how can we possibly go out?" she remarked, quite astonished: "Why, it's hardly raining, child;" she would not even put up her umbrella.

When I saw her coming home, I ran to meet her at the foot of the stairs. How full of life she was then, her eyes and complexion so bright and fresh! Then she used to come to me in my room, my pink room furnished by her, and to look at my work. At that time she was very much interested in the modelling in caoutchouc which I had begun.

Without instruction of any kind, I had soon ventured to model figures, and for this purpose I had invented a plan of my own for working in this medium. This great secret, I only imparted to her. In my complete ignorance I bored the eyes in my figures with a watchkey, to my aunt's great amusement. She could not give me much advice in the technique, but I found in *her always that sympathetic under-*

standing of my work which is so heart-rejoicing. Her judgment was always right. If the work pleased her, she said so in a charming way—if it did not quite please her, she was silent, and when I asked her: “What is wrong with it?” she used to say: “Yes, I would do it this or that way.” It was always the right judgment and I liked to follow her advice, of course.

Some years later, my aunt was exceedingly proud about my, “Venus vase,” which the, “Grünes Gewölbe” (Green Vault), accepted as a present. I took the vase there myself, and we had quite a ceremony, as the whole official body was present at the presentation. My vase represented the Greek myth, after Anacreon: “Amor stealing honey.” The bowl rests on a high hollow rose tree; many leaves and roses surround it (400 leaves); at the foot, among the branches, Venus rests as in a bower, draped in a flowing veil, and looks down at little Amor, who stands at the foot of the tree, (the picture of misery) with drooping wings, and shows his little finger stung by a bee.

“Ach sieh doch liebes Mütterlein
Ach sieh nur hier mein Fingerlein,
Hab doch der Biene nichts gethan;
Nur daz ich etwas Honig nahm.”

(“Oh look, my little mother here
Look at my little finger near—
I never meant to take their lives,
But only honey from their hives.”)

Violets and slender grasses ornament the base of the vase. I like to found my modelling on some poem of my own. The poem, belonging to this vase, was placed most kindly by

Hofrath Erbstein, the Director of the Green Vault--among the documents there. The beginning of it is the following:

" Ihr blühte wieder, süsse Rosen
Auf Cyperus Flur in holder Pracht,
Und duftumflossen ruhte Venus
In ihrer Laube Dämmernacht,
Mild spielt der West um ihrer Locken
Sie fügt zum Kranze, Ros' an Rosen
Und blickt vom duft'gen Zweig herab
Auf ihrer Liebesgötter Kosen—
Blühet, blühet im Mai, meine Rosen!"

("Once more, ye blossom, fragrant roses
O'er Cyprus plain, in gentle breeze,
And Venus rests in odorous bowers
Amidst the twilight of the trees—
Mild plays the west wind around her tresses;
Of roses she a garland weaves—
And longeth for her love's caresses,
While glancing toward him through the leaves.")

Venus answers the lamenting Amor:

" Das hat keine Noth
Ein Bienenstick bringet dir nimmer den Tod."

("There is nothing to mind,
The sting of a bee brings not death you will find.")

She represents to him further how much worse the wounds are, which he inflicts with his wanton arrows, in the hearts of men:

“Dann heilet wohl nimmer das blutende Herz—
Und nur mit dem Leben, erlischt dieser Schmerz.”

(“No cure is there now for these wounds of the heart,
Death only can salve then, the pains from your dart.”)

So peaceful were these years from 1884 to 1887, they passed away so happily in our undisturbed inseparable companionship. I was blissful if I could be of some use to my aunt. We said in joke I had become her “maid of all work.” I was her secretary, her treasurer, her reader, her dressmaker, her milliner, her maid, her cook—briefly, her maid of all work. When my aunt spoke of it and pressed me tenderly to her heart, I could reply: “The proverb says: ‘A man is no hero to his valet,’ but I even say with a good conscience, *that in spite of the many years I have been inseparable from you, and much more intimate with your whole being than a valet can ever be, yet my unbounded reverence and admiration have never suffered one moment from it.* Still, you appear to me as the ideal of my childhood, as the quintessence of all that is loving, good, great and noble.” In fact the little weaknesses, which are inseparable even from the greatest of mankind, only contributed in her case, to make her all the more dear to me, for they were really only the consequences of her life and its circumstances. She,—herself—her real self appeared to me always as quite pure—perfect.

Universally recognised as the first and greatest authority in the Fröbel cause, at home and abroad, greatly honoured, deeply loved, highly esteemed by all who knew her, regarded already for years as a great and celebrated woman *whose place in the history of pedagogics* no one could, or wished, to dispute; now her turn of resting had come. Wherever she looked throughout all the countries of Europe—and in

America even, to a surprising degree—her beloved Kindergarten Cause was flourishing. Day by day it was more spread, more recognised, and if at times it was only *by name*, if the real method was not really there, still the universal recognition of the Kindergarten Cause certainly proved most clearly *how great the need had been* for the, “New Education” and my aunt would really feel in her heart, that she had not worked in vain.

At last, Professor Froschammer at Munich had given a scientific foundation to the Fröbel method in his work “Organisation and culture of human society—philosophic inquiries into law and state, social life and education.”

Also, in this direction, my aunt was satisfied.

From the height of her completed career, she could now look back on the established position and prospects of the New Education, to which she had devoted her life. She looked at France with some degree of pain, knowing well that in the overweeningness of a nation, too often—alas!—the germ of its decadence lies, and if sometimes, also, from France people were sent to learn at the Fröbelstiftung, this could not make up for the fallacious hope; but in the New Education they would find means for the regeneration of the so extraordinarily gifted nation. Throughout Italy kindergartens were flourishing. In England they rejoiced in universal recognition, and in Belgium and Austria they had been received into the school organisation as obligatory. In Holland, Frau von Calcar had not ceased to work for the, “Cause,” which had long since gained universal approbation. In Switzerland, Frau von Portugall’s successor was working at Geneva, and Mlle. Tissot, Frl. Bachmann (Lucerne), and Prof. Raoux had successfully carried on the work. In the northern countries of Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Russia, the introduction of the kindergarten was progressing, though slowly. In the south of Europe,

she saw those rising, newly-developing states eagerly adopt into their program of advance (their school organisation) the Fröbel theory of education, and wherever she looked in Europe the words: "Fröbel Kindergarten" were not an empty sound, but had long ago become a fact—a recognised fact. Then she looked across the ocean to America, and the kindergarten triumphs there. From here also she received the interesting news from the distinguished Minister of Education, Dr. Harris, that the kindergarten had been combined there with the schools—which made her very happy. One thing only she wished, namely, that in spite of their endeavours to push forward, and in spite of their fast mode of living, they would now use the new theory of education to the full, would fathom its depths, and grasp its meaning, and that the kindergarten on the other side of the ocean would be in truth, the place where the recognition, that Fröbel's method formed the basis of a new education of mankind, would be gained. She hoped that the, "Cause" would soon triumph there in its *results*.

And then she looked round at her own land almost regretfully, and with that little smile of resignation. And I understood this regretful smile which had yet something so sure of victory in it. The once despised and oppressed method had long survived a minister von Baumer. The forbidden, derided kindergarten had conquered the world and Germany also.

Kindergartens now sprung up on all sides like the buttercups in the meadows. Why? Because a truth can never be lost. . . . With prophetic calm my aunt looked towards those who have to take the initiative in making fruitful for humanity the new educational idea for the regeneration of the whole nation—for which Fröbel became the educational prophet of his day, as she herself believed, and always had believed, and taught.

The Fröbelstiftung was in a more flourishing state than ever. Year after year they came from all lands to study its organisation as a model for their own.

Many interesting strangers came during this time. France sent teachers, Holland high officials from the Educational Department. The Servian government sent the Secretary of the Educational Department, (later the minister), Popowitzsch, who, with his wife, some years before, had attended for months my aunt's lectures. Roumania sent young teachers, and Bulgaria sent the most intellectual and amiable Minister, Schiffhow, and his secretary, Professor Dobren, the latter even twice. (Bulgaria had adopted the Fröbel method as obligatory in its new educational code. The method is continued from the Kindergarten to the Jugendgarten, and, even during my aunt's lifetime, the first three pupils came from there to learn at the Fröbelstiftung—later, there were fourteen pupils, all supported by the Bulgarian government.) From Denmark came the ladies Fraülein Feuger and Fraülein Topsoe, and from America! How many very interesting people came across the wide ocean, and wished to see my aunt and to learn from her: Miss Marwedel, the Nestor of the Kindergarten in America, Miss Elizabeth Harrison, the well known enthusiastic disciple of Fröbel, from Chicago. Young American girls came and wished to see my aunt just once, even if but from a distance. One of them said to her: "Hail to you! For at the Last Day thousands of children will rise and bear witness for you, for you have made them happy, and have contributed to the happiness of childhood." Another knelt down in the passage when she heard that my aunt could see her, with the prayer, "I thank Thee, O God, that I have not come across the ocean in vain, and that I am allowed to see *this* woman during my life."

Sometimes ladies came with red Baedekers in their hands.

With inquiring looks; they walked into our passage, as if on no account would they miss the sight of the celebrated propagator of the Fröbel method, in addition to the, "Picture gallery" and the, "Green Vault."

Of other visitors, I will only mention Miss Tuell, a former Berlin pupil, who conducts a training college for Kindergartners in Manchester, and Frau Fischer-Lette, the well-known apostle of peace, and the daughter of my aunt's celebrated friend, President Lette, the founder of the Lettestiftung in Berlin.

My aunt's relations loved and honoured her. The heart for which once in earlier years she had so longed, the heart which should rest on her heart, she had now found in me, and my love was always with her, day and night. Her contemporaries and all who ever met her loved, honoured and admired her. The people with whom she came in contact in the Association, the Kindergarten and the neighbourhood, had known her for long as, "The good *Frau Baronin*." The workmen in Tumpelt's manufactory, for instance, to whom she always sent wine in hot weather to refresh them, saying, with a kind smile, "It is so very hot for them down there," dedicated an article to her in the "Workmen's Paper," in which they praised her as a noble and rare woman. Herr Tumpelt's workmen, for long years, whom she often saw in the garden, such as Sperling, Kutschhe and Vogel, were always obliging in offering their services, and the porters' families, whose children she sent to the Kindergartens, educating the daughters as nursery maids, and to all of whom she did a hundred kindnesses knew well, "The golden heart of the *Frau Baronin*."

Numerous small biographies, taken from Dr. Conrad Bayer's and Louis Walter's notices, appeared at that time, now in this and now in that periodical, although my aunt in

her modesty always refused to furnish notes for this purpose. "It is not a question of the person," she said, almost angrily, "but only of the, 'Cause.' What does it matter whether Hunz or Kunz, Müller or Schulze, is the name of those who promote it." My aunt's modesty was almost *inconceivable* to most people. *It seemed as if she really had no idea of what she had done for the world*, as if the thought had never presented itself to her mind, that it was worthy of admiration, that it was exceptional or grand. "But of course *I had to do it*," she said, quite astonished, if she was praised. She was absolutely without false pride. Only her right as the chief representative of the real pure Fröbel doctrine, she insisted on having recognised for the good of the "Cause." This right she wished to be kept intact. *The inestimable value of her books*, she knew full well, but this was all, "Quite natural" for the sake of the, "Cause," the promoter of which she had happened to become—it was not her own personality as Frau von Marenholtz. My aunt's unselfish modesty was something so extraordinary, so natural to her, that it filled everyone with wondering admiration. With justice it could be called, "Phenomenal," and was possibly the greatest of the great things in my aunt's nature.

Her two great wishes of this time, namely, that the Fröbelstiftung should have a home of its own, and that her "Handbook of the Fröbel Method," should be finished, were accomplished during these years. "Thus I have achieved my last bequest to them all—to humanity and to the, "Cause," she said, joyfully.

My aunt had been ill for some days, when the death of the old Emperor William, on March 9, 1889, threw the whole of Germany into a state of tribulation and mourning. "I have no time to be tired," the old Emperor had said in his last hours, yet, his weary head sank backward in eternal

sleep, and all his German children were filled with deep and bitter sorrow. My aunt was so struck by this blow that she grew alarmingly worse.

We sent for the Homeopathic doctor, *Dr. Alexander von Villers*, who had only been a short time in Dresden, but who already enjoyed a considerable reputation. *In this sad and distressful time, the sunny figure of this new friend entered my aunt's life to be a constant source of living interest to her up to the end. His first appearance even exercised a great and calming influence over her.*

With the sharp and sure glance peculiar to him, he at once chose the right remedy, and my aunt recovered hourly. How much do we owe to his skill and indefatigable care in the course of years. How gently and tenderly did he help my aunt across the many rough places of her illness, her last suffering, and made easy to her so many an hour, which would have been hard without his assistance. What comfort it is to me to be able to think this! "There is nothing in him of the horrible laying-hold-of, and everlasting feeling of the pulse, which make doctors so objectionable. Just a few plain questions, and even while he is speaking, he has already made his diagnosis and chosen the remedy," my aunt used to say of him. "He is like sunshine, warming and quickening when he comes into the room." His ringing, merry laugh, "As only good people can laugh," as my aunt, who was a great connoisseur of human nature, expressed it. His agreeable, insinuating voice, his animated, yet, at the same time, gentle and quiet personality, with all his gentleness, yet full of virile solidity, his sympathetic individuality, his beautiful, dark eyes, sparkling with life—all this delighted my aunt. Even then she heartily enjoyed his company, and gradually became fonder and fonder of him, until she conceived for him a very real affection, as to a dear son. Possibly he reminded her also of her

Alfred, whom he would have been like, as a man, in his fresh, early manhood—in the enjoyment of life. “He is one of the few men, with whom one can speak about everything,” she used to say—“because they are interested in everything, and because they have intelligence for everything.” “His clear reason, his exhaustive and refined education, *his original thinking power* give him a sound, right, and what I particularly love in him—a just judgment. I have always liked such gay, sunny virility, and it is so seldom to be met with in this life.”

From Viller’s mother we heard all sorts of charming little stories of his childhood. My aunt, who was always enchanted by everything connected with children, used to make me repeat again and again those little stories. “Once a lady friend gave him a rouble to buy toys for himself. When they were just going to start off for the toy-shop to buy what he so eagerly desired, little “Sascha” suddenly exclaimed: “No, I will not fetch my money; if Papa and Mamma should once have no bread, I shall buy some for them.” The four-year-old child had actually the self-command and strength of will to suppress the wish for the toy and to save his money. The letter which he writes to his absent father is quite charming:

“Dear Papa, *I should like to have you*. Come back soon, and when you die, I will die, too. Love from your Sascha.” And now just the little anecdote. “Even at the age of four he used to recite charming little French poems, and once when he was standing at his mother’s side at the writing table, babbling away, she noticed that he was making all sorts of grimaces in the looking glass. “What are you doing there?” she asked, “Do you think perhaps that you are beautiful? Your nose is perpendicular and you stuff your fingers in it—your mouth is quite large enough, and yet you make it larger by cramming in large mouthfuls. What can

there be beautiful?" The child, quite pink with eagerness, replied: "But the eyes!" People had admired his large, dark eyes, and he heard it."

"Those charming little stories," said my aunt, with beaming eyes, "show Villers exactly as he is—and his whole dear good heart." My aunt always discussed with him eagerly, the new school of medicine, homeopathy, to which she had been devoted all her life. Villers had even then made for himself a name, which was known far beyond the German fatherland. He was celebrated for his cures, his articles—and the interest he took in effecting a connection between the homeopathists of all countries. Some years later the Homeopathic Congress of Chicago elected him as vice-president, and he was present at all the large meetings of the homeopathic doctors. He was an able and clever speaker, and his writings and essays give proof of a vast amount of knowledge and of original research. My aunt read everything of his with great interest, also the periodical which he was editing at that time. Later, also, the periodical founded by him, "Archio für Homöopathie," and she always had herself informed of the progress of, "His Cause." But they also used to discuss the researches of the modern science, politics, etc. My aunt, who had never paid the least attention to the directions of other doctors, used to obey Villers implicitly, "This doctor by the grace of God," as she used to say. It was because she trusted him completely, and because she had, moreover, *soon experienced too many proofs of his skill*. In 1891, when he had to travel to a Congress of Homeopathists in America, my aunt fell seriously ill. His young and still very inexperienced assistant called in another elder homeopathist from a neighbouring place, but neither of them were able to treat the case. She wished, for instance, to swallow nothing but small pieces of ice, as the only form of nourishment, and her strength and tempera-

ture sank in a most alarming manner. We were in despair. Then I proposed telling her that we had telegraphed to America, and that Villers absolutely forbade the ice. She believed it, and from that moment did not touch any. "Yes, if *Villers* says so, of course it will be right," she answered me. When the Doctor returned from America, the old doctor said to him, full of admiration, in my presence: "Such absolute confidence in a doctor on the part of a clever, self-taught, and if I may say, rather difficult patient to treat, I have never met before. I must compliment you, colleague," and my aunt laughed heartily, when I told her about this afterwards. It made her happy when his young assistant spoke of him with real affection as our, "Revered teacher."

I had seldom seen my aunt better, *more cheerful, and more animated than in this spring, summer and autumn.* It was a charming time, and my severe illness, on the first Christmas holiday, fell on us like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. I can only think of all the anguish, trouble, and anxiety, which now befall my aunt on my account, with deep regret. After my life had been preserved by Villers' skill and care, long days of sickness followed, and during the whole period, not only had my aunt the anxiety of nursing me, but she had also all the work of the Verein, of which I usually relieved her. She had all the worry connected with the pupils who had sent in their names for the new course, which began in that quarter of the year, and beyond that, all the trouble of housekeeping, to which she had long been unaccustomed. Most unfortunately, we had inexperienced and quite useless servants at that time, and I still think it a miracle that my aunt, with her seventy-eight years, was able to stand it. What anxiety and sorrow I felt at that time on her account; how fervently I longed for the moment when I should be able to relieve her at least of the cares of housekeeping! My strength returned very gradually, and then at last I was able

to sit up for a few hours—having from weakness first fallen from one fainting fit into another. I was most glad to be able to take over some of my duties. I had to thank Fr. Bräter and Fr. Mecke most gratefully, for having relieved my aunt, during this hard time, from a good deal of writing work. But whether my aunt's strength had not suffered from the demands made on her, and the energy with which she had had to bear all these unaccustomed exertions, and whether her powers of resistance during the attack of influenza, in the following year, had not been weakened—this question weighed most heavily on my soul afterwards. Many nights she had watched by my bedside, had held me in her arms, and comforted me. How could I ever repay her for all that! Once during my illness my aunt walked off alone to the town to buy herself some shoes. Shoes, as she afterwards told me, which were far too heavy and large for her, and which stood about a long time afterwards, as a remembrance of this extravagance. My alarm can be imagined on hearing of the expedition, for since 1852 we had never allowed her to go out alone, and but a few months before she would not have been able to go such a long distance as from our house to the town. Her excited energy now permitted her to do this and more, but it was an indescribable torment to me.

In the summer of 1888, we stayed in Carlsbad for the last time. Our stay there was unluckily not as pleasant as usual, owing in part to my weakness. Before leaving for Carlsbad, my aunt paid with me the one visit which she made during those last years. It was her last in this life, and was to our Villers' parents in Blasevitz. My aunt specially loved the Doctor for having always been such a good son. His mother used to say of him: "He would willingly sacrifice his whole life for his father;" and we were well

able to feel with his pain, when he was not able to cure, but only to relieve his severe suffering."

Since 1882 old Herr von Villers had been confined to his couch by a bad attack of gout. Almost deaf in his old age, he was only able to hear very strong voices through his ear-trumpet, and even in his youth an accident had deprived him of an eye. He was almost always tormented by pain—more or less severe—and yet this really loveable man shed happiness around him on all sides, and interested strangers also by his own keen interest in life, and by his sympathy with all and for all. In his charming house, surrounded with roses, and from the windows of which he loved to look out towards the heights of Loschwitz, we found the old gentleman in the most friendly and cheerful mood, and we returned home from this visit with our hearts stirred and feelings ennobled.

His wife, whose devoted care and attention day and night he gratefully acknowledged—who never left him and only lived for him—exchanged with my aunt many a recollection of the old Liebenstein days, and of the princely visitors from Meiningen and Weimar. Thus, after a long separation, these two hearts once more came together in a hundred common interests. The Villers had lived for years in St. Petersburg. Herr von Villers had been known there as an uncommonly clever homeopathic doctor, who had made the theory of homeopathy his special study. "*The new school*" owes to him the homeopathic remedy for diphtheria, which, since its discovery, has saved innumerable children from death. He applied it first on little Sascha, and father and son relate the circumstance in a little pamphlet, widely circulated: "The cure of diphtheria by mercur cyanatus," 7th edition Dresden Edition Ginner. My aunt, speaking of this pamphlet, says that, "*Every mother should know it.*"

I visited the old gentleman several times afterwards, and was always kindly received. The last time when I went to

see him it was in the pouring rain, and he said to me: "It is you; you are looking bright. It is a joy to see you." In the summer of 1890, death released the noble sufferer from his pain, endured so patiently, and to all who knew him his memory will be a sanctifying one, and will not be forgotten. His wife, whose education was both refined and many-sided, was a true friend to my aunt during the sad years of illness. An uninterrupted exchange of thoughts through the medium of letters kept alive our interest, and was the source of much joy and pleasure to us.

The autumn and winter of that year were very painful. Never have I felt more deeply and more consolingly what it is to have a *mother*. My aunt had long ago become to me in truth even more than a mother. How many a night during that period did she sit by my bed, and not only did I feel the comfort of her love and of having her near me, but also of her thorough understanding of my innermost feelings and thoughts! What peace of mind came to me with these hours! Were I to live a thousand years, I could never forget what she said to me then, from the depths of her loving heart. But memories of this sort belong to those indestructible treasures of which the Holy Scriptures speak: "Where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt," and they follow us to eternity.

In the evening hours of this autumn, I read to my aunt a manuscript, "Junker Leo," and was made so happy by her joy over this little psychological study.

My aunt dedicated to me at this time the *last article she published*. The wish to express *once more* her thoughts concerning the educational training of nursery maids—these girls of the people—occupied her deeply.

The article is the following:

“THE TRAINING OF NURSERY MAIDS” (Kinderpflegerinnen)

THE words of Napoleon I, “*Give us better mothers*” were often repeated in former days, when the question of the increasing perversion and corruption in all classes was discussed. Nowadays these words must again be repeated, Napoleon’s wishes for better mothers have not been fulfilled. Even the mightiest among the mighty had not been able to bring those words to effect, because *the means for it* had not been found. Despite progressive culture and the improvement of the schools it has become worse in this respect. Moreover, those improvements have touched the male sex far more than the female sex.

Those words then show a real understanding of the matter in demanding a better instruction of the mothers in order to help in the raising of motherhood to the better understanding of the first education of childhood. Until now, practically nothing has been done for this, unfortunately.

If the schools could undertake *in every direction* the instruction of girls, the best and most effective way would possibly be found thereby. But this has been neglected, and thus the lack of an efficient preparatory education of the mothers of all classes for their educational calling, is painfully evident.

Among the educated classes, the inefficient preparation of the mothers for their natural calling not only stands in the

way, but often even the necessary help is not forthcoming, as various circumstances prevent the mothers from devoting themselves exclusively to their children. Beyond that, the prevailing physical weakness of most women nowadays, is a further hindrance to this object. Therefore, educational helps are absolutely necessary to the mothers of the higher classes.

The great majority of mothers are now obliged to leave their children to the care of servants, who are not trained for the profession, and do not understand the right treatment of childhood.

With very few exceptions these will exercise a prejudicial influence on the children.

How very great the injury is which these persons are able to do in most cases, is far from being known to the full. Not only do they influence the physical welfare of the children prejudicially, but the healthy spiritual development of the child suffers far more.

Often the child's innocent joys are disturbed by brutal treatment. The injurious results often last even to advanced age, the child itself being so inclined to imitate. Sometimes the ground is laid for the worst faults, for later vices and errors—yea, even for corruption of character. Who has not heard how these rough girls teach the child to lie to hide this or that from its parents? Who has not seen quite undeveloped girls employed to look after innocent little children! Never has the complaint of rough, inefficient servants been so loud as to-day.

The best remedy will be that all those who are to look after children, *should be trained* for their *profession*, and that beside the efficient instruction for the supervision and care of childhood their moral development particularly should be fostered to such a degree that they may be capable of exercising a real educational influence on the children.

This educational preparation of the girls, even from the lowest classes, is not impossible even if the schools do not yet work for this end.

The education of those girls after leaving school must be continued by means of *finishing schools* (if only for one year) and let them find here the proper training and preparation for their educational profession,—even for the lowest degree. If practice can be combined with *instruction*, in the Kindergartners', Teachers' and Children's Hospitals, this would give an educational help to the mothers, at least for the first years of childhood. At the same time, these girls must also be instructed in practical household work. If such educational institutes existed for the great majority of young girls, a great want for house and family would be provided for, and this want is possibly now at its height. The need for such educational helpers is urgently felt on the part of all mothers. Beside this help for the mothers, it must not be forgotten that *the majority of girls, educated in such a way, are the future mothers among the lower classes of the people*. Granted that only a small portion of the girls be prepared in this manner for their family duties, we can, nevertheless, count with certainty on this little portion contributing not inconsiderably to the improvement of the education of the people. But if institutions were erected in most of the larger towns, and womanhood were to receive there the proper preparation for their educational duties, how greatly would it profit the education of the people, and thereby ameliorate the existing conditions. This cannot be doubted.

The state regulations would suffice even now to establish these institutions, without great expenditure. *The Fröbelstiftung in Dresden* has proved for a considerable time by its achievements, that it has fully reached the object in view with regard to those girls educated there. . . . The

young pupils have shown the greatest interest in the course, as well in the children as in the occupations and little works of the Kindergarten. Nature herself helps the educational aim here, for it would be quite exceptional if young girls did not like being occupied with children. The love of children is inborn in every female nature.

Unfortunately, funds are lacking to the Association to increase the number of pupils (themselves nearly all very poor) in order to completely satisfy the need of the public. More highly-educated helpers are trained as Kindergartners of the first and second class in the Fröbelstiftung."

"The United States of America have already begun to imitate the Fröbelstiftung in this direction under the name of, "Mother schools." These courses are attended by thousands of women."

BAR. VON MARENHOLTZ-BULOW.

1889-90.

My aunt followed the conquest made by the Fröbel doctrine in America with special interest, and always regretted that she had not had time to tell the Americans herself what she wished them to know. "*I cannot go across myself,*" she said, "*You must tell them when you can, how my heart was always with them, full of deep sympathy and admiration for all they have accomplished for the Cause.*"

With enormous interest and pride my aunt followed the doings and sayings of our young Emperor, and noticed his deep and broad understanding of the requirements of our time. She intended to write to him, and to lay before him her views concerning the proper steps towards the educational development of the mothers, and she began to dictate an essay, which was to accompany this letter, to elucidate it. But, alas! her illness interrupted this plan.

LAST EXTRACTS FROM THE GEDANKENBÜCHER

IN 1888-89, she made her last entries in her journal. I will quote the singularly interesting aphorisms wherein are contained my aunt's final explanation of the Fröbelian law.

1888. "The formative power of nature is also a possession of man. Thence it is possible that man is able to create. His creative activity, whether external or internal, whether physical or spiritual, must be guided by the same principle which controls the formative or creative activity of nature. This principle may be applied either consciously or unconsciously, but in one way or the other it is present in all genuine creations of the spirit of man.

The principle according to which nature creates, or in other words the fundamental law of the universe, Fröbel calls the Mediation (connection) of Opposites. Every formation demands activity, and activity is movement. Every movement postulates a going forth into space, *i. e.*, it must be a movement from above, downwards, or from below, upwards, from right to left or from left to right; from front to back, or from back to front; from within outward, or from without inward. These collective directions of movement, contrast with each other; or differently stated they are antitheses. Every activity whatsoever postulates and unites, or to use Fröbel's expression, mediates (connects) these antitheses. In the cosmos the primordial example of the mediation of opposites is given in the centripetal and centrifugal tendencies.

cies of force. Since these opposing tendencies are universal they furnish a foundation for the truth that throughout creation everything rests upon the Mediation of Opposites. Nor does this principle apply less in the world of spirit than in the world of nature. The greatest contrasts find their mediation in man, the law of whose being is that he should be both body and spirit, and hence a Mediation of Opposites.

The products or creations of man must, therefore, conform to the universal principle and consist in a Mediation of Opposites. Every natural structure and every creation of man is and must be related to the universe, as microsm to macrocosm because the same fundamental law reigns in the smallest as well as in greatest. Since this principle is imminent in man it must be active from the moment of birth, and must from the beginning reveal itself in all his productive activity. Only through the free self-expression given in creative activity can the inner essence become manifestation or self-revelation. When, therefore, the principle (or, if you will, the life-postulate) of their inner essence is comprehended as Fröbel has comprehended the principle of all life,—the *conscious* spirit is able through this comprehension to influence and guide the unconscious spirit. Such influence is exerted through objectifying the indwelling law of the unconscious spirit, and more particularly through leading the unconscious spirit to apply this law in its own productive activity. For the unconscious spirit is itself seeking involuntarily to apply the law, nay, it *must* seek to apply it, because, as living being, it is active and must pour forth itself."

1889. "Fröbel has solved the problem and shown how harmony of the unconscious and the conscious, of natural conformity to law and spiritual conformity to law, may be proven. With this solution a full comprehension of human nature becomes for the first time possible, because man rises

out of the unconscious into the conscious, his whole process of being, from the beginning to the end of life consisting, indeed, of this transition. Through the recognition of this fact alone does an education conformed to nature become possible. It settles the quarrel between nature (matter) and spirit, both of which are included in the being of man. But who is to make this idea accessible to all minds. Fröbel himself did not succeed in doing this, but he found and gave the practical means for its educational application. This fact is conclusively proved by the reaction of his exercises upon the minds of children. I have fully apprehended his idea,—I have understood its deepest source and origin." Then, in her modesty, she adds: "Still, I have not been able to state it in words which could be generally understood."

My aunt caught cold at the Kindergarten Christmas festivities of the Fröbelstiftung, and even in the course of the next few days, I was alarmed at her indisposition. It was the first bad time of the 1889 influenza epidemic. On the sixth of January she was seriously attacked by this illness, so dangerous to advanced age. But once again her giant nature conquered, and she was comparatively strong by the spring. In June she fell out of bed while putting a very heavy hot-water-bottle on the floor. The sight of her bruised face alarmed me terribly, especially as she had also hurt her tongue, and was unable to speak for several days. She herself was not at all alarmed, but quite cheerful and gay all the time. During this time, she received an interesting visit from Miss E. Harrison and her friend, Miss Kraus, from Chicago. She was able to explain to them the, "Mother and Cosset Songs" in English, though a little annoyed that she was not as good at English, as she had been in former years.

At the end of July, she astonished me by saying that she

"Must go with me to Norderney, for she knew that the North Sea air would do me a lot of good." The idea that the aged lady of eighty, having just recovered from the influenza, wished to go to the North Sea, already late in the summer, seemed absolutely incomprehensible to everybody.

Dr. Villers was unfortunately away, and, with an indescribable energy, my aunt made the preparations for the journey, despite all my entreaties. She would even have done the packing with her own hands if I had not given way at last. As the purse-bearer, I made the feeble pretext for not going, that we had no money. But this was no good either. My aunt laughed, and produced a sum of money, which, as she said, she had put aside for her funeral. With infinite emotion, I looked at this money which she now wished to sacrifice *for me*. On the twelfth of August, we really started. Throughout the whole long journey, which involved many unpleasantnesses, my aunt was happy, charming and kind, even to all our fellow travellers, often most intrusive, and was satisfied even with the damp weather usual in Ostfriesland. The passage across the Watt was accomplished better than I had expected, and without my aunt being seasick. But, on arriving at the long landing bridge at Norderney, we could hardly stand against the wind, as we were both so weak. This walk across the bridge had been the source of such great anxiety to us, that my aunt could never forget it. Now followed an eternal struggle with the wind, which she had once so loved, and which since the influenza had become so disagreeable to her. It always pursued us all over the island. During the five weeks of our stay in Norderney we never had a real storm, only, unfortunately, a great deal of cold rain. But the, "Land wind," (country wind), as my aunt called it, *i. e.*, the eternal current of air in the streets of the island, was quite odious to her. She froze and could never get warm. Unfortunately,

we had a cold, damp, noisy apartment at first, and only when the sun shone and we sat on the beach, watching the children paddling, did my aunt feel herself a little comfortable. On the whole, the recollections of this journey belong to the less satisfactory ones; for, although we did enjoy some things, we were not at our ease. My aunt could not at all understand how it was, that Norderney, where she had often stayed with the family long ago, had been so much nicer then. "Of course," she said, "we used to live then in the fishermen's cottages. I inspected these cottages once, and shook my head. Under the low wooden roofs, in the small rooms, with their berth-like beds and smoky chimneys, I could not imagine comfort for my aunt possible. I remember one charming expedition across the dunes to the lighthouse. The waves washed the shore with white crests of foam, and the long, gray grass of the dunes nodded down at us from the white sandhills. Seagulls flew round us, screaming and beating their wings, and on the other side of the island on the green marshland, peaceful, enormous Hind-schnuck (sheep) were grazing and looked at us curiously. We experienced the same spontaneous fidelity of a servant in Norderney, as once before in Kufstein (Kathi). Our Norderney fishergirl servant would not leave my aunt on our departure; she cried and lamented, and later this good creature wrote us several letters. The doctor there and his brother were so kind as to accompany us on our return journey, and to help my aunt across the bridge, landing her safely on the continent. Everybody was still horrified at the courage of the aged lady at having undertaken this trip.

Before leaving Norderney, we had the pleasure of meeting my friend, Countess Oeynhausen, the daughter of my second guardian, and with her and her little son we spent some happy hours. My aunt still cherished the hope that the trip would do me good after all, and when we did not see any im-

provement she comforted herself with the thought that the good results usually follow afterwards. The doctor at Norderney had on the contrary prophesied for me a *speedy end*. I was glad when we once more reached Dresden. Later, my aunt often dreamt that the wind would blow us off the landing-bridge, or that she was left forlorn on the platform of the station, and that I was lost, a sign of the terror she had gone through in this, her last journey. Travelling was no more any pleasure to her.

This autumn, my aunt once more appeared at the examinations of the Fröbelstiftung, and when she walked into the room on the arm of the President of the Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein, Archdeacon Lieschtse, looking so beautiful and refined, so dignified, and at the same time so stately and fresh, the teachers and the many members of the Association never thought that the beloved figure was among them for the last time.

Shortly before Christmas, my aunt dictated to me her last letter. It was an answer to Miss Harrison in Chicago, who desired information concerning the, "Mother and Cosset Songs."

In 1890, my aunt made the last arrangements for the direction of the Fröbelstiftung after her death. The recollection how near the seminary had been to dissolution *once before, even during her lifetime*, seemed to necessitate this provision by her, lest, after her death, the same thing might occur again. My aunt dictated to me the following document, as her, "Last provision" for her beloved creation, (to which in her will she had left a sum of money for the free instruction of pupils without means), and as her "Last greeting to the Association." She begged me to promise her faithfully to fulfill her wishes. She took both my hands in hers and looked at me lovingly and entreatingly, and I promised.

Then she pressed me to her heart, with tears in her eyes, and with a most grateful expression. The document is the following:

"I, the undersigned, determine and desire the following: I leave to my beloved niece, Bertha, Baronesse von Bülow-Wendhausen, after my departure from this world, probably not far distant, the direction of those institutions founded by me. Particularly do I leave to her the direction of the Fröbelstiftung in Dresden, and the institutions belonging to the same, for which I have worked the last years of my life, and to which I have devoted more strength than to all other institutions founded by me, *as I wished to raise it to a model institution of its kind*. I think I have the right of determining my successor, and in making provision for the further prosperity of the Fröbelstiftung after my death, by determining beforehand the *proper* person. My above-mentioned niece, who, for many years has stood by me as a true daughter and indefatigable assistant, who is thoroughly initiated into all my thoughts and wishes for the Seminary, who has been taught by me the Fröbel Theory of Education, she, with her rich mental abilities, with the right judgment and tact which she has always shown me, as well as with her great energy, is without doubt my most appropriate successor. I have received her promise to undertake in my place, after my death, the presidency of the Curatorium of the Fröbelstiftung as well as the presidency of the Frauen Verein of the Fröbelstiftung, and to see that no interruption in the direction of the Seminary takes place after my death. My niece is also the most appropriate person to carry on further foreign connections for the benefit of the Fröbel Cause. The addresses of my friends there and the representatives in the different countries, where I was able to introduce the Fröbel method, are in her hands. My thankful-

ness, my richest and manifold blessing rests on the head of this, my dear child, who has never hesitated to sacrifice herself, where it was the question of helping me and of serving the Fröbel Cause. I hope that all those who have worked with me until now, will support my beloved niece in the fulfillment of the duties imposed on her by me, and will remain faithful to our sacred Cause, to which they devote their powers to a rich degree. To all the members of the Board, and to all the teachers who have worked for so many long years in the Fröbelstiftung, I send my last greeting.

Dictated and undersigned by me in the full possession of my mental powers, sealed with my seal and delivered to the care of my above-mentioned niece. (Dresden, May 15, 1890.) B. von Marenholtz-Bülow."

The 5th of March, 1890, the day on which my aunt completed her eightieth year, was celebrated far and wide. It was very sad that she was too weak, after her influenza, to receive the many people who wished to congratulate her. All the marks of true veneration and love, from far and near, were most touching. So many, many flowers; so many, many poems; so much, much love; so many fervent wishes for her welfare, and so much reverential recognition! The Ministry wished to send its envoy to her, but, unfortunately, my aunt's state of health did not allow of this. The following letter was sent:

"The Department of the Interior and Public Education gladly makes use of the opportunity of your eightieth birthday, to express to you the heartiest good wishes, with the recognition of your admirable methods concerning the promotion of Kindergartens and the training of Kindergartners. (Dresden, March 5, 1890.)

*The Department of the Interior and Public Education.
VON GERBER."*

Besides many associations at home and abroad, the "Pädagogische Verein" in Dresden (the Association teachers of Dresden), sent its good wishes in the following letter:

"To the highly esteemed pedagogue—Her Excellency Baroness von Marenholtz-Bülow—who, with rare enthusiasm and admirable endurance, devoted all her powers towards the further development of Fröbel's ideas, recognized as good and true, and to bring them to profitable realization—to the noblehearted friend of childhood and of the people, who, by her books, her life and her example, placed herself in the service of human education and of the ennoblement of mankind, and this, moreover, always in the most unselfish way, the Pädagogischer Verein offers its most hearty good wishes on the occasion of her eightieth birthday, with the expression of the deepest consideration and humblest veneration."

BARON, *President.*

The teachers of the Fröbelstiftung who were not allowed to see her on that day, sent her their heartiest congratulations singly. These she received with tears in her eyes.

Prof. Oberlehrer Engelhardt wrote: "I am exceedingly glad that it has been granted to you to see this day, and how your work for the welfare of humanity has not been in vain, but has brought forth fruit upon fruit. It must be a splendid feeling to be able to say to one's self, that one has lived not only for the present, but for the far future. Your name will be inseparably connected with that of Fröbel. What you have sown will grow more and more in the course of years. May the close of your life bring you day by day more proof of this, may it be blessed in the fullest sense of the word."

Professor Thieme made her the promise expressed in the following letter:

"With this, I give your Excellency my promise—whatever the circumstances—to walk unswervingly in the footsteps in which your pedagogic genius has led me." (He knew well that this promise would give my aunt the greatest joy.) "The Lord be with you, the self-sacrificing, indefatigable and victorious interpreter of the educational system of the future, which shall gladden the world." And the old teacher Wilke, wrote to her: "Your Excellency stands to-day on the Mont Blanc of your life. A heart-rejoicing survey over a wide, grand, and blessed field of work refreshes your mental eye, and despite the many clouds and dark mists of the old schoolmastery presumption, you, Madam, are raised by your conscience to sunny heights, far above all the valleys below, which are oppressed by the dark mists of a mechanically-applied method. If not to-day, on Your Excellency's day of honour, then perhaps to-morrow, a sacred hour of solitude is given to you, to be in your heart, really happy in God, for all the grace which has been shown you in your long life, so widely blessed. The Lord of Life be gracious to you, and prove Your Excellency no more by the sorrows of life, but may He grant you a peaceful life's evening, a beautiful sunset, and let the symphonies of your life, devoted to the salvation of mankind, ring out in the three-fold accord of the spirits: Faithfulness, Love and Patience."

"The Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein" insisted on sending a deputation to congratulate its foundress. The President, Archdeacon Lèschke, the good Stadtrath Heubner, Frau Mirus, and Fraülein von Fromberg brought my aunt a Testimonial, and Pastor Lèschke spoke noble words of love,

admiration and thanks. My aunt could only thank them with tears in her eyes, and shake hands with them. The words of the testimonial are: "To Her Excellency, Freifau Bertha von Marenholtz-Bülow, the noble-hearted friend of the child-world, the self-sacrificing, indefatigable and victorious apostle of the Fröbel educational ideas, the well-deserving foundress of the Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein, and of the Fröbelstiftung at Dresden, the Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein sends the heartiest congratulations on the occasion of her eightieth birthday, March 5, 1890." (President Lèschke.)

But my aunt could not do without the children on this day, despite her need of quiet. The Kindergarten children were allowed to bring her presents, and repeat little verses, and in the afternoon, the little inmates of the house appeared. On leaving the room for one moment, I found, on my return, my aunt sitting on the floor amongst the children, feeding this one with cake, helping that one to build, with the brightest smile on her face. I silently shoved her a cushion to sit on, and put a rug over her knees. Not for the world would I have disturbed this, her greatest birthday joy. In the evening, she wished to hear the many letters of the children. Some of them were the children of former pupils; the little Meisners (Frl. Bräter) on the Rhine, the little Buschbechs (Frl. Weiss) from Silesia, the children in Enden, Ostfriesland and many others. The letters were evidently written by the children themselves. They all called her "dear kind Auntie Baronin." One child wrote: "Don't be ill; why do you like lying in bed? I hate lying in bed." Or, "I have began to work something for you, but it won't be ready for a long time yet." Or, "I love you very much—and do you know that we have a cat? I only squeezed it quite a little in the tail, but it cried out at once." "I am sure that is a boy," my aunt cried, quite elec-

trified by this letter, and another child wrote: "When I am big I will be a mother, Walther will be a pastor, and Hilde is to be his wife, but she does not want to be, she only wishes to be a mother, too." In the Kindergarten, the hands of the children were held, and each child was allowed to write some words in a letter. In another Kindergarten, each child had to stick a little rosebud on a plate, but only the good ones. One little boy was teased by the other children, who said that he would never be good enough to be allowed to stick on his rosebud. One day, at last, he managed to be exceedingly good, and triumphantly, he said to the others: "You see, I have stuck my rosebud on, too!" Quite strange children also wrote to my aunt, and one felt in reading these letters to the "Frau Baronin," that they had been written out of the depths of those thankful little hearts. All these letters were answered by my aunt; she dictated to me the replies, always entering understandingly and lovingly into all the thoughts of the little hearts and minds. From the many charming poems my aunt received on that day, I will only give one verse which especially rejoiced her heart, *because it mentions those poor idiot-children who are made so happy by the Fröbel plays, and who are enabled thereby even to produce little works of their own:*

"Through thy endeavours breaks another morning,
For those so poor and weak in mind,
Children their hearts with hope we see adorning—
Their drooping, feeble minds now filled with light.
These now so full of life and mental vigour,
Thank thee with tears for all the light that came,
And heartfelt love to thee, their kind protector
Shines forth, on greeting now thy honoured name.

On March 13, 1891, my aunt had another slight stroke, which deprived her of speech for a few hours; and the

anxiety of these hours, I still remember with shuddering. She herself was quite calm. She even laughed until a terrible cold feeling in the head made itself painfully evident. But here, also, a homeopathic remedy helped in the most surprising manner. My aunt fell asleep, and when she awoke, towards morning, from this refreshing slumber, not only could she speak as usual, but the cold feeling in her head had disappeared, and she felt quite well again.

At that time, my aunt was still able to go into the garden, even in bad weather. We wheeled her there in a chair. Then all the children of the house came running to her begging for chocolate drops, and wishing to shove her chair. She fed them from her bonbonnière as fairly as possible. The little children of the porter who were otherwise not allowed to come into the garden, enjoyed this pleasure under her protection. Fresh air was still my aunt's delight, and she longed for the moment to go out. But I went through a daily agony, as I always feared I should not be able to support her with my feeble strength, and she declined all other help. My aunt could still walk about alone in the room, and she walked about a good deal, no longer as quickly as formerly, but still with a light hand, arranging and beautifying everything in the room. As with fairy hands, I thought, as I watched her.

I loved so much to see my aunt walking. 'Twas like an easy, graceful motion. Few people have a beautiful gait—she had it. But most beautiful of all was the way *she stood*. Unconsciously to her, her clothes fell in the most graceful folds softly round her figure, and my artistic feeling instinctively felt the beauty of this. I saw it with delight, and I have never seen in anybody else, such a carriage of the head and figure. When she came into my room and stood before me, I felt that this beautiful vision was almost indispensable to me, and each time that she was severely

ill, beside all the other anxiety about her, the thought that perhaps she might never stand before me in that way again—never, never—any more—was another peculiar pain to me and can only be understood by those who have a keen feeling for beauty.

I still continued to be her dressmaker, and my aunt, though she always laid some stress on the fit of her clothes, allowed me to make her some long, comfortable jackets of black wool or silk, cut wide in the front. She wore her hair parted smoothly under a white cap, over which she fastened some black lace. She was very careful about her hair, and desired that any hair falling from her head should be at once burnt. "It is a part of myself," she said. This was not only a feeling for cleanliness; it had a deeper meaning: "A certain fluid exists in the hair," she said, smiling in her peculiar way.

I told her of the importance which the ancient Germanic tribes attached to the fragments of nails and human hair, and how to this day the people of my home in the north carefully burn all remnants of the kind. They think that if it should fly out of the window and birds were to use it for their nests and be made comfortable by it, they themselves would lose their physical strength, their hair would fall out—being thus deprived of their strength by these birds. She answered, musingly, "Oh, yes, the primitive instinct of the ancient peoples, so often taught them the right, but we of to-day have lost this instinct long since. The reflective power is not developed among the people, and thus truth often became superstition, or seemed to be. They knew that the nails and the hair resist decay after death longest, and thus retain the personality of the individual longest on earth. They could not explain it scientifically, and, therefore, believed that specific powers belonged to these parts. Everything which forms part of the

body belongs to the personality of the individual, and, indeed, must not be scattered to the four winds." Until 1882, not a single white hair was to be seen in her chestnut auburn hair. Now, some white threads were visible, but this beautiful fine hair, still as soft as silk, never became quite white. I used to comb it for hours every day. One day I said to her, admiringly: "My Mutterchen has such beautiful, soft, soft hair—soft as silk." She interrupted me, smiling: "Yes," she said, "and some day you may take some of it." I knew well that she meant by the some day, "When I am dead," and I added: "Only I?" "You may give *Villers* and *Haroldchen* some." And we three divided, after her death, as she had desired, the lock of hair which I took from my aunt's head.

In this way my aunt determined little gifts in memory of herself. She, indeed, thought of everybody in her kind way. For instance, she said, when opportunity occurred, "Villers is to have my Bläulers; they are the best things I have." (These were Swiss landscapes in gouache and originals by the inventor of this style of painting and inherited from my aunt's mother. My aunt had these landscapes in her room, as the sight of them made her feel cheerful.) "Gertrude (her daughter-in-law), is to have my tea box, as she has to lie down so much; it is so convenient to stand by one." "Gebhard is to have my father's French traveling clock for his travels. My little Godchild, Ilse, is to have my watch. Children do so love watches, and *Haroldchen*—*Haroldchen* must have a watch, too, and the words *from greatgrandmother in Dresden, who loved you so dearly*, must be put inside." Her voice broke, as she said this. "And the children in the house must all have little gold hearts to remember me by, the little solitary porter's daughter near the pump, also." This child, who had no brothers and sisters, who was not allowed to be with the other chil-

dren in the garden, and who was too small for the Kindergarten, interested my aunt greatly. "Do see if that solitary child is sitting there, and what she is doing," she often said. "Throw her down a little piece of sugar or a bonbon, or let her come upstairs." So all her thoughts were kindness. One day, my aunt wished to see the Kindergarten children play once more. I had some children, chosen out of the Fröbelstiftung, and Fraülein Dora Bräter brought them. They arranged themselves for play, and my aunt sat in an armchair in the door. She enjoyed the first two or three games, but her strength was then at an end, and we had to shut the door.

During this summer, Villers' five weeks' trip to America took place, and my aunt's severe illness in the meanwhile. But when the Doctor returned, my aunt, whom he had found in a state of extreme weakness, soon recovered under his care, and she was shortly able to visit the garden again. In the middle of October, another little stroke followed. My aunt was bedridden for several days, but again she recovered quickly, and we were able to take her into the garden more than once, although it was autumn weather. Then came the beginning of November, the time I had so often dreaded. My aunt fell from the lowest step of the stairs; her feet suddenly refused to carry her, and I was not able to hold her. Meanwhile, the servant had completely lost her presence of mind, and did not attempt to catch her. With all my strength, I was only able to save her from falling on the iron wheels of a perambulator, and in doing so injured my foot. We had to get my aunt, who tried to calm my anxiety about herself, carried upstairs, and when Villers arrived, he found her safely put to bed, but I was standing by her side, disconsolately, with a swollen foot, and in tears. Fortunately, my aunt had not broken any bones, but for a long time she could not walk. We had to

have her carried from her bed to the drawing-room, which she allowed graciously and patiently. At last, through Villers' skill, she was once more able to walk, an indescribable pleasure to her, as she was so much accustomed to move about. Supported by me, she walked, with a beaming smile on her face, from her bedroom to the dining-room, a distance of about twenty-seven yards. To me, this is a most touching recollection, and will never be forgotten.

Great, great happiness have I experienced during my life at my aunt's side; many beautiful, helpful hours have been mine in her company. But of these last two years of her life I can only think with reverent feelings—feelings similar to those with which we enter some consecrated place of devotion—where a beloved picture, unforgotten, reminds us of some dear soul, which was once ours. Over these years lay a holy, Sunday peace. *It had now become Sunday in and round my aunt. Now, the hard and marvellously rich birthday of her life lay behind her.* Now she could rest from her labours, surrounded only by peace and love, and in spite of everything, I think that these years were the happiest of her whole long life—enveloped as they were in the sweet certainty of love. She says once in her "Gedankenbuch": "To be finished with life oneself—and to look back at the past and watch the present life of others—that is the part of old age."

Always content, patient, and indescribably grateful, grateful for everything, always bright, always cheerful, she enjoyed life—told me that she liked to live. Never had we laughed so much as in these last years, never had the days passed more happily, more peacefully, and more quickly—alas!—only too quickly! And yet how little stimulus we had from outside. We had to provide our own distractions, and we did so. As far as possible, I kept everything unpleasant from my aunt. Nothing was to disturb her peace

of Sunday—or her mood. She had become so very gentle—even still more kind and still more gentle than she had hitherto been in her judgments. Sometimes, it was impossible to keep from her entirely the remembrance of human weakness and stupidity. At such times we looked at each other understandingly; then I knelt by her bedside, my cheek resting in her hand, and the thoughts which I had learned to read so well on her brow and in her eyes, these I tried to put into words: "You know, Mütterchen, she is ill—or her education is at fault." Or, perhaps: "He does not know any better, poor thing," or any other excuses that might be made. Her eyes then lightened up; she snatched me in her arms and said: "Angel." But it was not I that was the angel—*it was she*—whose thoughts I had expressed.

My presence had become indispensable to her. When she awoke, I had to be there. When she slept, she knew I was near her, and watched over her sleep. "Oh, you, my All," she often said.

Sometimes, when I thought she was asleep, and peeped quietly through the door at her, she awoke, beckoned to me eagerly, longingly, folding me in her arms, and saying: "Oh, you, my Life."

I ceased to be an invalid. Villers' treatment had conjured forth once more my remaining strength. I was able to stand all the fatigue of nursing, and the blood returned slowly to my veins. I could even lift my aunt from her bed to the wheel chair, and was able to push it along. I could be on my feet day and night, the days passed very equably. My aunt was accustomed to have a bath every day, and to wash her whole person—this, moreover with a certain thoroughness and care. Now, as we had to perform it all whilst she lay in bed, many hours were spent over her toilette. Betwixt whiles we rested. I brought her her breakfast; I cooked this or that for her over

methylated spirits in the next room; I ran down the long passage to the kitchen to see if the cook had got everything ready for me—for at that time, my aunt only ate with appetite what I had cooked for her. It was very seldom now that I heard: "Oh, if we only did not have to eat." And when now and again it happened that I did not prepare the food for her myself, she noticed it at once and said: "You have not done it this time, my Putt." Towards two or three o'clock, when she slept a little on her chair lounge, I went to the kitchen, and, with tremendous speed, cooked with the help of the well-instructed servants.

Punctually at 3:30, my dinner had to be ready. Then we carried it to the sofa, nicely arranged, and how happy I was when she enjoyed it.

At six o'clock, when my aunt was again in bed, I read to her, and with the old, keen attention she listened and interested herself in everything. At that time we read a good many of Dickens' works, among others, "Little Dorrit," and my aunt retained in her memory the many personages, and was able to follow the story with precision. Sometimes I sang to her—she loved that—ballads of Heine, of, "The old King who takes a young wife," of the, "Dead daughter of kings beneath the green lime tree," or of, "The stars which wander about with golden feet." I had to improvise the melodies, and this she liked best of all. She listened with shining eyes, then she said, sometimes: "Oh, now sing some of your songs," and I sang:

"Ich wollt' alles Glück auf Erden—gehörte mir
Ich würde alles verscheuken—Ich gäb' es dir.
Ich wünschte alle Schätze—Die wären mein
Dir legt ich sie zu Füssen—Siewären dein.
Und oben auf Glück und Schätze—Da legt' ich dann
Ganz leis mein bebendes Herze—*Und säh' die an.*"

Or :—

“ Du kannst es nicht begriefen—Dass ich nicht
Schlafen kann!—Du siehst wich fragend zwedfelud—
Du siehst mich lächelad an—Wie kann ich
Schlafen Liebling—Wenn ich zujeder Frist
Zu jèder Stund muss denken! Ob du mein eigen bist?”

Or :—

“ Wenn du mich strenge ansiehst—
Liebling erschrecke ich nicht.
Aber ich bitt' dich innig,
Mach mir kein böses Gesicht
Denn sichst du tief im Herzen—
Macht mirs' doch Schmerzen—
Thut mirs' doch weh.”

Or :—

“ Ich ging dahin am Wiesenrain—
Im goldnen Morgensonnenchein—
Und dachte an dich
Und dachte dein—
Uud flüsternd sagt ichs wie im Traum—
Zu Blum und Gras—
Zu Busch und Baum ;—
“ Lieben ist süß ! ”

“ Da nickten feucht vom Morgen thau—
So hold die Blümlein roth und blau—
So süß die Gräser auf der Au.
Es nickt der Baum,
Es nickt der Strauch—
“ Wir wissens wohl—
Wir wissens auch
Lieben ist süß ! ”

“Dann sagt ichs rinigs den Vögelein—
 Die sangen froh im Sonnenschein—
 Und zwichertēn so glocken rein—
 Sie blitkten klug.
 Mit Auglein klar
 Und jubelten :—
 Sis’t wahr—sis’t wahr—
 Lieben ist süß—ist süß !”

Or :—

“Nun sind die Rosen alle verweht,
 Die blüh’ten an Hecken und Zäunen,
 Nun flattern die Blätter im sausenden Wind,
 Von Blumen und Buschen und Baumen.”

Aber in meinem Herzen
 In meinen Herzen blühn nothe Rosen.
 Nun ist es wohl kalt im Wald und Flur—
 Liebling ich will nicht d’rum klagen—
 Denn hier drinnen im Herzen ist’s warm, ist’s traut—
 Lass leise—lasz heimlich dir sagen—
 In meinen Herzen—
 Ja ! in meinem Herzen—blüh’n rothe Rosen.”

Nearly always I had to give a new melody to the songs, as I had forgotten the former ones. For only to the following Spanish song, my aunt’s favourite, had we the old tune, and to this also I danced and snapped my fingers, as a sort of castanet accompaniment. Then my aunt sat bolt upright in bed, and often I had to repeat the song :

SPANISH SONG I

“Deiner Augen süßes Leuchten—
 Seh ich nachts mit heisem Herzen—
 Ach sie locken, ach sie winken—
 Wecken mich zu neuen Schmerzen—

BARONESS VON BÜLOW

Wenn ich diese dunklen Sterne—
 Diese wunderbaren sehe—
 Fühl ich dass es werth zu Leben
 Fühl' doch schmerzlich süßes Wehe.
 Fühl' ich, dass auf dieser Erde—
 Andre Sterne mir nicht scheinen—
 Und mein einziger Geliebter—
 Sich dann muss ich heimlich weinen!
 Süßer Liebling meiner Seele—
 Warum hast du solche Augen—
 Die aus meinen armen Herzen—
 Ruhe Glück und Leben saugen!"'

But I had a second Spanish song which my aunt preferred to all the others; as it was possible to put much expression into the singing, as well as much passion, and in the second verse, also much sweetness. If I asked her was it nice, she said with beaming eyes: "Beautiful—oh, yes, my Putt!"

SPANISH SONG II

"Frage mich nicht—
 Ob ich dich liebe—
 Nein, nein—frage mich nicht!
 Denn du hast mein Herz zerrissen—
 Mir mit hundert scharfen Pfeilen—
 Denn du hast mein Herz zerschlagen—
 Mir mit tausend schweren Keulen—
 Nein—nein—frage mich nicht
 Aber willst du dennoch mich fragen—

 Ob ich dich liebe?
 Ah—frage mich leise-leise-leise—
 Frage mich leise-leise-leise—
 Frage mich leise—

Im dunkel der Nacht—
Frage mich heimlich, heimlich—heimlich—
Frage mich heimlich, wenn Niemand wacht:
Frage—ob ich dich liebe—

At eleven o'clock in the evening, my aunt, with a happy, thankful smile on her face, and after many, many kisses, used to go to sleep. (I still had the housekeeping books to look through, and to finish all the correspondence, and all the business of the Association, of which my aunt still settled all the necessary affairs, and I did the writing.) When my aunt was once peacefully asleep, and a cheerful fire was burning in all the stoves, I laid down, too, but every two hours I had to wake up to look after those stoves. The temperature of the room had always to remain the same. Quietly, quietly, I stole round—one learns to be so quiet—noiselessly I filled the stoves and looked at my aunt. I was glad to see her sleeping so sweetly, and towards the morning, when it suddenly gets cold (when the sun rises), I changed the hot-water bottle in her bed; and at five o'clock I warmed some milk for her, which she then drank with a friendly, grateful smile. "Are you there?" So sweet, so affectionate, the word sounded, and I woke up and hurried to her: "Yes, Mother, *I am always there.*"

Besides Fraülein Bräter, kind Herr von Uechtritz appeared every week and spent some minutes with my aunt. The children of the house came when they liked, played by her bedside, and used to make some degree of noise. On my fearing that it would be too much for her, my aunt used to say quite delightedly: "Leave them alone—they have just been scratching and spitting at each other." As long as the children's strength was equally matched, they were

allowed to fight with each other—really naughty they were never allowed to be. With indescribable patience she gave the eager little creatures little comfits and chocolates, even when they appeared bobbing, twenty times, one after the other, beside her bed. I noticed how attentively she watched the children, and reflected on what she had seen. She taught Paulchen to plait, and her observation on this point followed in a letter to Miss Harrison. "In the house here, we have a two-year-old boy, who, for hours lies and builds on the floor. On my teaching him how to draw the first slat through a leaf, he smiled delightedly when he recognised the pattern coming. It is quite wonderful *how Fröbel has found for every little increase in development and in strength that which is required to help it, and how the gradation is rightly given for the powers throughout the whole child-life.*"

Villers' visits were always her greatest joy. "Is the Doctor coming—is that Villers' carriage?" She thought of all sorts of ways of giving him pleasure. She cared for his welfare and for his health as a mother. Sometimes, when I wished to tease her, I said: "But what *is* Villers?" Then she answered, *emphatically*: "A very excellent, celebrated doctor, and a dear, good, kind man." She was firmly convinced of him, too, that he would do as much for his homeopathic doctrine as she had done for the Fröbel doctrine, and that he would do much for mankind.

My aunt loved to see flowers round her bed and sofa—not many, but single ones in pots or glasses. Their beautiful colour and scent enchanted her. All her life she had looked at flowers with a sort of devotion and rejoiced in them. "They must not smell too strong." My aunt's exceptionally strong senses remained true to her to the last. Until the end she retained her sharp ear, until the end an extraordinary fine taste, and the keen sense of smell

—“The sharp nose of the Bülows,” she used to say. Our family has this fine sense of smell, surely a proof that Fröbel is right in saying: “The senses developed for centuries by cultivation are inherited and lie in the blood of the family.” Thus my aunt felt all unpleasant odours as most obnoxious, and said at such times, quite indignantly: “But I think that is what the nose is for, to avoid such bad things.” She took care that in the Fröbelstiftung great stress should be laid on the cultivation of the sense of smell, for the benefit of the pupils.

Her own eyes were still wonderfully sharp, her longsight specially good, only she could not read any more; “The letters swam before her eyes.” Possibly it was even desuetude.

During this winter my aunt amused herself by making me a little crochet work. I had never seen her do any sewing, or anything of that sort. She told me that in her youth she had embroidered much, and beautifully, but she always added: “Unfortunately. How much better I might have applied my eyes and time.” She kept to this conviction. And, of course, eyes and strength would never have allowed her to do other work besides all her mental exertions.

Now she did her crochet with a real zeal, and although in the weak light she could hardly make out the stitches, she did this, too, so tidily and with so much care and accuracy that I could but look at it with admiration. “Give me my crochet,” she used to say in the evening, “it must be ready by the eighth of February, the day on which you came.” This day was always celebrated as my “Second birthday.” I congratulated my aunt, in jest, “That you have got me!” but she would never say the same to me, as I asked her to do. She did not like congratulating, and I have often noticed this in extremely finely organized natures; it is the dread of expressing the deeper feelings. She never con-

gratulated me of her own free will; I had to coax this out of her, but she kissed me and hugged me instead.

The dates of birthdays she could as little remember as persons' ages. She used to ask me quite anxiously before my own birthday: "Is it the eighth or is it the ninth?" but she always ordered flowers and cakes and told me to buy myself something. That she never forgot the birthday of her daughter Pauline, was because she had all her life thought so kindly of everything connected with these poor children, given to her and her motherly care. She never spoke of her own birthday, but in later years, when, through many small biographies, the date became known, she allowed it to be honoured and liked it when I gave the pupils a dance on that day, with punch and cake. The joy of others was her joy, and so she always thought of giving pleasure to relations, to friends and to servants at Christmas. I speak of all these little facts because I wish to show in them the sweetness of her nature. In her we can see that the real grandness of a woman is to have, not alone an elevated mind, but at the same time, *a loving heart*.

At other times she told me of her infancy and youth, and all that I related in the first part of this biography, she told me, or repeated in those last three years of her life. I used to ask her a great deal and many explanations, and she very kindly explained everything I asked about history, science, and, of course, about, "The Cause," and, clear minded till the last, she disposed of everything in the Fröbelstiftung. The last teacher she named for the Fröbelstiftung was Miss Goseshaumeer.

A year before her death, in January, 1892, my aunt allowed herself be photographed at Villers' request. So we owe to him the picture, this beautiful remembrance of her. For years, she had always refused, after an unsuccessful attempt at Florence, always saying: "It will not be like,

and you can have me photographed after my death." Now, only the question was needed from him: "Will you not allow yourself be taken in your drawing-room?" She consented gracefully, and he ordered a photographer to come. (Schumann und Heinelt. Bismarck Platz.) My aunt developed a real keenness, allowed herself to be dressed in a silk dress, and for four hours sat upright patiently in a chair, although at that time she nearly always had to lie down. For she wished it to be a good picture. Unfortunately, it took a very long time, and had to be repeated again and again, as the light was not strong enough. The plates had to be sent to the dark room in the Atelier, and during the whole time, nothing would induce my aunt to change her position. She endured bravely, with wonderful power and energy, the portrait of her great grandchildren in her hand. She demanded this particularly. "No, no book," she said, "none of my works, my children." At her side, she wished to have a glass of water, and her little homeopathic aconite bottle. She declined to be taken smiling. "No, I will look serious," she said to the photographer; "my whole life long I have been serious." And serious she looks, with her splendid, wide-open eyes—the eyes with which she looked when she was explaining the Fröbel Theory of Education, or defending it, and which I loved to call, "Lion's eyes." *But round the mouth lies a sort of involuntary smile of indescribable goodness of heart.* Thus we obtained the most beautiful picture which we could ever hope to have of her. My aunt gave it away to several people herself, among others to Herr von Uechtritz, Thieme and Pastor Lieshke, but Villers had to choose out the best for himself, and I had to model a frame for it. My aunt gave the idea herself—an allegory. An old doorway and steps leading up to it. On these, "Matter," in the form of a dying lion bound in chains, struggling with death. The

hind legs are lamed already, powerlessly extended by the death struggle, they hang from the steps. Life is concentrated in the breast of the lion, which appears contracted in agony. The mane is damp with the sweat of death, and is matted; one of the paws still holds the chains which bind him, and on the suffering countenance of the lion, something of the glorification, proper even to the higher developed animals at the moment of death, is apparent. But above, from a breach in the old masonry, an eagle soars to heaven—the light-winged soul which strives aloft rejoicing. My aunt followed the work with enormous interest, and when at last it was finished, though only in the spring, she had a case made for it and gave it to the Doctor herself, telling him to keep it always, in remembrance of her. With tears in her eyes, she said: "Take care of it, she has done it with such pains."

Now, to my great anxiety, my aunt occasionally had slight attacks of illness—a sudden weakness, or feeling of pain used to set in. Villers' skill, however, was always successful in relieving her, and she taught me carefully to have the remedies at hand which might be useful on such occasions.

Since 1882, I had been obliged to learn much in the way of sick nursing from my aunt and from Villers, and now I also was able to alleviate her suffering, at least in smaller matters, by gentle massage. My aunt usually dropped asleep after taking the medicine, and used to wake up quite cheerful. If the Doctor happened to come again to see after her, sometimes even at night, she was deeply grateful, almost ashamed of his having had to come such a long way on her account. In her charming modesty, when she herself was concerned, she was always as if a little ashamed over the goodness and kindness of others.

In cases of illness, my aunt was still able to give good advice to me and others, and she knew very well that if I was not well, I always got better when she showed me how very dearly she loved me. Once during this time, when I was tormented with severe toothache and the Doctor happened to be away that day, I had to lie down on her bed. She took me in her arms and comforted me and hushed me to sleep, like a sick child. And when I woke up again, without pain, only with a swollen cheek she smiled happily and told Villers, full of pride, how she had "Cured me."

During this winter and spring her thoughts were already deeply occupied with her greatgrandson, *Harold von Nolde*, in Florence, whose picture had been sent to her with a little story which proved him to be a very talented child; he was then only a boy of three. Though news often came, I could not on the whole hear of him as often as my aunt wished. She wished to hear of him, she wanted to talk about him, and I had to tell her long stories, to amuse her and entertain her. I did it in the way you tell fairy stories, or as you invent plays in a merry society in a quite impromptu way. I knew exactly what would please my aunt in the child, and my old talent for telling fairy stories, practised when a child for my sick little sister, served me now for this. I am grateful to Heaven for these hours in which I was able to lift away my aunt over illness and pain with the little stories of her "Haroldchen." They were hours of pure joy to her, for with beaming eyes, she declared again and again: "I have really seldom seen such a talented child." Many, many hours, by day and night, when constant reading would have been impossible, and I had no longer a note to sing in my throat, having spoken, read and sang for fourteen to sixteen hours, one after the other, my voice was still strong enough to relate little stories of Harold *softly*, and for her this was

the most charming amusement which could have been invented. In every respect the child was her whole joy; she even called him "my Putt," but I could not be jealous; I only could be joyous that she was so interested and pleased.

Her whole large love for children seemed to concentrate itself now on this fair little head. Gradually it seemed that the picture of her Alfred when he was still, "The little angel" melted into that of Harold, and that he recalled to her in an idealized manner the memory of all the happiness as mother which she had felt in Alfred's childhood. One of her favourite stories was the following one: On Sunday Harold was allowed to play with the little Italian peasant boys on his parents' estate. They were then washed and not, "Dirty." As they always came from church where they had prayed to the Virgin Mary, Haroldchen believed that she washed them clean, and he ran to meet them with the question: "Have you been to the Virgin Mary? Are you white and clean now that we may play?" He told the children of his great-grandmother in Dresden, who was now so very ill, and they advised him to let a prayer be offered to the Virgin Mary for her, "But it cost a soldo, else the Virgin Mary could not do it." Haroldchen eagerly fetched the soldo, and as he often went to his father for soldos for this purpose, his father said: "Ask the boys what the Virgin does with all the soldos." Harold returned, "She puts it into the lottery."

My aunt liked ravens, ("Because they are so wise," she used to say), and once she saved the life of the raven, Jacob, in Liebenstein, when a wicked boy set him free one evening, and the cat was stealing after him. So I gave those peasant children a raven, too, and the raven hopped along sideways quickly, quickly, and pecked the children in the legs with his beak. Haroldchen was afraid of him, and tried to appease him with little bits of meat. One day, when he

threw down a bit of meat from the veranda, the raven suddenly hopped up the steps towards him. He tore away as fast as he could, and once on the other side of the glass door, he opened the window and called out indignantly: "I gave you meat—and now you do *that!*"

When I once told my aunt that Haroldchen had said to the peasant children: "My greatgrandmother in Dresden is *so good*, she makes all the children *so happy*, and teaches them to play and do other beautiful things—even the black and brown children across the sea. She is *so good*." Her face beamed with joy. "Angel," she cried, and pressed me in her arms and I received the kiss which was meant for Harold. The approbation of her great grandchild was, to be sure, the sweetest reward to her, and she, who was moved so slightly even by the greatest praise for the great work of her life, *melted into tears of proud joy*, over this praise of the innocent child.

The great Chicago Exhibition took place in 1892, and the committee of the Kindergarten division elected my aunt as Honorary President. She could, of course, only accept this offer nominally, but this event made her wish fervently to be able, "To be something to the Americans." Long years before, the Kindergarten Association in Boston had nominated her Honorary President. (Miss Peabody represented her.) My aunt was honorary member of many Associations in many different countries.

On the 5th of March, of this year, when her whole bedroom was turned into a regular flower garden, and when presents came pouring in one after the other, she was really more than delighted and touched. Everybody knew how she enjoyed even the smallest flower, and how, even in her old age, she loved to make wreaths and bouquets. She lay in this sea of flowers, the youngest child of the house sitting

on her bed, and, with shining eyes, she looked at the wealth of colour. "If only Villers were to come and see that," she said. He came and enjoyed it, and brought her flowers, too.

In comparatively good health, and in very good spirits, we passed this spring. When the garden was white with blossoms, Herr Sumpelt used to send her daily beautiful branches in flower, and when the elders were blooming, I led her to the window and showed her a splendid tree of it in the yard, and she was charmed.

When in that spring the evening star (Venus) appeared exceptionally large and shone with wonderful brilliancy, I told my aunt every evening of this beauty. She wished to see it, so I wrapped her up in shawls and rugs and we took her into the next room. She looked up to Heaven, and when she saw the beautiful star she said, with a deep breath and a longing tone, I never shall forget. "Ah, yes; now I see it, the wonderful star," and sat for a long time in absorbed admiration.

On the eleventh of May there was an eclipse of the moon, which my aunt watched with great interest from her bed. Impressions of this kind, which Fröbel and my aunt wished children to feel ("Mother and Cosset Songs") in order to lead them to devotion, disposed my aunt also to devotion, and with clasped hands she rested and prayed. *God was near her at every hour—In her presence, so pure and quieting, one felt that it was her happiness to be convinced of this.*

Sometimes, during those months, she said to me: "In pain, God is near to us, and that is our consolation; but in happiness, He is still nearer to us, and that is a part of the bliss which lies in happiness." And in the "Gedankenbuch" of 1840, I find a passage which explains this more closely: "In great happiness, God is most easily found. For this is the

element in which He lives. *In the full enjoyment of life, we feel God nearest to us.* When joy beats in all the pulses, enthusiasm sparkles in the eye, rapture laughs from the soul, *then He is near us.* But in misfortune, in sorrows, we have first to seek Him, and the longing for Him is stronger, because we feel we have to find Him. But when we have found Him in misfortune this is indeed a happiness, (for if we have Him in misfortune, it ceases to be misfortune.) In continuous sorrow we lose Him easily, however greatly we may be driven by it to seek Him, and in pain we sometimes are even not able to find Him immediately, because his proximity is only bliss. In the bliss of Heaven we approach God, are near Him, blissful through Him, but in the bliss of earth we are also near Him, if it is the right bliss. *Therefore the heart of man strives so passionately after bliss, earthly and divine. Unconsciously it sees God in it—its fountain head and starting point. It seeks and finds Him earliest in love, because God is all Love.*" . . .

"Once in life every one on earth should be allowed to be thoroughly happy and to find his Creator without having had to seek Him. But, alas! so many are condemned to find Him, first in misfortune, because they seek Him fervently at such times—but sometimes even then, they do not find Him."

She continues: "Freedom! The longing for freedom—therein lies a great solution of the human problem of life. The loosening of all bonds—thereto strives the spirit of man; and this unconquerable longing indicates that this divine freedom awaits us surely after this life on earth. But it is even possible on earth—for humanity on earth in future times. *Towards this end the spirit of the age is powerfully striving.* But complete fulfilment is only possible when the earthly fetters are thrown away—we call it

“death.” The human soul is striving unconsciously towards this with the greatest and most fervent longing, whilst the body, according to eternal laws, *must cling to earthly life with all its mighty wishes. But the spirit is only able to find complete satisfaction beyond the barriers of earthly life.* . . .

“Everything is movement in the system of the world, and it is only the floating and the circling of the heavenly bodies which keeps them in equilibrium. Movement is the principle of life, yet the firmament offers the picture of the greatest quiet despite all this movement of the never-resting heavenly bodies. The magnificence and harmony of movement, (the immense space, the wide distance), give the quiet. Hence, motion, within the laws of eternal order, *is quiet.* That is the peace for which we long in the unquiet surroundings, in the contradictions of eternal life, and not an imaginary quiet without work and without *effort, which does not exist for man—that is the quiet which awaits us in the grave, that is to say, in future worlds.*”

My aunt still felt in old age in the same way as she had felt forty years earlier.

During this time, she said to me: “I believed to feel in *a childlike way, and possibly for this reason I have always loved the childlike;* but they did not believe in the childlike resignation in me.” “When?” I asked. “Oh, at the time,” she answered, and I felt she did not wish my questioning about it. “I did not even believe that,” she continued. “Possibly because my inner feelings did not show themselves in my appearance, and because they were a contradiction to my high flown spirit.” “Oh, that could never be!” I cried. She looked at me with a sweet, grateful smile. “If people look in astonishment at us, or possibly even think we are not natural—our confidence is repulsed—relegated to the deepest depths of the soul. To avoid this

painful wounding, we assume an appearance—more intelligible to all—but not proper to our own individuality, and this becomes a second nature—it oppresses our own individuality painfully."

This she said to me in excuse of another, who had, perhaps, unintentionally hurt me; but, oh! how true this word and this judgment have been felt by me in later times, and they have been a great comfort to me.

In June, a severe attack of illness set in, the cause of which perplexed Villers—yet, once more was his skill successful in removing the danger, and the remedies relieved the malady this time, again, *with a truly marvellous rapidity*. Again and again we received the impression, so comforting to me, of my aunt's *giant nature*, which came to the assistance of art so splendidly. On the following day, even though still very, very weak in the morning, towards the middle of the day, she asked for food. She ate with the greatest appetite some chicken broth with half a chicken in it, and asked for something more. I remember of having only milky rice in the kitchen, but this also she enjoyed and ordered for herself, laughing and shaking her head, "A good dinner," for the next day. Her own appetite amused her greatly, but from the time of this attack, a greater degree of weakness was noticeable. Her feet again refused to carry her, and we had to move her about, even in her room, in her wheel chair.

Little by little the great life faded away. "I should like to fade away like the evening red;" so characteristic was this. Brightly and warmly the sun had done its work on the work-day; now it was evening. Softly, with a golden light, it sank below the horizon, and a beautiful, beautiful evening red covered the heavens. Softly—mildly—quietly—ah, so quietly—it faded, passed away into Heaven. And *she appeared more and more satisfied, grateful, touching and*

charming in her loving kindness for all around her, like an angel of love and peace. Yes, she was happy.

For some time already we had been confined to the room, and my aunt's wish to be carried to the garden, could not be fulfilled any more, for she fainted and became powerless even if she remained long near an open window. In consequence of her weak state the influence of the air had become too strong for her. At that time, building was being done opposite her windows, and my aunt followed the work with great attention—even enjoyed watching the workmen on the roof, and she even knew them and was interested in their doings. From her couch she also could look at the trees and their rustling in the wind.

Sometimes we amused each other by finding out pictures in the pattern of the wall papers and hangings, as we had found them together in former times in the cloud formations in the sky. It gave her pleasure, and I took a pencil and designed all our fantastic figures.

With indescribable anxiety I looked forward to Villers' summer trip, which would leave us again at the mercy of a young assistant. Moreover, the fearful August heat of the Hamburg cholera summer set in, and lasted four weeks, and my aunt had never been able to stand heat. These were weeks of terrible anxiety for me, but, with a sort of desperate humour, I tried to help my aunt, pleasantly joking, over this time, and succeeded. Amidst joking and laughing, telling stories and singing, and all sorts of little plans to make the heat, which remained day and night the same, more bearable, this time passed also. I *joked her over it happily*, and she felt this herself, for she said to Villers on his return: "How could I get on without my Putt?" "Is that Villers?" she used to ask, ten times a day. "Is that his carriage?" And when I told her that he was far, far away, she teased me by asking five minutes later: "But now Villers is com-

ing ; I hear the carriage." When at last, *at last*, he returned, how happily she held out both hands to him, exclaiming : "Are you really back again?"

Also in this summer, strangers and also American ladies often came and asked for permission to look just over the screen by my aunt's bed. She would never notice it, they said ; but she noticed it very well each time, and when I came, she announced to me, quite excitedly : "Bertha, faces have been looking over the screen!" And then she laughed heartily when I told her who it was. Another joy for her was the doctor's young, black poodle, "Creo" by name, which he brought with him every day. She had some balls bought for him, and amused herself with his play ; she gave him sugar, and only four days before her death, she threw him a piece with her feeble hand.

Now they all came for the last time, to see her once more in life, her grandsons, Willi and Albrecht, and Gebhardt's young wife, Margaretha. She still thoroughly enjoyed these visits. The new President of the Association, Archdeacon Dr. Schmidt (Pastor Lischke had been transferred to Planen as Superintendent) was also once more seen by her, Herr Thieme, Gretchen Weiss (Frau Weiss was herself, unfortunately, very ill) Uechtritz and Frl. Bräter as bride, were allowed to spend a few minutes by her couch.

It was often very hard to her now to get to sleep. So I had to try everything to help her. I put my arms round her and sang to her softly about Haroldchen, about the angels, and much of other things. With large happy eyes she looked at me, and listened, till her eyes closed, and like a child which is sung to sleep, she sank asleep in my arms. How beautiful these eyes still were—large, blue, wonderfully clear, and

with an *indescribably pure expression*. Eighty years among people, good and bad, had not been able to cloud her child-like purity. She had gone through evil without understanding it, and, as on her first life's morning, the nurse had said, "What eyes!" I bent over her now and said: "Look at me—your eyes are life to me." *

I was still allowed to read to her a good deal. Our last reading, except papers, was a work of Göthe's mother: "Die Frau Rath," and she amused herself heartily over my comments. As it was impossible to be always reading, I had to take refuge more and more in telling stories of Haroldchen and his little brother, Alexander, in Florence, of little Ilse and little Maria in Schwülper. She was enchanted, but still this did not suffice to fill up the time. Then I turned to our old German legends, and we pretended that we told them to Haroldchen and the other children. Of all, she liked best the legend of the, "Sternenthaler," ("The stars which turned into gold"), when the child gave everything to the poor, even her chemise, "Because it is

* After my aunt's death many people came to see her death mask. Strangers who had never known her in life said: what beautiful eyes! Closed in eternal sleep, they were still so beautiful, that people were at once struck by it. The editor and well known journalist, Phillip Stein (Berlin), wrote a touching obituary notice in which he also mentioned these eyes: "When I first made the acquaintance of the beautiful, venerable lady (1880), her 'lion's eyes' which looked into the soul, still shone brightly. At that time, she still appeared among the children, who swarmed around the, 'Tante Baronin' in the Fröbelstiftung founded by her. How charmingly did she discuss with me, with a certain degree of amusement, the extravagances of the day! How interestingly she spoke, from her own high standpoint, of the character and importance of leading persons, whose development she had watched in the course of her rich life. Every conversation with her offered a fulness of stimulus. Love for humanity, and the endeavour to nourish the impulse to perfection lying in every child's soul, filled the whole life of this woman."

night—and God throws her a white robe and thousands of stars fall into her lap and become pure gold."

The legend she liked best of all I had invented, and with this I had exactly struck her taste.

A beautiful picture of our old Emperor always had to stand opposite her bed. She loved to see it especially when she was in pain, she used to ask for it.

The legend is the following:

THE OLD EMPEROR.

"Once upon a time, there was an old Emperor called Barbarossa. He lived in a cave in a mountain. There he sat on a stone chair at a stone table. His crown was on his head, and his beard flowed long and silvery white, and it grew round the table. The old Emperor slept. In the background of the cave, dwarfs were forging a sword. But outside on the mountain there stood a pear tree, that was old, half withered, and had but a few leaves on the branches, and above, round the summit of the mountain, on the Raven's stone, there croaked a troop of black ravens. And from time to time, the old Emperor awoke and said. 'Dwarf, go and see if the pear tree is in blossom, and if those ravens have ceased to caw round the Raven's stone.' But the dwarf came back and said, sadly: 'The pear tree does not blossom, and still the ravens caw round the summit of the mountain.' The old Emperor sighed and nodded off again and his crown sank from his head and rested on the table, and his beard grew on and on round the table, and moss hung down from it. But one day the dwarf came running, and cried even from afar: 'Emperor, awake! *The pear tree is in blossom*, and more than ever the ravens croak round the summit of the mountain.' Then the old Emperor awoke, and rose from the chair on which he had sat so long, and his beard flowed long and silvery-white to the

floor. And the Emperor took the crown and placed it on his head, and the dwarfs brought the sword on which they had worked so long. And the old Emperor struck the table with it, so that it resounded, and the thunder pealed through the whole world. Then he went out of the cave—out into the sunshine—and on his right walked one called Bismarck, and on his left walked one called Moltke. And they saw that the pear tree was in blossom, and saw the black ravens round the summit of the mountain, and they killed them all, and now he is no longer Barbarossa, but *Emperor William I.*

At the words: "So that the thunder pealed through the whole world," my aunt was quite electrified, and repeated: "Yes! so that the thunder pealed through the whole world." Later, in the nights, when the fever prevented her from sleeping, I have often told her this little tale, even four days before her death for the last time. She wished once more to hear our folk songs, particularly the pathetic ones, repeating the words, sometimes, after me. When Prince Bismarck was staying in Dresden and the waves of enthusiasm mounted high, Villers had to tell her all about it.

Sometimes, now, she used to tell me about her childhood and youth. It was marvellous how accurately she remembered everything, and she seemed to like to answer my questions, and to recall these days. Much of that which I have given in the first part of this biography was told me by my aunt in the last days of her life. I listened—often breathlessly. It sounded so charming and so touching, from her lips.

I hoped for a good winter, but in the beginning of November a bad irritation of the skin set in, most tormentingly, and this was followed by an eruption of blisters, which

spared her face and head, but gradually extended itself over the whole body. Villers' skill was again able to do much; the blisters slowly healed, but the fever had pulled down her strength very much. Half awake, half asleep, though never unconscious, she called out to us continually: "Are you there; are you coming?" And again she said, in the tone of her deepest sympathy: "Oh, my poor, poor children." "Oh, the poor, poor people." "Oh, poor, poor Villers. Yes, you, too, my poor Putt." And if I asked her why, she answered quite clearly and explained why she had said it. Again and again, she said compassionately: "Oh! The poor, poor people." I asked her why they were so poor, and she answered: "Because it is so terribly cold." She herself was quite warm and did not feel the cold, but it seemed *as if she felt in her own pain and anguish, the whole pain of humanity*, and as if the gift of the dying had now become hers, so that she was enabled to see in spirit the future of those she loved, feeling for them the pain that life would bring to them, and sorrowing with them in her heart. *She, who had never thought of herself, now in her last moments, too, only thought of others.* Once she saw in the ceiling of her room the head of a woman with large, black, wicked eyes, and she said: "Bertha, that woman with those black, wicked eyes, is still sitting up there, and wants to do us harm." I said: "But she cannot do us any harm." Then she said as if with relief: "No, she cannot, because *you are there.*" It seemed to quicken her if I answered her every call of: "Are you there?" And as she seemed to expect an answer always, I did not lie down again, and even in the night sat by her bed in an armchair, and answered each of her calls. "Oh, dear Doctor, do help," she implored Villers, and was firmly convinced he could and would help. "But this time it seemed so long." When the blisters died away, I said to her: "You see, the Doctor

has helped," and she answered: "Oh, yes," and smiled gratefully, and she was always grateful and patient when I bandaged her.

Little Willi Friche brought a little Christmas tree on Christmas Eve, "So that she also might just see one," and placed it by her bedside. She looked at it and said: "Is that your Christmas tree? Will you show it me? Thank you." *That was our Christmas.*

With indescribable feelings, holding her hand in mine, I heard the New Year rung in, whilst she was sleeping quietly. I remembered how, entering into everything, as was her custom, she had always taken part in all the little ceremonies on New Year's Eve, doing them herself in her kindness as I prescribed, only asking, quite astonished: "Now, what is that for?" But when I divided the apple, and gave her a half, saying: "This is a love feast, your half and my half make one apple. *You and I are one*, because we love each other so much." She ate the apple and kissed me warmly.

Another swelling St. Anthony's fire, set in, but even this began to heal and the fever gradually abated. Great, great trouble Villers took with me to ease as far as possible, her suffering, and to keep up her strength! When the fever left her, I saw well how very, very weak she had grown. But her constitution had yet been strong enough to pull her through before, and I was inspired with new hope, for again my aunt ate her eggs and broth with appetite, and drank her wine and milk. *Had I not experienced so many proofs of her giant nature!* I clung to every straw—tried still to hope it was my one consolation.

On the 28th of December, Fraülein Bräter's marriage took place. My aunt did not forget it, and she also arranged during those days that the vacant part for the German instruction in the Fröbelstiftung should be offered to

Fraülein Grësshammer, a dear, conscientious pupil of earlier years, with the words: "Yes, she will be able to do it." On the 27th, Frau von Villers came from Blasewitz to see my aunt once more. The picture of Haroldchen and his little brother Alexander, which had been sent to her for Xmas, was placed at the foot of the bed, "So that she could always see it." He had his favourite toy in his hand, a dog which could nod; and great grandmother in Dresden was to see in the picture that the dog nodded and barked. This amused her still very heartily. Once she said to me: "Ah my child, I have suffered so much." "But, now," I said, "you are better." "Yes, now I am better." "Oh, my mother," I cried, "*live, live for me,*" and she promised me, as often before, to live for me, and I asked her, as often before, "Will you be always, always with me?" Then she said solemnly, and laid her hand on my head: "*Always, always, always.*" Once before, I had said: "Shall we *die together?*" Then she had answered, with a happy expression: "Oh, yes." But immediately she added: "No, you must live and *be happy.*"

On the 2nd of January, another stroke followed, and from that time the weakness increased visibly.

Without the comfort which Villers brought me at that time, by his coming and his help, and without the hope that he would be able to help her in this, I should have been desperate, for I was myself much exhausted, and had not been in bed for seven weeks. My nerves were torn by constant watching, and there was nobody in the house who thought of looking after me—or even saw even now to my food. On the 7th of January I quite lost courage, for my aunt groaned so heavily—possibly unconsciously. (They told me it was a result of the attack.) *I could not bear to hear it; it broke my heart.* I was sitting in tears on her bed, when she awoke from her half-slumbering state,

and spoke to me quite clearly and most lovingly. Her voice sounded quite strong. She saw that I was crying, and comforted me: "It is better now." "Oh, my mother," I said, "Do you feel very weak?" "Yes," she answered, with real emphasis. I brought her a rose, and she looked at it and said: "*Oh! how beautiful,*" and smelt it. Her eyes shone so marvellously clear—*so splendidly blue* that I was filled with such hope, I thought she might be on the way to recovery after all. Several times she asked: "Is Villers soon coming?" and then she spoke of Harold and his little brother. She asked, with such a *longing expression*: "But when are they coming, the little Putts?" I said: "Soon." Then she looked sad and thoughtful. We spoke a little more, which only belongs to us, and then she took a little tapioca in wine. Shortly after, she laid her hands on my head, which rested on her coverlet, she stroked my hair in the old sweet and soft manner, and said, with deep loving expression: "OH, YOU, MY ALL"—*and these were her last words in this world.*

She sank once more to sleep, and during this sleep, another stroke must have taken place, for the groaning began again. We moistened her lips and tongue with wine and cream. I did this to the end—even in the last deep sleep, which lasted twenty-four hours, every quarter of an hour—most thankful still to be allowed to do something for her. From time to time I rubbed her chest and heart very gently with a little warmed Provence oil.

On the 8th of January she was very weak. She lay half asleep, but she heard and understood what was said. *She never quite lost consciousness, before her last sleep.* Once, on the 8th of January, she showed me that her leg was pain-ing her. I massaged it gently. Once she pointed to her mouth, expressively, and I understood that she wanted to drink—but she could not swallow much—a paralysis of the

tongue having set in. When she heard Villers' voice, she drew a deep breath and turned her eyes towards him, although I think that her eyes were no longer able to distinguish clearly. Villers, poor man, came day and night, and was beside himself with sympathy and pain, yet could not really help any longer.

That afternoon, just as a beautiful evening red was glowing in the heavens, whilst my aunt groaned so uneasily, I knelt down beside her, placed my arm beneath her head, and sang softly to her: "Fear not for I am with thee," that beautiful hymn in Elisa, she had loved so much. She listened. I wished to raise her a little higher, but she turned pale from weakness, and I was mortally alarmed—for it seemed as if she was swooning, and her head sank slightly. My heart stood still, but then her colour returned, and I noticed from her quiet breathing—at first quite soft, then deeper and louder—that she—slept. I rose quietly and drew the curtains. A pain without equal racked my soul at the thought: "For the last time—oh, the last time—the sun goes down *for her* in this world." But my aunt slept, slept quietly, and when Villers came, he said, with deepest relief: "Oh! how marvellous!"

But I took courage once more. I sat down quietly by her bed, and looked at her—looked at her as if I wished to draw her picture, line for line, into my soul, into my memory. For twenty-four hours, I watched her sleep thus, and if someone had not said thoughtlessly in the next room that it was her *last*, ah! the terrible anguish which now possessed my soul, and increased minute by minute, might have been spared me. The colour changed on my aunt's cheek from beautiful pink to extreme pallor; I felt that the life was ebbing away in these fluctuations. But then her breathing became so soft, and her sleep seemed so beautiful, that I

thought that no one dying could have then so sweet a sleep. In the long, long hours of this night, which yet seemed so short to me, because I wished to retard the minutes in which she was still there—still mine, still lay before me breathing. I thought of my aunt's own reflections on the departure of the soul. She says, in the "Reminiscences": "I think that the soul penetrates the body like ether, and, on leaving the body, streams out." Here it was such a streaming-out in this quiet breathing, now stronger, now weaker, but always peaceful. Alas! I began to fear that her life was streaming away! It was a struggle between soul and body, "because," as she had said: "*The body, by eternal laws, must hold fast to earthly life with all its might—but the spirit only finds complete satisfaction on the other side of the barriers of this life—*"

I clasped my hands closely together, and besought her quietly: "Stay—stay—you promised me to always stay with me. Stay for my sake." During this night a lock of my hair had grown white.

Marvellously beautiful was this deep sleep, and remained so to the end. So cool her forehead, so warm her hands and feet, so gently and so softly beat her heart.

Even on the 9th of January, watching her sleep, as I sat by her bed, I still always had the hope, the infinite longing, that she would open her eyes, and say with the old sweet expression and smile: "Yes, I will stay with you, always—always."

In the afternoon of the 9th of January, towards half-past four, at the same time at which she had gone to sleep the day before—when again the evening red was fading from the heavens—the breathing became more gentle. I felt the moment had now come; so I knelt down and softly put my arm under her head. I laid my right hand in hers, and whispered to her that God was with her—and I and—

Alfred—and quietly on my arm, without a struggle, without a shudder, as a child falls asleep, she slumbered across to Heaven.

At my request, Villers had made arrangements that the death-mask should be taken quickly, and an exquisitely beautiful likeness of her, with a slumbering, most peaceful expression, has remained to us. With the help of our old servant, Marie, who had served my aunt during the last illness, we prepared her last earthly couch. The rose which she had still so enjoyed, I laid on her breast, and in my hand her head rested, when two days later she was laid in her coffin. No strange hand touched her, as I once promised her. At my wish, it was a double coffin, a soldered coffin of zinc in a coffin of oak. She lay quite embedded in white silk and lace, and as she had wished, I placed her engagement ring under her pillow, (for years it had already been too small for her, and we had been obliged to have it sawn off her swollen finger), and on her breast I laid a bunch of roses. Round her head, as in life, was wound a piece of black lace; and the splendid arching of her forehead now stood out most marvellously in death. Her room was turned into a chapel draped with black, and in a garden of green, before an altar with a crucifix and lit up by twelve girandoles, and literally covered with flowers, she rested now. Although the funeral had been arranged for the twelfth of January, many Associations from all parts of Germany had managed to send wreaths. From Hannover, Brunswick, Berlin, Hamburg, Mecklenburg, Leipzig, Ostfriesland and from many places in Saxony, they were able to arrive in time. Numerous branches of palm and numerous wreaths were sent to us from Dresden, also. I arranged them all, as I knew that this would have been her

wish. The Sumpelt children were allowed to place little bouquets near my roses. Villers' flowers lay on the altar close to her head, and the wreaths from Schwülper and Hannover I placed on her coverlet.

At midday on the 10th of January, my aunt's grandson, Gebhard, arrived, and helped me faithfully in all the preparations. He arranged everything beautifully and solemnly. "Grandmother has been a celebrated woman," he said, "and the funeral must be worthy of her." Albrecht had not received the telegram—he was unfortunately, away. Moritz Marenholtz and Arthur Bülow were not able to travel to us from Dickhorst and Vienna in the terrible cold which was still raging, but my aunt's grandson, Willi, arrived on the 12th of January.

That morning I took leave of all that was left of her on this earth, but when the coffin was going to be soldered Gebhard called me at my request. Once more I kissed the cold—oh! so cold—forehead, and then placed the lid of the coffin myself over her. When all the many people were assembled, and I heard the many voices in the distance, my cousin Gebhard led me to the coffin now closed, and Archdeacon Dr. Schmidt delivered the funeral oration on the text chosen by me: "God is love, he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him." At the end of his oration, Dr. Schmidt, in the names of the Allgemeine Erziehungs Verein, and as its President, laid a laurel wreath with reverent words of thanks at the foot of the coffin. Then, our Thieme spoke in the most touching, affecting manner on Fröbel's words: "Come, let us live for our Children," and, in the name of the teachers of the Fröbelstiftung, he placed a laurel wreath on the coffin. Our Kindergartners and pupils sang with voices choked with tears: "Let me go, so that I may see Jesus." Gebhard led me away, whilst the chanting of the chorus of men accompanied the coffin

down stairs, and in the long, long procession of the pupils, the carriages full of mourners, the hearse with the coffin, and the special carriages conveying only the palms and flowers, we brought her to the Annenkirchhof, close by.

The faithful Kindergartners of Dresden had wished to carry their great mistress to the grave themselves, but the coffin was far too heavy. So they walked by the side and carried the bands of crape which hung down from it. Between Gebhard and Willi, I followed the coffin to the grave. The sides of the grave were covered with green branches of pine, and we let her down as into a green bed.

An ice-cold wind pierced us all, and I saw them well, the thousands of tears which were shed, and all those who wished once more to look down into the green bed. *I looked down again*, and we lowered the wreaths from Hannover and Schwülper on to the coffin; but *weep*, I could not. When they led me away, and I looked back once more—behind the grave the evening red softly faded away, but round us it became the same dark and cold.

THE pain which oppressed all hearts when the sad news gradually spread, is best explained by one of the American Kindergarten Associations: “*It is, as if the mother of All were dead,*” was said by the many hundreds of letters and cards from all parts of Germany, from the whole of Europe, and from all parts of America.

But in Schwülper the new young pastor gave thanks in church, “*For this rich long life, full of kindness and love.*” And it was best so, for they hardly knew what this life had done for humanity, and though of the elder people, who had known the Frau Gehameräthin, hardly one was still alive, *but the recollection of her goodness and love*, this remained to the younger generation.

What the family felt is expressed by my aunt’s eldest grandson Willi, when he wrote to me consolingly: “Then you will find consolation in the thought that you have been able to be so much to our *great Grandmother.*”

All the principal papers, and indeed all the periodicals of Germany, as well as very many abroad—principally in Italy and America, in Greece, Denmark, England, Holland; Hungary, etc.,—contained long and most laudatory and grateful obituary notices of her who will not be forgotten. In all of them, stress is laid on the fact that *she had won for herself immortality on earth, and had made true in herself the sentence from her own aphorisms:* “Let men be taught to

realize themselves in some lasting form on earth, and so to immortalize themselves, in their own individuality, *by some mark of their existence. . . .*"

By the side of Comenius and Pestalozzi, she had made for herself a place as one of the most remarkable women in the history of pedagogics, as well as in the history of culture. This feeling was expressed in all these obituary notices.

Of the German authors, I will only name Dr. Wittmer, Dr. Pappenheim, Philip Stein, Schulrath Berthett, Director Schindler, Frau Dr. Goldschmidt, Frau Löper-Housselle, Lina Morgenstein, Eleonora Heerwardt, Johanna Mecke, and many others.

My aunt rests in the old *children's cemetery*; this is a charming thought that she rests among so many, many children. In the first years it was covered almost entirely with little mounds. Now, alas! it is partly used for adults. But by her side rest two little children, (the little Frot-schers), as in her arms. We look after the little grave, so that it may be spared. Our grave, at my wish, looks like a flower garden; *she*, who loved flowers so dearly, shall rest beneath a green mound of flowers. But there is a thought of erecting a worthy monument to her, and a committee has formed itself, which published the following appeal:

APPEAL.

Since the 12th of January of this year, the grave covers the mortal remains of the Frau Baronin von Marenholtz-Bülow, a woman of rare mind and of refined, deep and classical education—a benefactress *who offered her mental and material life to the carrying out of the Fröbel ideas*. In her time she exerted herself to draw, from the pedagogic genius, all the secrets which lay hidden in its soul, to give them a generally intelligible expression, and to carry them through-

